WEEK ENDING DEC. 11, 1926

5c

Liberty

A[illegible] for the Whole Family

Beginning

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS'

NEW NOVEL

"THE FEAR OF GOD"

"Hearts and Flowers"

Also In this Issue

BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS *by* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

also RITA WEIMAN, P. G. WODEHOUSE, GALLI-CURCI, JAMES OPPENHEIM

DANDRUFF?

Now you can control it!

YOU need worry no more about loose dandruff, that unsightly nuisance, so embarrassing to both women and men.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent, fastidious person can afford to neglect. Because so often it is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—possibly baldness.

There is one ideal treatment to control dandruff conditions—the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. It really works wonders this way.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. You'll enjoy the cleansing, refreshing effect. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy.

Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

A new necessity for the toilette

-antiseptic beauty cream

THE old idea was to use an antiseptic after an actual injury—use it to kill germs and prevent serious infection. Between an antiseptic and a beauty cream there was a big gap indeed. An antiseptic was regarded wholly as a medicinal product, while a beauty cream was a preparation merely for surface cleansing of the pores.

Even if it had occurred to anyone to combine germicidal qualities with the functions of a beauty cream, it would have been impracticable. Until recently all the real *germicide-antiseptics* were poisonous in their nature, and if used in sufficient strength to do their work, they were injurious to human tissue. But there is now one great exception—one great germicide-antiseptic that is at once powerful enough to be effective and yet harmless even to the delicate skin of a baby. This germicide is Zonite.

Zonite now in vanishing-cream form

Zonite in liquid form is today, for all-round use, the great antiseptic of America. It has proved its worth in millions of homes where women are the guardians of the family health. So when we began a short time ago to put out this great antiseptic in ointment form, it was naturally these women who discovered a greater usefulness than we ourselves had imagined.

Women discovered more than we knew ourselves

In making a medicinal product, it did not occur to us that we were putting out probably the finest and most effective complexion cream in existence, until women themselves began to tell us about it.

Zonite Ointment was intended for scratches, burns, chapped hands and lips, cold sores, etc. Its wonderful healing power often relieves these conditions over-night. Containing as it does the same active principle as Zonite liquid, these successful results were of course to be expected. The real surprise was the immediate use of the new product as a regular vanishing cream in the daily toilette.

A wonderful freshening of the skin

Women tell us of the deeper feeling of cleanliness that comes from the use of this antiseptic cream—of the wonderful "freshness" it brings to the complexion. "It makes the skin tingle with new life and vigor." All this is true enough. In vanishing-cream form, this antiseptic penetrates the pores and leaves them surgically clean. It whitens the skin and gives it a firm tone and a feeling of repose. Ask your druggist for Zonite Ointment and use like any vanishing cream. Or send for trial tube on the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Zonite Products Company
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, as checked:

☐ Free copy of the Zonite Ointment booklet.

☐ Sample tube of Zonite Ointment for which is enclosed 6c for postage and packing. V-22

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Large tube, 50c

Full directions in every package

Zonite Ointment

A greaseless, vanishing, antiseptic cream

The Fastest Growing Automobile Company in

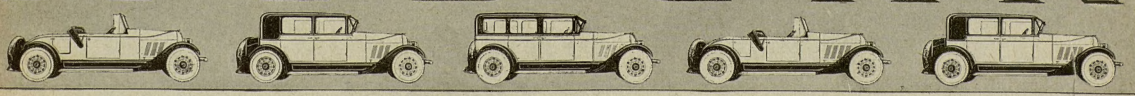
A New Straight Eight

125-Inch Wheelbase Four-door Sport Sedan

$1495

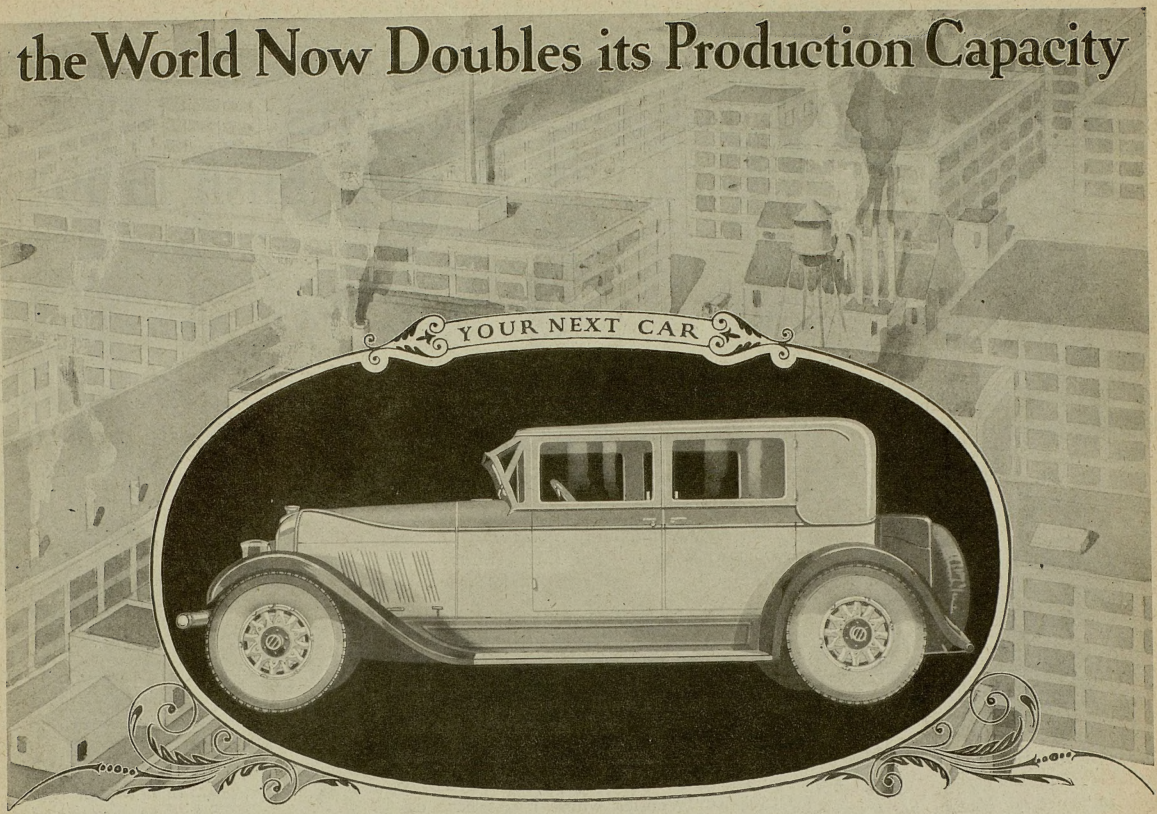
THE MOST SENSATIONAL VALUE EVER OFFERED BY ANY AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

AUBURN



6-66 ROADSTER	6-66 SPORT SEDAN	6-66 SEDAN	8-77 ROADSTER	8-77 SPORT SEDAN
120-inch wheelbase	120-inch wheelbase	120-inch wheelbase	125-inch wheelbase	125-inch wheelbase
$1095	$1195	$1295	$1395	$1495

the World Now Doubles its Production Capacity



A New Kind of Announcement — By E. L. Cord, President

THIS is the open season for adjectives and superlative claims in automobile announcements. Therefore, in contrast, we submit this conservative statement of facts.

Auburn's success is the talk among dealers and owners everywhere. Its growth is the greatest of any company this year. Being one of the very few companies in business continuously for 25 years, Auburn's present prominence attracts greater public confidence than if it were the temporary "spurt" of a new comer. Stability, permanence, financial strength and over two decades of owners' good will are the foundations upon which are built Auburn's extraordinary values of today.

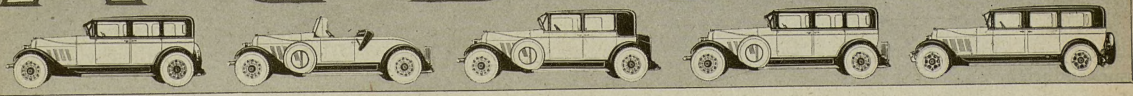
A Straight Eight, 4-door enclosed custom type body, 75 miles an hour at a price less than many standard sixes! That achievement alone would be sufficient to put Auburn in motordom's spot light for 1927.

Every model in the entire line is equally as great an advancement; each represents the utmost in value; the greatest improvement; the soundest of investments both for present service and future resale. You can only appreciate *what* Auburn does, and the *way* it does it, by at least a 100-mile drive, over any road, at any speed you choose, all day long. The difficulty with trying to describe what to expect from such test is that you are apt to discredit it. I would. There are still some admirable people who are inclined to doubt that Auburn is superior to certain well known makes of cars costing much more. I would be. But Auburn owners have learned surprising truths. You too will be surprised, beyond your expectations, regardless of your previous experiences.

As water always finds its level, so regardless of what the manufacturer may claim, the public quickly levels motor car values. That is why we have doubled our production capacity.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY — *Auburn, Indiana*

AUBURN



8-77 SEDAN
125-inch wheelbase
$1695

8-88 ROADSTER
130-inch wheelbase
$1995

8-88 SPORT SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2095

8-88 SEDAN
130-inch wheelbase
$2195

8-88 7-PASSENGER SEDAN
147-inch wheelbase
$2595

Of Course You'll Want to Read These Features LIBERTY Will Publish in 1927

Fannie Hurst
© Nickolas Muray, N. Y.

FANNIE HURST'S new novel will appear in LIBERTY. She needs no introduction to the American reading public. Her writings have earned for her an enviable place in contemporary literature.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

KATHLEEN NORRIS, two of whose novels—"Beauty's Progress" and "The Unforgivable Sin"—were printed in LIBERTY and attracted wide attention, will contribute a new serial, "Thin Ice."

Kathleen Norris
© Charlotte Fairchild, N. Y.

A new novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of several popular books. His fiction will be printed exclusively in LIBERTY.

The peril of organized crime is the theme of an exciting, new novel by George Kibbe Turner, soon to start in LIBERTY.

Arthur Somers Roche

"Come to My House," a thriller of murder and blackmail in smart society, by Arthur Somers Roche.

Frederic A. Kummer
© Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER tells the story of the collapse of the old conventions in his forthcoming novel, "Love's Greatest Mistake," which will be published in LIBERTY. This will appear simultaneously as a *Paramount* picture in the leading theatres of the country.

"The Clock Strikes Two," a serial by Henry Kitchell Webster, whose books have delighted America's readers, starts soon.

Henry Kitchell Webster

Sax Rohmer
© E. O. Hoppé

An oriental mystery novel, written in his best vein, by Sax Rohmer, author of the Dr. Fu Manchu stories.

In addition, there will be a number of startling articles and reminiscences of a character similar to "War Birds" and the Memoirs of Mrs. Peck, which were read so eagerly by LIBERTY'S *huge army of readers.*

For obvious reasons, it is impossible for us to make public the titles and descriptions of these articles so far in advance.

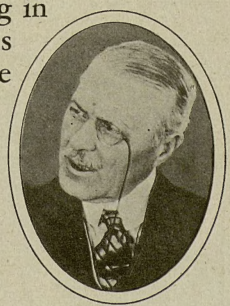
THE features listed on this page are only a few of those which LIBERTY will give its readers during the first half of 1927. The list is far from complete.

In following our policy of including only timely editorial material and keeping every issue fresh, LIBERTY'S editors do not plan their issues too far ahead. They therefore have not yet decided what will be used after next June.

But they are closing this year's issues and arranging the first issues of next year with features that will undoubtedly be received by

Starting in This Issue

Billie Burke
© Hartsook, L. A.



Robert W. Chambers

LIBERTY'S readers with considerable interest.

In this issue, for instance, Billie Burke's memoirs begin. As the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., one of America's foremost producers of spectacular revues, Billie Burke has held her husband for fifteen years against the wiles of a thousand Follies' girls.

"The Fear of God," a new novel by the internationally known American author, Robert W. Chambers, also starts in this issue.

These two features, as well as the great number to appear in LIBERTY in 1927, will have, in many cases, a continuing interest. We know that there will be many readers who will wish to save copies of LIBERTY in which the installments of these features appear.

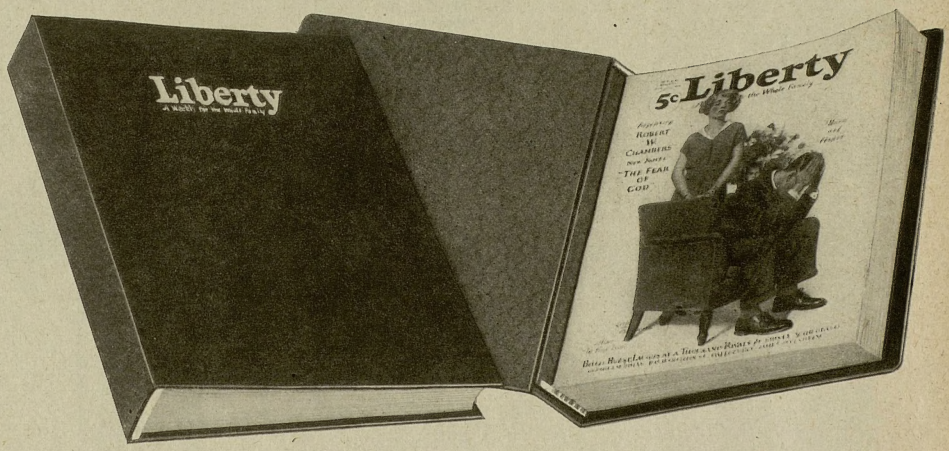
We Know that Many Readers Will Want to Keep Them!

COPIES of LIBERTY, we know, are actually kept by many readers for a long time. Perhaps they are content to read the short stories and articles first, lay the copy aside, and wait until a serial is completed so that they can read all the installments without interruption. Or, many probably wish to save some of the stories and articles to read again.

¶ When LIBERTY printed "War Birds," people from all over the country asked for back copies so that they could start this remarkable diary at the beginning. When LIBERTY was conducting the amusing and educational Patriotic Game of Presidents and the Patriotic Game of States, thousands of folks wrote in for back copies, which we were sorry not to be able to supply.

¶ When Mrs. Peck's memoirs of her friendship with the late President Wilson appeared, and when installments of Fannie Hurst's "Mannequin" appeared, the same thing happened.

ANOTHER reason we have for knowing that people do save copies of LIBERTY is because a check on our advertisers shows that there always continues to be a generous coupon response to issues of LIBERTY which have been on sale for more than three months.



SINCE there are so many people who wish to keep back numbers of LIBERTY, we have made it more convenient for them to do so.

READERS of LIBERTY are offered a binder in a very good quality of imitation leather, efficiently reinforced, to hold three months' issues of LIBERTY, which is as long as any serial runs. The binder will keep copies of LIBERTY in good condition. On the front, the name of the magazine is stamped in gold. In retail shops a similar binder sells for at least $2. LIBERTY will deliver one to you for only 80¢, the cost to us.

NO profit will be made in selling the binder to you. The price — 80¢ — will merely cover the cost of manufacture, and stamps used in bringing it to you. We decided to supply the binder because there was a demand for it from a large number of readers and we feel that many others will want one too.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to get one for yourself for Christmas? The binder is one every reader will be proud to have on the library table. If you plan to purchase a gift for one who, you know, is a regular LIBERTY reader, why not let this binder be your Christmas present?

Fill in and mail this coupon with your money

BINDER DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 80 cents, a copy of the binder to hold 3 months' issues of LIBERTY.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

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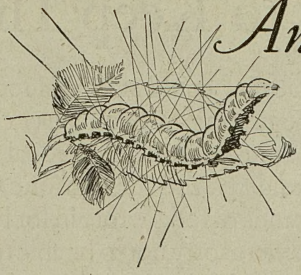
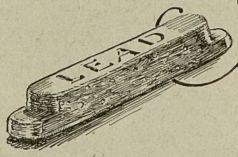


Animal

Vegetable



Mineral

The silkworm of the animal kingdom, the cotton plant of the vegetable kingdom, and the lead bar of the mineral kingdom—these are typical of the nineteen different raw materials which America's technical genius has compounded into the telephone.

It took three kingdoms ...and one republic

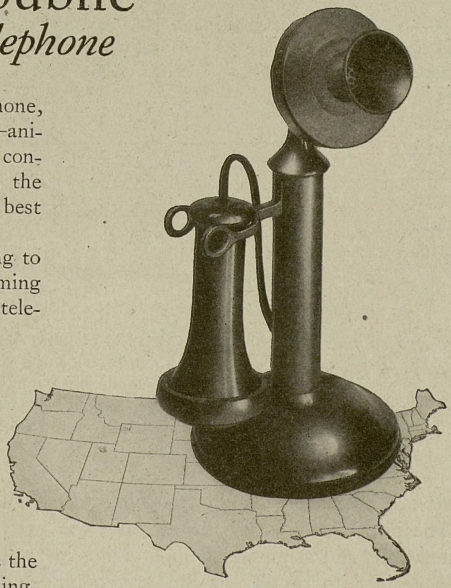
—to make your telephone

TO THE making of your Bell telephone, Nature's three great kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—have contributed generously. And, to these, the American republic has given of its best inventive vision and work-a-day skill.

This has been an enterprise reaching to the far places of the earth but coming back always to the Western Electric telephone factory at Chicago.

Here precious gold and shining silver are matched in brilliance by the ingenuity that directs their use. Here too age-old traditions in the culture of silk are met by modern methods in the production of the telephone.

In less than half a century, Western Electric men have made these methods the standard of the world for telephone making.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Dec. 11, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 32

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE BOY IS GAME—*An Editorial*

Benito Mussolini has escaped assassination for the sixth time since he rode into Rome at the head of his Black Shirts. Il Duce, according to his followers, is immune from bullets, bombs, or knives, and they believe he bears a charmed life. At least six efforts to kill him have been made since 1923.

Benito Mussolini.

On April 7 last a demented Englishwoman shoved a revolver almost against his face, and managed only to hit his nose. On September 11 a marble-cutter from France hurled a bomb which exploded after striking the car in which Mussolini rode. In 1923 he was fired upon and his chauffeur was killed, whereupon Mussolini opened fire and wounded his assailants. The sixth known attempt was made on October 31, when an eighteen-year-old youth fired point-blank at him, the bullet cutting through his coat and severing the cord holding his order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. The maddened crowd set upon the assassin and beat and kicked him to death, while Il Duce, lifting his voice, reassured his Black Shirts that he was unhurt and rejoicing.

Mussolini, after the first effort to kill him, announced that he had chosen as his slogan: "Live in Danger." Those of the Italian people who object to the Dictator appear willing that he should live up to it, and, by their bad marksmanship, have added to the belief that he bears a charmed life.

Whether we believe in Mussolini's doctrines or in his methods, we must pay him the tribute of admiration for his supreme courage. The boy has nerve. After the sixth known narrow escape he went his way seemingly unshaken, and kept his appointment to the minute.

It may be that, before this is printed, more attempts to kill the Italian Dictator will be made, and possibly will succeed in breaking his nerve. Even the boldest of the airmen, during the World War, weakened under repeated narrow escapes from death. But thus far Il Duce has gone unperturbed and swaggeringly defiant of assassination.

Evidently the repeated attempts to kill Mussolini have strained the nerves of his followers. In other efforts Il Duce has made the magnificent gesture of bidding the mob turn the assassin loose and of forgiving him. In this last attempt the gesture, if it was made, came too late; for the mob seized the would-be murderer and did him to death on the spot.

Possibly this mob madness will end the efforts to kill the Dictator. The great majority of political assassins suffer from the martyr complex and nerve themselves to the deed by imagining themselves in the limelight of publicity. When, instead, they picture themselves torn, trampled, beaten, and kicked to death, the urge to be martyrs dwindles rapidly.

Italy proposed, after the fifth attempt to kill the Dictator, to amend its laws and prescribe a death penalty for such crimes. The mob did not wait another time. It took the prospect of the drama of a trial, with oratory, out of the plan, and severely discouraged the business of trying to kill rulers.

Mussolini seems to emerge from each crisis a bigger man. In America each escape from assassination would mean thousands of votes, and probably Italy is not very different.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Fear of God.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 11
Starting a serial of France's great Age of Romance

Billie Burke Laughs at a Thousand Rivals
By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 17
The chronicle of Broadway's most famous love affair (Part One)

Old Alex the Great.....By HUGH FULLERTON 25
Beginning a series on the St. Louis Cards' greatest ace

An Inconsequential Woman.....By RITA WEIMAN 28
The love story of a master of millions

Per Schedule Summerall Takes a Chance..By NORMAN S. HALL 38
A close-up of the army's new Chief of Staff

Adam and Eve Knew Better.....By JAMES OPPENHEIM 45
The story of two amateurs in love

The Age of Silk.....By HARPER LEECH 55
Discussing our epoch of wealth and gleaming ankles

Memory.....By GLADYS ST. JOHN-LOE 60
A tale of a love song and a peach-velvet gown

Radio Stage Fright.....By J. ANDREW WHITE 70
A famous announcer discusses the "fear o' Mike"

The Finish of the Finishers.....By RICHARD BARRY 75
Why modern pugilists lack a knockout punch

Suwanee River.....By AMELITA GALLI-CURCI 87
A famous opera star gives us a singing lesson

The Puppy as Big as a Camel.....By ALINE KILMER 89
Continuing LIBERTY'S *stories for children*

The Small Bachelor *(Part Thirteen)*.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 92

News of the World (p. 35); Movie Review (37); For the Love o' Lil (54); Twenty Questions (59); Bright Sayings of Children (66); Cross-Word Puzzle (67); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (68); Vox Pop (83); Patterns (85); Fashions (85 and 86); Food (90). Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Sherlock Holmes in a Battle of Wits

NEVER did the great Holmes encounter a deeper and more sinister mystery, and never did his mind work more brilliantly in running a criminal to earth, than in SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S latest story, THE ADVENTURE OF THE RETIRED COLOURMAN. In this tense tale the famous detective labors to clear up the fate of a young doctor who'd played with another man's wife.

CAPTAIN ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS writes BELATED EVIDENCE, the dramatic tale of a war bird who loved a little French girl—not wisely but too well. The difference between peace-time and war-time morality is brought out in this masterly narrative.

BURNS MANTLE, the well known critic, gives the story of RAIN, the play sermon that helped to change a nation's taste in the drama, and put $3,000,000 in the producers' collection plate. This inside account of its origin and production will surprise you.

IS WHIPPING A CHILD JUSTIFIABLE? That's the title of an article by JUDGE LAWRENCE T. GRESSER. It's a discussion of whether a spank in time may save an electrocution. Every parent should read it.

W. O. MCGEEHAN contributes STRICTLY ON THE LEVEL, the romance of two big boys with loving hearts but scrambled brains. It's brimming with humor and full of unexpected twists.

December 11, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 32

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York.

(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

"You never go out with me any more!"

WHAT a common tragedy those eight words express!

Yet a woman's health and youthfulness need not fade with marriage. Modern science provides a simple protection: Sane habits of living, plus the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

But be careful in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is both safe and certain . . . which has been for 30 years the standard disinfectant in hospitals and doctors' offices.

You cannot *afford* to experiment. *Only a poison can kill germs.*

It was "Lysol" Disinfectant which was first associated with the modern practice of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" *cleanses* as it *kills germs.*

Preserve your health and youth with "Lysol." Send for the booklet offered below. It is explicit. It was written for women by a woman physician.

Every woman should be familiar with the facts it presents.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold by all druggists. The bottle comes in the original yellow package. *Made by* Lysol, Incorporated, Bloomfield, N. J., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Canadian business:* Lysol (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

Lysol
Disinfectant

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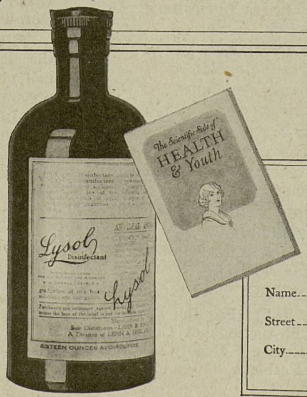

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Please send me, free, *your booklet,*
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The Fear of God

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

Beginning a Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by W. FLETCHER-WHITE

I DREW bridle and called aloud, and sat listening.

PART ONE

TWO of the hounds—I could not see which they were—turned to the right through a thicket of hazel bushes and went downhill. I pulled in my horse, but Hastur was sounding "Game Afoot." The rest of the pack passed like an avalanche, not giving tongue.

My father, arriving at a gallop, called across the woodland to me: "Those two pups must be crazy. Let them go to the devil, Roussette!"

"They're giving tongue!" I cried; but he swept on with the pack, making me a gesture to follow.

Hastur's distant horn was still sounding.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Eleven]

Two *piqueurs* galloped by. These were Pirion Louis and Jacques, and they grinned politely at me—old huntsmen who loved me well, yet who cherished a sly woodland malice for my youth and inexperience.

I heard the distant uproar break out again below, and I spurred down the slope through chestnut woods, straight toward the ravine where runs our little river Ombre.

The frantic music of Lionne's pups came from a heavy thicket of juniper close to the stream. As I rode up, the rank taint of a great boar filled my nostrils.

THE pups were baying him wildly now.

What to do, by grace of God—I did not know. I had no horn to sound "At Bay." My father had always warned me against a boar in the juniper. However, I took the chance, got out of the saddle, and went into the thicket, holding firmly to my short, heavy-bladed boar spear, frightened, but unable to desert the dogs.

Presently, while advancing, shoulder deep in juniper, I caught glimpses of them, circling very wide of a huge gray creature, nor venturing within sweep of his saber-keen tusks.

The enormous, shaggy beast was standing all hunched up and dangerous in a corner of the rocks, his silver-gray bristles ridged high. Now and then he clattered his tusks like castanets and his little eyes glowered red as rubies.

Had he seen me, no doubt he would have charged; but the sight of a wild boar is dim and short; his ears and nose alone tell him where lies danger and where to slay his enemy; and the wind blew from him to me.

Suddenly the bitch, Lionnetta, made a rush at the monster and got his great furry ear between her teeth.

Instantly he swung his enormous head, sent her flying and yelping. Then, quick as a cat, he turned and plunged into the river and was across and running through the pines as swift as a spotted deer, the dogs after him. I ran, stumbling, to my horse, mounted, and rode down the Ombre to where, somehow, Mogul floundered across with me—I losing my hat with its new violet-colored plume; but I could not take time to rescue it, and rode on, my chestnut-red hair flying about my face. Fortunately it was cropped page fashion and did not blind me.

Lionnetta and Ferox were running hard and I was galloping my horse a few yards behind them when we ran headlong into a sounder. Mary Mother! Such a squealing and plunging of little striped pigs! Up went Mogul on his hind legs as the huge furry sow ran at him and tried to bite him. We jumped clear over the furious monster, and she ran after Ferox and gave him a pinch with her ugly teeth and a rip of the horny snout. Poor Ferox shrieked and the blood spurted.

At that I swung my horse around and, leaning far out of the saddle, fetched the sow a hearty whack with the flat of my blade, at the same time shouting to the dogs to get out of the way. All the woods seemed filled with the unearthly squalling and shrieking of piglings and sow, and hysterical noises from both dogs.

Lionnetta ran after a striped pig and got him down in a filbert thicket, and would have murdered him had I not dismounted and, dragging my horse behind me on a trot, kicked away the enraged dog.

The wretched striper got up and fled, screaming; and the sow, hearing the outrageous lament of her offspring, rushed after him. The entire sounder followed, while I, holding my terrified horse, managed to beat off and drive back the two dogs who were determined to have their revenge on the pigs—being such fools that they did not know the sow would tear them to pieces if she came back.

When my horse would stand, I coupled up the pups and dragged horse and dogs to the river, where I washed Mogul's fetlock and attended to Lionnetta and then to Ferox.

My excitement had ebbed, leaving disgust and annoyance, because for my disobedience at least I had hoped to bring a fine boar to spear to save my dignity.

Well, there was nothing further to be done until I could come up with the pack—if that now were possible.

I MOUNTED and sat my saddle, listening, and heard nothing except the flow of winds through the high treetops and the gurgle of the amber Ombre.

"Get up and follow!" I said crossly to the two dogs. I didn't know where I was, except that, of course, I must be somewhere in our Forest of Maniscamp.

Again and again I drew bridle and called aloud, and sat listening. Only a lonely lapwing answered, passing somewhere overhead.

In my wallet I had a *pate de sanglier* and a flask of our native golden wine. These I consumed at my ease as I rode, my spurred legs dangling out of the stirrups, the bridle lying on Mogul's neck. I thought maybe, if I let him have his head, he'd bring me somewhere into a road that I might recognize.

Having discussed my midday meal with an appetite—for I was a healthy girl and inher-

LIONNETTA and Ferox were running hard and I was galloping my horse a few yards behind them when we ran headlong into a sounder.

ited my father's disposition to do whatever I did with all my heart and hardily—I whistled in both dogs, and, raising my voice, sent a long, clear halloo out through the forest. Not a sound in reply.

"*Diable!*" thought I. "This is becoming very tiresome, and I am well punished for my disobedience."

The sun had declined noticeably and shadows lengthened across the moss when, without any preliminary signs of it, my horse walked out into a grassy crossroad.

From it, in four directions, wide lanes radiated, deep with wild grasses and ferns. But, as far as I could see in any direction, nothing stirred save innumerable rabbits and a single deer—a roebuck that stood at gaze inspecting us.

IT seemed to me that the path which stretched away on my right hand ought to bring me back to Maniscamp-sur-Ombre, our smaller chateau, where my father was now in residence because our regiment had gone into cantonments there while our stables and chateau at Aulone were being renovated and repaired. Also the boar-hunting, this year, promised better in the forest of Maniscamp than it seemed to in the Aulone woods.

My father and his Regiment d'Aulone had very recently returned from the Deux-Ponts campaign, whither I also had accompanied him; and I had heard the cannon roar all day long, and had watched through a glass the charge of Schomberg's cavalry.

That was over. We had the orders of Louvois to march to Maniscamp and go into cantonment for overhauling repairs and recruitment, pending another campaign concerning which not even a rumor had reached my father. But that was the way of Louvois, and of his master, our King, Louis XIV—the *Roi Soleil*—and of old Maintenon. But of these things later, by your leave, for I have much to tell you of my father and myself before I bring upon the stage these people who for so long have had the whole world by the throat.

Now, when at last I rode out of the forest of Maniscamp into a rolling country golden with ripe grain, it was far along in the afternoon.

The land ahead seemed like our domain of Maniscamp-sur-Ombre, yet I could not see any familiar feature of the landscape.

Over a little valley among low hills a brown smoke hung; and it stained the sky above the hollow where our town ought to be.

I thought perhaps our soldiers were burning musty forage and old straw pallets and such camp luggage as had become useless.

But when, suddenly, I came upon a street that entered the town, I saw a strange church tower in the swimming smoke, and knew that I was not in our village.

And now I saw soldiers in the street ahead—many of them—some mounted, some afoot, all in scarlet uniforms, jack boots, and bandoliers.

Also I heard a tumult within the town, which reeked of smoke, and came presently among the soldiers, who were driving men, women, and little children out of houses.

I saw a group of officers sitting their horses in the square and looking on while their Red Dragoons and Gendarmes of France dragged women and children into a long double line, and drove the men, young and old, into another rank, where Red Dragoons with naked sabers guarded the straggling formation.

Through the smoke that steamed up from a break of burning debris in the middle of the square, near the fountain, I could see gendarmes running and dumping armfuls of bound books into the fire.

There was much noise—much shouting and fierce laughter from the soldiery; lamenting and frightened cries of women and children, and some dreadful screaming from houses where dragoons swarmed about doorways.

WHAT all this cruel disorder was about, I could not longer doubt. Never before had I witnessed a dragonnade. But this was the kind of scene I'd heard described more than once in whispers by the young subalterns of our Regiment d'Aulone. We were forbidden ever to discuss these tragedies, which lately, and particularly since the revocation of the famous Edict of Nantes, were becoming more and more common in our unhappy land of France; but not even kings or their mistresses can utterly silence thought and render tongue forever dumb.

I had drawn bridle at the entrance to the square of this wretched little town, which now I knew to be Ombre-la-Vallee. My two lashed hound pups squatted on their haunches beside my horse, gazing excitedly upon all this tumult.

I saw two dead peasants lying on the paved way near the fountain, and a dead child tumbled down at the foot of the shrine.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Thirteen]

A dreadful racket arose from a distant row of houses where Red Dragoons were throwing furniture out of the windows to the pavement below—chairs, chests, earthen vessels, and pewters; and I saw a child's cradle come crashing down and fly into oaken splinters, and a mattress, on fire, pushed through a window and fall in flames.

The spectacle sickened me. I had had enough of it, and was already turning my horse, when four Red Dragoons, with their musket butts resting on their thighs, put their horses into sudden motion to intercept me.

"Wait a moment, young man!" they cried out to me through the tumult; and I saw a heavy, red-faced officer ride out from among a group of horsemen and spur toward me at a canter.

The four dragoons already had surrounded me when he arrived. He seemed astonished to perceive that I was a girl in my hunting dress of a youth.

"Well," said he, "who the devil are you, and what are you doing in Ombre-la-Vallee upon this day of justice?"

"Monsieur," said I, "an Aulone is not to be questioned in such a fashion."

"What's that!" he exclaimed, turning redder.

"I am Mademoiselle de Maniscamp," said I, very quietly. "Be pleased to remove your hat, monsieur, and address me properly, then say what you have to say, for this brutal spectacle neither entertains nor pleases me."

THE rebuke left him with mouth open, and when he recovered he took off his plumed hat, though he gave me an ugly look. He bowed and said very distinctly:

"Do I understand, Mademoiselle de Maniscamp, that the Aulones regard the justice of His Majesty our King as a brutal spectacle?"

Startled, I made no reply for a moment. Then with cold politeness I bade him cover himself, and he pulled on his hat and stared at me with all the insolence he dared.

"Monsieur," said I, "his majesty's justice, like the justice of the Most High, is too awful and too wonderful for a young girl to comprehend. But the spectacle of that little, dead child lying yonder at the feet of our Mother of Sorrows pierces my heart—as the spear thrust pierced our Lord on Calvary."

"Mademoiselle," said he, "you answer like a Huguenot!"

"Monsieur, I am not *answering* you! I am *instructing* you! And now I am giving you a command: Clear away your red horsemen who bar my road!"

"If it be the lords of Aulone who speak through your lips," he retorted, "let the Count d'Aulone beware of such heresies——"

"*Sang Dieu!*" I cried in a passion. "Will you affront an Aulone with your red baby-butchers?"

I took my short boar spear in both hands, turned in my saddle, and struck a dragoon's horse over the buttock with the flat of the blade.

The poor beast reared and nearly knocked over the rider next to him.

At the same instant I swung my horse and spurred past the other two horsemen. One tried to seize my bridle. The insult enraged me, and I fetched his wrist such a crack with the spear haft that he yelled his pain and vexation.

Clear of them, I turned and called back to the officer: "If you wish a further lesson, my father will bring you our Regiment d'Aulone to teach you and your Red Dragoons good manners!"

That was a foolish threat. I knew it while I uttered it. I knew I had been indiscreet; that the slowly increasing terror of the dragonnades was paralyzing all the land; and that those in whose hearts a single spark of freedom of thought still lodged should conduct themselves discreetly, lest they arouse in our King and his ministers any slightest doubt concerning their loyalty and faith.

I galloped away toward our domain, which now I knew I could discover by skirting the Forest of Maniscamp to the westward.

IT was twilight when I, my weary horse, and my two limping dogs rode into the stable court of the Chateau of Maniscamp-sur-Ombre.

Hastur came to dismount me, tall, grave, bowing at my stirrup with bared head.

I said: "Lionne's pups drove a six-year to bay in the junipers. We could not kill."

"No, mademoiselle," said he gravely; "but the *boar* could have."

Very slowly I entered the house, tired and contrite, hatless, wet with sweat and lather; and, seeing my father seated by the blazing fire in the great hall, went to him and dropped on both knees and laid my tangled head against his breast.

"I am ashamed of my disobedience," I whispered. "I beg forgiveness, monsieur."

"Darling," he laughed, "what are we all but fools? In all the world I never knew but one who was not."

"My mother."

"Only she, Roussette."

That night, when I was in bed, my father came, as usual, for the last kiss.

"We must be cautious," he said, "and very careful that nobody ever shall learn that we treasure your mother's Huguenot prayer book to read in it and study so that we some day may judge for ourselves which, after all, might be the nearest path to God."

I put both arms around his neck in silence.

And now, by your leave, I shall recover my equanimity and my breath, and permit myself leisure to tell you who and what we are—my father and I—and describe to you where we lived and something concerning my childhood and our circumstances.

I WAS born French, became English, yet today am neither.

Because I belong to a country that has no king of its own, no flag; a land that has not yet conceived of Liberty and borne a nation.

We know not when that birth shall be; we know not how to provide for our unborn; we know only that we shall welcome it, love it, and gayly defend it.

If I have children to live after me, I wish them to know something of the history of these times and of their mother. And of this young and timid star which has not yet arisen where, in the west, the Sun King still glows refulgent.

Therefore I write my memoirs. And gayly, too. For I do all things with a light heart—but with *all* my heart. I have lived gayly. And I assure you—but with perfect respect to God—that when I die I shall render up my soul to Him with all the gayety in the world.

Yet I have seen enough to sour me had I been made of almond paste.

I have seen blood flow, but it has not quenched my spirit. I have seen fire pass, and it has not turned my heart to cinders, Famine I have seen, and rapine and lust; and have lost faith neither in God nor man. Only in kings.

Not the dreamy ballet music of Versailles but the roll of drums was all the music I knew as a child, save for my clavecin, or some Breton bagpipe, or the throstle notes of a lonely shepherd's reed.

My father's regiment was the Regiment d'Aulone. Royal Roussillon and Royal Deux-Ponts only could boast such discipline and health.

Doubtless you know that, excepting the gorgeous companies, battalions, and regiments of the King's household troops—which included the interior and exterior bodyguards at Versailles—all regular regiments were named after towns and districts of France, or took the names of their colonels who maintained them.

The King's regiments wore blue, turned up with various colors; the Princes' battalions, dragoons, and gendarmerie of France were in red. Only three regiments, I believe, wore white uniforms in my youth—although I have heard that Royal Deux-Ponts, Roussillon, Picardie, and Carignan now wear white.

One of the three, when I was a child, was our Regiment D'Aulone; and it was clothed in white uniforms, lined and faced with violet.

WELL, now that you know our regiment, I shall have the honor to present to you my father, its *maitre des champs* or colonel, Ferral de Maniscamp, Count d'Aulone.

His hair was as red and abundant as the King's, but his eyes were sea blue where the King's were brown. Dignity, gravity, perfect grace and a perfect person were the Sun King's. My father was tall, lean, and as supple and sound as his own sword. The King wore majesty like a flaming robe. God knows who truly begot him. My father was frank, animated, and bore him with a gay and careless confidence in his race that needed no mask of awe-inspiring gravity to impose it.

My father used to say that between the King and himself there was only this slight difference: the King was the richest man on earth and my father was ruined. When he said this he would clap his thighs and laugh. His ancestors seemed to have been but a parcel of roving scamps who, from generation to generation, inherited and transmitted nothing except debts.

The chateau, farm, forests, villages, and broad meadows of Maniscamp were loaded with debt. So was Aulone.

To this day I do not know how my father kept up his regiment and maintained his properties and me. Yet we seemed to lack nothing.

Well, now that you have met my father, I venture to take myself by one finger and make you a low, respectful reverence.

Michelle de Maniscamp is my name. I am twenty-two years old. My hair is red; my skin very white; my eyes a kind of violet gray with black lashes. I am of middle height, somewhat slim; a body well turned and smooth and straight, with limber limbs nicely coupled to it.

I have been assured by courteous old ladies and flattering gentlemen that my complexion resembles Ninon de l'Enclos' and my hands and feet Gabrielle's.

Mine is a gay character. Unlike many well born demoiselles, I never entertained any desire to take the veil, although ladies of our family had the right of asylum and of sanctuary in any convent of the Recollette nuns, because of the benefices which the Aulones for many, many years had conferred upon that holy order.

AS a child I loved the drums of Aulone. I adored to see the drummers in their *fantaisie*, marching ahead—rataplan! rataplan!—the lines of swaying muskets balancing behind; heavy bandoliers shining; mounted officers in half-armor, their corselets all aglitter and their hat plumes blowing gallantly.

When our Regiment d'Aulone took the field I traveled with it in our *carrosse*, with gov-

erness and maids, or rode with my father at the head of the long column, day after day.

Many a march, many a camp, and more than one campaign have I made as a young girl. However, it was no more than the soldiers' wives accomplished.

My father loved me and desired my company. Besides, he wished me to grow up hardy and fearless.

When we were at home—at Maniscamp-sur-Ombre or at Aulone—I submitted without pouting to education, and I enjoyed much liberty in consequence.

At that time, except near such palaces as Versailles and in Paris, there were few barracks for troops in France; and at Maniscamp and Aulone our soldiers were in cantonments. Which was always hard on the people. But Louvois changed all that!—he whom a brutal epitaph commemorated: "Here lies Louvois, whom nobody loved but whom everybody regretted."

I LIKED Aulone the better of our two homes, though I loved to fish for graylings in the river Ombre at Maniscamp. But there were carp ponds at Aulone that did well enough for a child. And there it was I learned to swim, naked as a new hatched bird, and my maid screaming at me from the shore because always I stripped off my chemise when beyond her reach.

I love water. So did my father. His chiefest passion was to read the classics; and he loved to model his manner of living upon the healthy customs of the heroes of antiquity.

Therefore he bathed frequently, and exercised; and when he ate and drank he did both thoroughly, I warrant you, and *de bon coeur*.

My father would never wear a peruke. He had plenty of reddish bronze hair far prettier, and he carried his barber everywhere with him to keep his hair clean and curled to his shoulders like the fastidious cavalier he was.

That barber, whose name was Tonnay, also kept my hair trimmed and in curl; and I wore it—as we wear it still—in a thick fringe across the forehead and a curly cloud over the ears. In length it should be no longer than the nape of the neck—not a becoming fashion to heavy features and seems to vulgarize them, but to a delicate face it lends much charm, and is, I suppose, a godsend to women with large ears.

Now, when not en route with the regiment, the order of my life at Maniscamp or Aulone was regular and simple. Morning prayers—and I must tell you, later, concerning our religious life—morning chocolate, toilette with two maids, and then the ceremony of waiting upon my father to make inquiry concerning his health and to await his commands. Not that he ever gave me any. Followed a tour in the gardens, breakfast, and then to my education—with my corps of instructors—arts, sciences, and accomplishments—Madame de Lambeaux, my governess and lady companion; Monsieur Portmenus for singing, dancing, and the clavecin; Bouffon, an old sergeant of the regiment, for fencing, riding, and tilting at the ring; and my father to criticize and polish me in general.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THROUGH the smoke I could see gendarmes running and dumping armfuls of bound books into the fire.

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Fifteen]

Well, then, there was dinner, and the remainder of the day for me, and my own occupations to choose. And supper at nine.

In either Maniscamp or Aulone there were no girls or lads suitable as playmates for me. A peasant is a peasant in mind as well as body. One of my maids, Nicole Lannion, however, was different. She was my foster sister. Her father was a magistrate in Maniscamp-sur-Ombre. I loved her with heart and mind. We romped together as children. Another maid, Nanon Dubois, was daughter to an apothecary. She was an amiable girl. It was she who screamed when I swam naked in the pool.

THERE was a drummer boy in our regiment, a foundling named Colin, who had a cherub face and gentle manners, and I think he had in him gentle blood, too. With him also I played as a child, and as I grew up there remained a real friendship between us, as much as respect permitted.

However, I was never lonely. Always my father was my comrade; always the officers of our regiment were ready to play with me and jest with me, and make parties anywhere I desired to go.

I grew very fast. At twelve I appeared to be sixteen. At sixteen I was mature, though very slender and boyish of face and figure.

Then it was that I enjoyed more companionship with the younger officers of our regiment —and, for the first time, knew restrictions, Madame de Lambeaux being always in attendance as well as Nicole. Good-by to Colin, my little drummer lad. Only chance meetings, frankly friendly on my part—and a little mischievous, too, because I suspected he was lingering to make cherub eyes at Nicole, who turned up at him her nose which God already had turned up enough.

Among these younger officers in the Regiment d'Aulone there were three poor young men—as we all were poor in the Regiment d'Aulone. One was Capitaine le Vicomte de Bevis. Another, Capitaine le Chevalier d'Auroc. Another, Capitaine le Restif de Moidrey, Sieur de Longuevieu. He was older than Philippe de Bevis and Georges d'Auroc.

These gentlemen became intimates of our house at Aulone; and one or all of them was always there when not on duty.

Now, as I am telling only truths, I admit that I fell violently in love with them all, one after another, and even, at intervals, seemed to be in love with all of them at the same time.

Each one, in turn, betrayed all the customary symptoms. As I witnessed them, my small head went round until I was so dizzy I did not know which one I loved.

I loved somebody; that seemed certain. I was very likely to blush; subject to odd palpitations; inclined to extravagant vivacity or to breathless silences, or to a new, dreamy lassitude of mind and body.

One symptom, however, I did not notice until long afterward: I never lost my appetite.

Not even when I knew that Philippe's father had written to mine; nor when relatives of Georges and, later, of Restif de Moidrey addressed my father in their kinsmen's behalf.

But it all was as obvious as the nose on the King's face: I had no money; they had no money. One may love on nothing a year, but one does not marry on it.

A perpetual curiosity possessed me concerning young men, and there was much charm in it and very little pain. For the emotions of a novice in love with love leave no deeper traces than do April zephyrs ruffling woodland pools, or a virgin's breath upon her mirror.

Besides, thanks to my hardy education, I was more like a stripling lad in whom emotions are superficial and amount to no more than romantic sentiments natural to adolescence. I was totally ignorant of passion.

My mother, whom death gave to God while she was giving me to the world, was Huguenot. In our hearts my father and I were somewhat inclined that way. We regarded all Huguenots with kindness, and their constant persecution made us uneasy and sad. We continued to worship God as our consciences dictated, but with unorthodox sympathy and tenderness for those who worshiped Him in their own fashion. And never at table, or in salon, or on the terrace, or at the chase, or in the regiment would my father tolerate religious discussions or any gossip or disputes, maintaining that such matters concerned only one's private conscience and the confessional for those who desired it.

Concerning the world I was both ignorant and sophisticated at the same time. Sometimes I wondered why our great folk should have so many mistresses and lovers if God forbids adultery; and why our King had so many children by great ladies to whom he was not married.

But such innocent speculations perplexed my mind but little. With proud indifference I turned my head from the grosser spectacles which human degradation presented in village life and in camps. They meant to me no more than the morals of the farmyard.

MY father sometimes muttered of a suitable marriage and murmured hints of this young man or that—*vicomtes* I never heard of, heirs to baronies I didn't know—and I paid little attention.

And so childhood and girlhood and earliest maturity passed joyously for me at home or abroad—it made no difference to me where I was in those days of glowing youth and health.

One day in June I was seated on the grass under a very old apple tree. My lute lay across my knees; my three cavaliers were in attendance.

On that day I had become exactly twenty years of age. Never had I enjoyed such glowing health; never had I been gayer, happier, or so ardently in love with life.

The conversation, however, had been somber. It concerned Huguenots and dragonnades and the feared Marquise de Maintenon, who had once been Madame Scarron, and the terrible Edict—another Scarronade, and the wickedest deed ever done by woman upon this earth.

However, I took no part in the conversation, which drifted between Moidrey and Bevis, mostly, and seemed to bore d'Auroc.

He said: "With due respect to God, we are driving out of France a million Frenchmen who may be needed when all Europe marches to give us battle."

Moidrey, glum, his dark face framed by his hands, answered that he was aware of no such league to destroy France.

"You are wrong," remarked Bevis; "there exists a secret league against us since the King signed the Edict."

"Who meditates attacking us?" demanded Moidrey.

"The King of Spain, the King of Sweden, the Emperor, the German Princes—and, probably, England," replied Bevis.

"England?" Moidrey laughed.

"Laugh on," said Bevis. "But if the Prince of Orange attacks King James and drives him out of England, the next act in the drama will be war on France. And then we shall have the world in arms against us."

"Does it worry you?" inquired Moidrey.

Both d'Auroc and Bevis smiled at the enormity, but the former said: "Nevertheless, this is no time to drive a million sturdy Frenchmen into exile."

"As for that," growled Moidrey, "let us leave it on the highway."

"Somewhere," added Bevis, "between Versailles and St. Cyr."

"My cousin d'Estremont," said d'Auroc thoughtfully, "is Huguenot; and I love him very dearly."

Moidrey sneered. "Everybody has a pet Huguenot," he remarked. "Who is yours, Philippe?"

But I had been listening and I had had enough. So when my little blond Bevis opened his cupid mouth to reply, I swept the lute strings loudly with my fingers—a signal these young gentlemen could not politely ignore.

D'Auroc laughed. Bevis gave me a languishing look: "To soften your reproof, mademoiselle," said he sentimentally, "will you condescend to mitigate it with a love song?"

"*Chanson d'amour?* Certainly," said I sweetly. And I sang to these hot-hearted young men an ancient lisping *chansonnette* that made a jest of love.

My young gallants all were laughing before I finished the *chansonnette*. They demanded I repeat it. I made Nicole sing with me, and presently they all joined in with such good will that my father, who had ridden up across the lawn behind us, laughed outright from his saddle.

"Roussette," said he, "I know a young baroness who speaks naturally with the baby lisp which seems to afflict the three princesses in your little love song."

"She must be something of a doll," said I with a shrug of disgust.

"She resembles a pretty doll and she lisps," said my father; "but she is no fool. And of that you may judge this very afternoon, Roussette, because she is on her way to Aulone to pay a visit, and her courier has just arrived to announce her."

"Is she coming to pay us a visit?" I asked.

"So I have the honor to be informed." He cast a sardonic eye upon his young captains. "A widow, gentlemen, and extremely wealthy."

MY gallants bowed respectfully, but were far too polite to seem interested. I thought it very funny to see them bowing in a row and pretending lack of interest in a pretty heiress because I chanced to be present.

"And who," I inquired, "is this pretty, lisping doll, and for what reason does she do us the honor of visiting us?"

It appeared that she was a cousin on my mother's side—several times removed, but a cousin is always a cousin with us.

She was Athalie d'Auris, Baroness d'Elven —a Swedish title. I did not recollect ever having heard of her. But de Moidrey knew of her and remarked that her late husband had been attached to the King of Sweden's Embassy, and that she was agreeably placed at Versailles. He added that she was so celebrated for moral behavior, she enjoyed the reputation of being stuffed with sawdust.

At which my father laughed and laughed, and seemed to consider such a reputation for chastity extremely funny.

"It's no credit with God," said I, "to keep out of mischief when one is stuffed only with sawdust."

I was quite serious; but everybody gave way to uncontrolled mirth, and, in my confusion, I saw even Nicole laughing. Well, what I maintained is true. And one day I was destined to prove it to myself.

Michelle's father was right—the Baroness was no fool. Her doll's head was stuffed with wisdom in an age when wisdom meant life itself. For a breath-taking climax in a drama staged against a background of gold and gems, see next week's LIBERTY.

Billie BURKE Laughs at A Thousand RIVALS

The Inside Story of Broadway's Most Famous Love Affair

An Article by
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

PART ONE

"I THINK," said Billie Burke, as she leaned back in an awning swing on the cropped lawn that undulates its charming acreage beneath the grand old trees of Burkeley Crest, her estate at Hastings upon Hudson—"I think that I have the hardest job in the world! The hardest job that any woman ever faced in all of womankind's history:

"My husband is the most popular man on earth. And almost every beautiful young girl in the United States who aspires to win laurels on the stage throws herself at his head. Often they throw themselves into his arms. And sometimes he lets them lie there a moment!

"Oh, sure, he has come home with rouged Cupid's bows on his cheek or on his collar. I have asked him to get his man at the office to wash off these evidences of ardent femininity hunting a job. And I have asked him to have his man brush his coat lapels, so that I won't have to see the blonde and black and red and brown hairs left there by tousled bobbed heads.

"When he thinks of it he does remove these unpleasant reminders of his peculiar job. But at times he forgets; and then life isn't so pleasant as it might be."

I studied Miss Burke while she talked. She sat in the swing, the sunlight glowing in the red aureole it made of her wavy short hair; her legs drawn up beneath her; her strong, freckled hands clasping dimpled knees, the dimples fascinatingly visible between the stocking roll and her short pea-green crepe de Chine house dress.

Billie Burke, the beautiful stage star and wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

Miss Burke at a costume ball in Palm Beach a year ago.

The years—just forty of them—had in no wise withered the loveliness of the features that left Broadway breathless when that blase thoroughfare first gazed upon them in 1907. The face is oval; the forehead is wide and reassuring; tawny brows arch above a pair of extraordinary blue-gray eyes. How sparkling and intelligent and eloquent and beautiful are those honest, wide eyes! The nose is a little freckled answer to a sculptor's prayer. The lips are not too full, possibly a wee bit thin; and they are the eager custodians of two fugitive dimples that emphasize the rounded beauty of her cheeks. The teeth are small and even and white.

One looks with pleasure upon so charming an ensemble. The piquant face, the graceful, sloping shoulders and rounded arms, the slender, boyish body, and the strong, straight legs and childish feet compose a picture of dainty and appealing femininity. Over all the visible skin, brow and face, neck and elbows and knees, lies a warm galaxy of tiny freckles.

Physically, there appears to be no blemish in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS
Continued from Page Seventeen]

the exquisite creature I am regarding. Two things remain—her mind and her soul. Are they fit companions for her world-famous pulchritude?

I found, as you shall find if you read these paragraphs, that Billie Burke's mind is keen and scintillant, adequately equipped, poised and original, and endowed with common sense and a sense of humor. And I think I discovered her soul to be the soul of a tolerant, kindly gentlewoman. I have an idea, though, that her temper might be devastating if she let herself go. Her lips, I've told you, are *possibly* a wee bit thin.

AS we talked I thought of many things to ask her: how she has kept her husband and home together during nearly thirteen years of warfare against Broadway; what measures she takes to prevent the hoofs of the flying years from trampling on her beauty; how she became an actress; of her early background; how much money she has made, and kept; how she met and captured Florenz Ziegfeld from the encircling arms of America's alluring youth and palpitant loveliness; how she has disciplined herself to the sacrifice of her own extraordinary career in order to be a mother and a housewife; how she is rearing Patricia, her pretty, red-headed, ten-year-old daughter; what she thinks of the modern stage, and modern people, and the famous folk she has met; how she views the widely accepted conviction that every young girl who makes good on Broadway, or even hopes to ascend there, must first surrender her soul and her body.

In short, a conference that in one hour might easily have exhausted the original assignment—to see Billie Burke and find out whether she's jealous of the beauties Flo Ziegfeld comes in constant contact with as he recruits his annual Follies—was prolonged into many hours.

And here is the story of Billie Burke's life.

"Miss Burke," I said, as Mr. Ziegfeld and Patricia, the latter in a bathing suit, passed on their way to the poplar-girded swimming pool, beside which stands a cage where a little leopard played with a rubber ball, "are you ever jealous of the women your husband meets daily throughout the years?"

"I met Flo in the dawn of New Year's Day, 1914, at a masquerade ball," she answered. The fire that always dances in her eyes was stilled a moment by reminiscence. "I'll tell you later how we met and what happened thereafter. For the moment, it is sufficient to say that the instant I saw him across the ballroom floor I loved him so intensely that I almost fainted.

"I have loved him with equal fervor every moment of the time that has passed since my lucky hour. And during every moment of that time I have been jealous of every woman he has met!

"Let us get this straight. It is my unswerving conviction that there can be no love without jealousy. Knowledge of human nature compels one to admit that there can be no such thing as perfect trust, because human frailties have a most disconcerting way of manifesting themselves in a crisis. One cannot possibly have utter confidence in any person. And, since I believe this, I cannot help being jealous when I reflect upon the thousands and thousands of dazzlingly beautiful girls my husband must inspect every year.

"But I think it important that the young women who will read your article should realize that jealousy is not always the cause of unhappiness. That is to say, they must not think that Billie Burke stays at home wringing her hands, sobbing into her handkerchief, and suffering intensely.

"Billie Burke has too much sense to do such things. I realized that I should become haggard, insane, drive myself into the grave, if I let myself go.

"So I had to evolve a philosophy to take charge of this agitated heart of mine. While I was perfecting this new system of introspection and guidance, I was greatly benefited by

P. & A. photo

Billie Burke, Mr. Ziegfeld, and their little daughter, Patricia, as they sailed for Europe last summer.

my resolution to consider married life as a job—a job I would have to work at night and day; a job from which I could never retire; a long, hard job whose only reward would be the keeping of my husband's love.

"Some may deem this a light prize. To me it is the most precious thing in all the world, the only thing worth striving for. And, incidentally, it is the only thing worth while for any wife, assuming that she has married a man because she truly loves him.

"There have been many obstacles to the consummation of this ambition of mine—to have a happy home.

"You would not believe the world contained such meanness. And women are far meaner than men, far more cruel than any man can conceive. These women strive to make my life a torment.

"You can't imagine how many anonymous letters I get, anonymous telephone calls, telling me Flo Ziegfeld is untrue to me, that, at that very moment he is with a beautiful girl, and that if I don't believe it to hurry to his office, or to a certain apartment or hotel, and I will find all the evidence I need.

"And women friends—some of them cannot help being cruel, since they *are* women. They will sit at my tea table and shudder as they repeat innuendoes they have heard, or relate some definite 'faithlessness' of Flo they have been told about.

"Not long ago one of my dearest friends—that is, she was until she lied to me—held up her hands in horror as she ran in to say that the day before she had gone to Flo's office, waited outside a moment, and then heard a terrible commotion in his private room. She told me she heard a girl crying and begging. She said she could stand it no longer, so she arose and flung open the door just as my husband tore the blouse from a beautiful brunette's shoulder and hurled her on a couch behind a screen in the corner.

"I waited till this charming friend finished, and then asked her to step out of the house and out of my life. You see, I know Flo, and I know he wouldn't play the game with caveman tactics. If such an incident *had* occurred, no blouse would have been torn.

"Know my husband? Why, I know him so well that nine-tenths of these unkind women trap themselves by describing some incident he is incapable of, some action that exists only in their own fevered minds. Some of them recount the very adventure they themselves would love passionately to figure in!

"AND, of course, Broadway has never forgiven me for stealing the most desirable catch that famous street ever knew right out from under the ardent glances of younger and far more beautiful women.

"But if these silly women only knew how futile are their efforts to break up my home, how hopeless their scheming to entice Flo away from me! Why, Flo Ziegfeld loves me more than anything on earth, more than his life. And he would no more hurt me, or wander away from the lovely home I have made for him, than he would strike his little daughter.

"The men, too, sometimes reveal rodent natures. When they do, they join in the far more populous phalanxes of jealous, envious women and denounce my husband to me. They never get very far with it, you may be positive!

"I sometimes think I ought to cut peepholes in the walls of my house and have Broadway look in at our private life. I don't think that in all the world there is a more devoted husband, a more considerate gentleman, a more loving, understanding man, a better father. Oh, I am an intelligent woman, and as such I embody all the wisdom of the serpent; and if sometimes I am unhappy over the temptations he is surrounded with, year in and year out, I have schooled myself to remember that no life is flawless, that no wish is ever wholly realized, that no happiness is utterly complete, that nothing in this world is perfect.

"There have been two crises when my husband almost slipped out of my hands. I'll tell you about them after a bit. And I'll admit now that I fought to hold him.

"But—there he is, walking about our grounds with our daughter's hand in his. He is not perfect; he is only a weak human being; he is only a *man*. But he is my husband, the father of my child—and I shall keep him!"

Miss Burke arose, tilted a huge striped parasol so as to exclude the noontime sun's brilliance, and sat in a little red-backed camp chair.

"Let me talk a few minutes about how I regard marriage," she continued. "It will help you to understand presently the story of my own domestic strategy, my wifely career of keeping unimpaired the lovely home Flo and Patricia and I enjoy so fully.

"No matter how overpowering the love a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

What will keep them well all Winter?

"Medicine" can't do it—. . . "Coddling" can't do it—

RIGHT FOOD CAN!

Our mothers knew that wrong food made children sick. We know that right food keeps children well . . . It keeps . . . protects . . . guards them from illness! That's the positive attitude toward food which doctors and dietitians are striving to encourage in mothers . . . Give your child's body enough of *all* the essential food elements . . . and his body will develop astonishing resistance.

. . .

This food. . .golden crisp, delicious. . . . . .gives valuable aid in protecting health

YOUR CHILD stands an excellent chance of romping safely through the winter, if his daily diet is well-balanced.

"Balanced diet" was "Greek" to our grandmothers It's plair English to this generation of parents, thanks to modern medical research. We know now that the three-meals-a-day should supply every precious element of nutrition in its proper proportion—thereby safeguarding every function of the body.

That is why Grape-Nuts has proved so valuable a food in millions of American homes. It gives the body varied elements of highest importance to health—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with whole milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration—exceptionally easy to digest.

And it is temptingly delicious! These golden kernels, made from wheat and malted barley, have a nut-like flavor and a crispness which children love . . . Stop and consider the health-value of this crispness, by the way.

Modern foods are too often soft. Unless we deliberately add crisp foods to the daily diet, our children's teeth find precious little to do! And dentists tell us that exercise is supremely important for the health and beauty of teeth and gums!

Chewing stimulates and invigorates all the tissues of the mouth. Chewing helps facial bones and muscles to develop normally. Chewing tends to prevent crowded teeth and malocclusion. Chewing even exerts a favorable influence upon the nasal passages, reducing the danger of adenoids and mouth breathing . . . Yes, our children need crisp foods, as well as nourishing foods!

Because Grape-Nuts helps health in so many ways, give it an important place upon your home table. Your grocer has this famous food—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

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. . . and two interesting booklets

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, and two booklets—"The Effect of Food Upon Your Children's Lives" and "A Book of Better Breakfasts." Both are of vital interest to mothers.

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children, and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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ORANGE DROPS
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

girl feels for a man, before she marries him she ought, if possible, to analyze his character as fully as she can, to find out whether her nature and his, her life and his, will fit into each other and result in that congenial, understanding companionship which is indispensable to married life, to happiness, to success as man and wife, and which, when it is attained, is the most precious thing in the world.

"Marriage is the perfect state. Nature intended the relation solely for her own purpose of procreation; but with the divine gift of reason, human beings have surrounded that original attraction of sex with all the beautiful things that distinguish us from the beasts of the forest. Every man and woman should marry. And if the girl finds defects in the man she loves and these imperfections are not fatal, she ought to go ahead and marry him anyhow—always provided that she genuinely loves him.

"THESE faults will be difficult to detect, because both man and woman are on their best behavior during courtship, both putting out all the fascinations of which they are capable and concealing every unfavorable trait. Since nothing in the world is perfect, the inevitable disillusionment of the post-marriage state need not operate against a really happy life together.

"Oh, what an awakening for both man and woman after the vows are said and they depart to live the remainder of their lives in each other's company! theretofore had seemed essential to his or her happiness. Indeed, both must surrender greatly in order to merge the two identities into one glorious, contented, sympathetic, understanding whole.

"I plead for patience, for tolerance, for delay in passing judgment. Let us be more charitable, less hasty in quarreling. When the veil of illusion, that opaque curtain of passion

"He must let her share a bit in his business, his art, his music, his hobby, whatever constitutes the big feature of his life. Bridge alone won't do. And the strange American habit of a man deluging his wife with gifts while locking her out of his intimate interests is fatal to successful marriage.

"No woman wants to be shut out of the sanctum that claims his time and attention. He need not make her a full partner in the mental or spiritual enterprise, because few women have sense enough to be of much help. Indeed, they probably will be more trouble than assistance, for they intrude their more limited outlook and petty conclusions into a sphere they know little about.

"But if he only feeds her a few crumbs from the table of his activity she will be happy, she will be proud of contributing her mite to the joint cause, and she will love him all the more for his trust in her mentality.

"IF it should transpire that the woman is the dominant personality, the brains of the pair, the head of the household, then she must mother him and do his thinking for him.

"Woman must not do the one thing that causes more domestic misery than anything else on earth—she must not nag.

"God help a man with a nagging wife! Woman, of course, has had a hard time during the ages she has been taking care of the brute. He kept her in the cave while he stepped out and saw the world. Naturally, her cranial meas-

A Follies chorus, world famous for its pulchritude, with Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., its maestro; and (above) another pose of Billie Burke.

"The first few years, after passion has ceased to be the flaming thing that brought them together and has become the quiet, controllable source of exquisite happiness, are the difficult ones, because with this change comes the imperious necessity of readjustment, of making two alien natures fit together.

"This is indeed a critical phase, and one that requires so many things to prevent a collapse of the matrimonial adventure. There must be patience, and there must be compromise. Compromise! That is indispensable. Each must give way, each must trim down the sharp edges of individuality, each must smooth off the surface of selfishness and egotism, each must sacrifice so much that that requires little from the other save contact, is lifted and true character stands starkly revealed, then is the time when we must take firm clutch of ourselves and start the difficult, often painful process of personal reconstruction.

"And what a magic thing is common sense! That saving capacity for appreciating the fact that we cannot have everything we want, that we cannot wholly dominate, that into each life comes the need for catching the other's viewpoint.

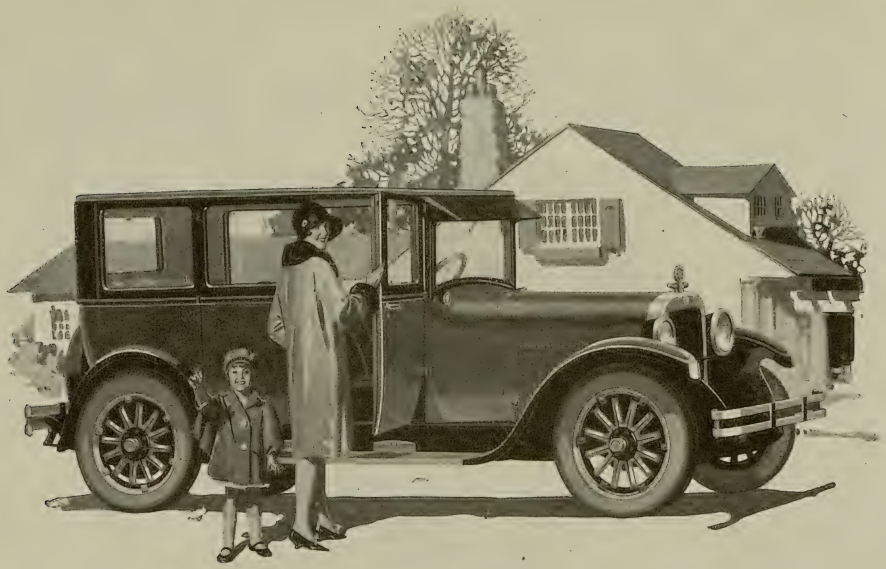
"If there are no children, that great common meeting place for otherwise antagonistic natures, then the husband must find a plane on which the woman can walk beside him in comradeship.

ure is physically smaller. Woman has been in the kitchen for six thousand years, and yet man has invented every utensil she employs.

"She has been too busy bringing children into the world to get out and play the game. From this has come a certain dependence on the male; and of course the male knows it.

"If the male doesn't drag her around by the hair, as he used to—and as most women like to be treated—he has by no means relinquished the desire to do it. And if the modern woman thinks she can step up beside man to take an equal part in his world, she is only deceiving herself. The man will pretend to let her enjoy equality; but he'll despise her, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



A Story in Nutshells

Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the Nation's billboards during the past eleven years—

A Good Name
Dependable
Dollar for Dollar
Long Life
World-Wide Good Will
Better Than Ever

To build a product of which these things can truthfully be said, is a record of which any great organization might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that millions everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

Sedan $895 — Special Sedan $945
De luxe Sedan $1075—f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

he is likely to find a clinging, empty-headed little blonde who will look soulfully and helplessly up at him and treat him as if he were the lord of the glade!

"Marriage is such an easy thing to win at if women will only play the game. Ninety per cent of the marital failures are due to woman's shortcomings.

"She fans the furnace of jealousy; she nags; she fails to interest herself in her conceited mate's avocations; she satiates him with caresses or chills him with indifference; she fails to understand how weak he is, how boastful, how filled with faults his nature. Or, if she knows these things, she fails to handle him intelligently, to erase those flaws by skillful feminine remolding; simply to make up her mind that there the beast stands and that she must put up with him if she wants to keep the hearth fire lighted.

"Nagging, suspicions, sly questioning, taunting, bad temper, impatience, failure to show her best side, dowdiness in person, whining, gossiping, lack of sportsmanship in the bitter game of life, and a demand for unalloyed happiness—these are the traits in so many women that wreck so many homes. Women are responsible for nine out of ten divorces, even if the man is decent enough to help save her face by letting her sue and receive the decree.

"Where did women get the idea that they are entitled to complete happiness?

"Nobody is entitled to anything he doesn't earn. No woman should marry simply because she wants to be happy.

"Why *should* women be happy? What inborn right have they to happiness? There's no more reason why a woman who doesn't work like a dog for it and earn it should know happiness than there's any reason why she should be beautiful.

The lovely daughter of Broadway's most famous couple, little Miss Patricia Ziegfeld.

"SHE has no *right* to beauty or talent, and she has no *right* to happiness. Woman should be only as happy as she makes her husband happy. She can quickly mar the home, and she can just as easily make it. It is woman's duty to make her man happy. If she can find happiness in the task, that's all she has coming to her.

"But a woman must never let her husband trample on the little sacred things. She must make him be a gentleman—even if he is a married man. She must never permit him to mistreat her, to abuse her little inner gods, to insult her little code of principles, to forget that she is his wife, to think that now that he has paid the preacher he no longer has to pay the piper.

"A woman must never reveal all to her husband. Whether they are married twenty minutes or twenty years, she must always be something of a fragrant mystery to him.

"When she surrenders everything, she has betrayed her monogamous self into the hands of a polygamous organism that the Creator endowed with a predilection for truancy. If there's no more mystery at home, he'll go where he can anticipate instead of merely realize.

"She must never let him drain the cup of her love; never let him close the book of domesticity with all the plot revealed; never let him read the scroll of her mind to the final period and Finis.

"Keep the brute wondering! That doesn't mean that she can run out and play with fire, even if he has strayed from the path of fidelity. No matter what he has done, if she wants to tame him and keep the home together, she herself must never under any consideration commit that sin.

"The Lord fashioned women's bodies so that we are penalized if we do wrong just because our husbands do. And no husband that ever lived was reformed and won back because his wife had committed adultery, or because he thought she might.

"The single standard is a delusion, an impossible thing. We are so constructed physically that there can be nothing but a double standard as long as we are made men and women.

"If this is a hardship, unfair, all wrong, nevertheless it is the way the game is played, and no game can be won by violating the rules. We might think we are winning when we cheat, but we are only lying to ourselves.

"It is just as sensible to say that the rule which makes water run down instead of up a slope is a hardship, unfair, all wrong. It's simply the rule that Omnipotence saw fit to write.

"A man may wander for a moment and come back with little or no consciousness that he has done an unforgivable thing.

"Of course, I don't condone or defend his act—I merely state the fact. The world never has regarded his breach as unpardonable, and I don't think it ever will.

"But God and man and woman are one, and very prompt, in punishing the wife who violates the code.

"THE modern woman is merely stupid when she demands equality in everything. All the logic in the world will not make her brain as good as a man's, her muscles as powerful, her body as immune to promiscuity.

"Why, then, sit around the house and mope over it, or go out on the rostrum and degrade our femininity by making nonsensical speeches about it?

"Why not simply accept certain conditions as conditions, and make the best of them, striving to lead the way to correction instead of driving the stubborn masculine cause of our tears?

"We gradually become reconciled to the fact that the man we married is by no means the Prince Charming our impassioned eyes first disclosed him to be. Our duty then is to sit down and darn his socks, try to persuade him by our private artifices to become different, and love him in spite of the fact that not only are his feet clay, but indeed his whole body up to his ears is clay—and from there up usually concrete.

"Why shouldn't we do our duty as married women? That duty is to make our husbands happy, rear our children as best we can, gather in what contentment we may out of life, and close our eyes in death with the knowledge that we did our best."

Flo Ziegfeld, czar of the Follies, at his desk.

Billie Burke reveals the secret of why a theatrical man's wife is far more secure in her husband's love than is the wife of a doctor, a minister, or a business man, in the second installment of this fascinating interview. Don't miss it in next week's LIBERTY.

Last Week of Brunswick's Great Prize Offer

Have you heard the marvelous music of Brunswick's new musical instrument? Go to your Brunswick dealer today. Hear it. Then name it. $5000 in prizes. Read our offer.

$5,000 in prizes for a name and slogan describing the lovely music of this new Brunswick reproducing musical instrument

ON December 15th at midnight, our Great Prize Offer for a name and advertising slogan for Brunswick's new musical instrument will close.

Already thousands of persons have heard the music of this remarkable achievement—and marveled!

The latest Brunswick instrument was designed expressly to reproduce the music of the new electrical records. As developers of the "Light-Ray" electrical process of recording (music by photography), we are naturally interested in securing the finest possible reproduction for this music. We have worked two years in perfecting this new musical instrument. As we present it to you today, we can truthfully say that it reflects every modern development in sound reproduction. And in addition, contains even more important discoveries of our own.

The Panatrope

Already, we have achieved one tremendous triumph in the music reproduction field. In collaboration with Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, we perfected the Brunswick Panatrope, the world's first purely electrical reproducing musical instrument.

This is the instrument which when first demonstrated in New York City was acclaimed by press and critics alike to be the greatest musical achievement of the age. Metropolitan papers all over the country reported the first demonstrations of the Brunswick Panatrope in front-page space.

Contest closes December 15th at midnight

Since then, the Brunswick Panatrope has been demonstrated before more than four million persons. No music-reproducing instrument in the history of the world was ever greeted with such enthusiasm.

A second triumph

Brunswick's new musical instrument is a companion to the Brunswick Panatrope. It dispenses with the electrical mechanism of the Panatrope and its prices are lower, ranging from $115 to $300 (slightly higher west of Rockies). Thus it brings the amazingly lifelike "music by photography" within the reach of everyone. We urge you to hear this musical instrument. It holds a surprise for you. People who have not heard this instrument or the Panatrope simply cannot realize the advance that has been made in music for the home.

No instrument, except the Brunswick Panatrope, offers you such great entertainment possibilities as Brunswick's new musical instrument. For no instrument, except the Panatrope, surpasses it in the *naturalness*—the photographic quality—of its music. Go to your Brunswick dealer. Ask him to play the new instrument for you. He will do so without the slightest obligation.

$5000 for a name

We need a name for this new instrument. Hearing the new Brunswick musical instrument may suggest a name that aptly describes its beautiful music. For the best name and advertising slogan, the latter not to exceed ten words, we will gladly pay prizes totaling $5000. Read our offer.

The best way to find a suitable name and slogan is to hear the instrument. Then write down your suggestions. Put them in the special box in the dealer's store. Or mail them to us direct.

Free booklet describes all

To help you, we have prepared a booklet which describes Brunswick's new musical instrument and which states in detail the facts about the Brunswick Prize Offer. It is not necessary to have this booklet in order to compete, as all vital information is given here. On the other hand, this booklet may help you greatly. It is free.

What Shall We Call It?

WE WANT a name and slogan (slogan not to exceed 10 words) that describe the naturalness—the photographic truthfulness—of the beautiful music of this new Brunswick musical instrument. For such a name and slogan we will gladly pay the following:

First Prize $3000

Second Prize $1500 **Third Prize $500**

RULES

1. Contest opened August 14. Closes at midnight, December 15, 1926. Anyone may compete except Brunswick employees.
2. The above prizes are offered for name and slogan together, not separate. A name will not be considered apart from the slogan that accompanies it, and vice versa. Any number of names with slogans may be entered. The same slogan may be offered with various names, and vice versa. There is no restriction regarding the kind of name, whether coined, from a foreign language, etc. The slogan **must not exceed 10 words in length.**
3. Write or type on one side of paper only, putting name on one line with accompanying slogan underneath it. Be sure to write your own name and address on each sheet of paper.
4. Entries should be sent to Box 0000, Prize Dept., The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. OR YOU MAY DEPOSIT THEM IN SPECIAL BOXES PROVIDED FOR THE PURPOSE IN BRUNSWICK STORES. Any Brunswick dealer will play the new Brunswick instrument for you without obligation.
5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Fill in—Clip and mail

Box P-186, Prize Dept.,
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,
623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send free booklet describing the new Brunswick musical instrument and $5,000 prize offer.

.....

.....

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

General Offices: 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Old ALEX the Great

The Story of a Veteran Ace in the Pack of the St. Louis Cards

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

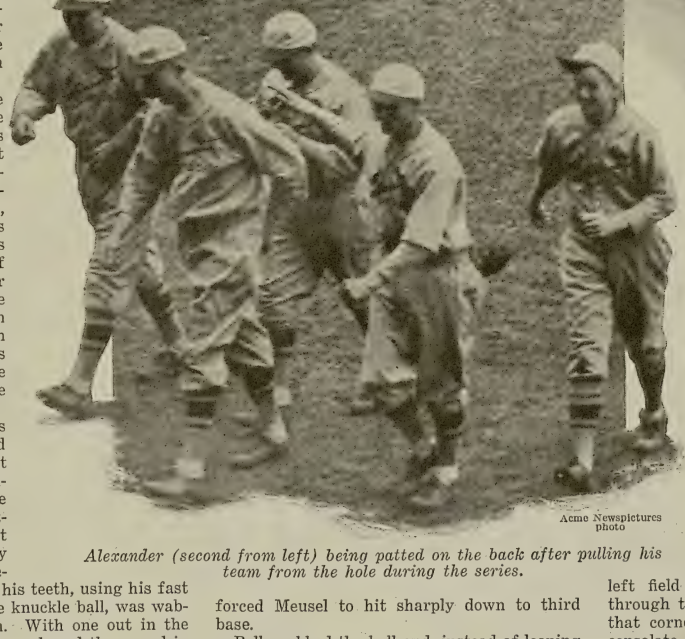
Wide World photo

Grover C. Alexander, St. Louis pitcher and World's Series hero.

IT was the seventh inning of the seventh game of the World's Series. The score was 3 to 2, and the St. Louis Cardinals were hanging grimly to their one-run lead, gained by bunching hits with Yankee errors. The Yankees, fighting desperately, were gritting their teeth as they attacked the pitching of Jess Haines, threatening, inning after inning, to recover the ground lost by their own glaring errors.

Four times in the first six innings the Cardinals saved Haines through the brilliant fielding feats of Thevenow and the great catching of O'Farrell. Then, when the Yankee hopes were dying, Hafey, his nerves raw because of his blunders in earlier games, eager to retrieve himself, attempted an impossible and foolish catch, allowed the Yanks a run, and let loose the wildest rooting of the series.

The 40,000 spectators who sat under darkened skies watching that struggle on the rain-sogged field became aware they were witnessing the greatest contest in the history of World's Series baseball. Haines, gritting his teeth, using his fast curve and his mediocre knuckle ball, was wabbling under the strain. With one out in the seventh, a runner on second, and the crowd in a frenzy, Haines tore a pitching finger and, although none in the crowd knew it, the fate of the series hung on that damaged digit. He was wild, using his terrific speed and concealing his weakness. He walked Ruth and then forced Meusel to hit sharply down to third base.



Acme Newspictures photo

Alexander (second from left) being patted on the back after pulling his team from the hole during the series.

Bell grabbed the ball and, instead of leaping to third and forcing the runner there, made a desperate effort to complete a double play, forcing Ruth at second, but losing the play when Meusel beat the ball to first by a step.

Haines was wild as a hawk while pitching to Gehrig. Three balls missed the plate. Then he braced and got two strikes over, but his curve went wrong again and Gehrig walked.

With the bases full, Tony Lazzeri came to bat to face his greatest opportunity.

THE crowd was screaming, shouting, braying through megaphones and the whole vast amphitheater was a maelstrom of noise as the Cardinals grouped themselves in the center of the diamond and consulted. A wave of the arm from Rogers Hornsby out toward left field sent a sort of shivering silence through the throng. All eyes turned toward that corner. Few even noticed Haines' disconsolate figure moving toward the bench.

Then from the far corner came a shuffling, slouching figure, with a battered old cap set carelessly on his fine head; his rugged, weatherworn face expressionless. He was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Courtesy HAL ROACH "OUR GANG" *Pathe Comedy*

This Year—ONE DOLLAR Will Buy a Most Acceptable Gift for *All*

A FOUNTAIN PEN *with all the essential features, made and guaranteed by a responsible manufacturer*

Never before has the Christmas problem been so easy to solve. Never before has it been possible for you to give something at such small cost, which is at once so really worth-while, useful and *everlasting*—as the INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN.

You can *now* remember *all* your family and friends with such a splendid and attractive gift—without unreasonable tax upon your purse.

Everyone *wants* a fountain pen. And the INGERSOLL at ONE DOLLAR combines all the requirements of the perfect gift—substantial, useful, practical, as well as sentimental, personal and economical.

While the INGERSOLL costs but a DOLLAR, it is made precisely like the *most expensive* pens—14 Kt. SOLID GOLD POINT, TIPPED WITH HARD IRIDIUM. That's where it gets its *smooth writing quality* and *extraordinary durability*. Its point will *never* wear out. We *guarantee* that.

The ordinary soft iridium found in cheap pens soon wears away. In the INGERSOLL, the same *hard iridium*, costing $200 an ounce, is used as in the most expensive pens.

The INGERSOLL PEN is good-looking and practical, too, with its handsome, unbreakable metal barrel (which holds double the average quantity of ink); its easy working, stem-winder self-filler, and a two-point bearing clip that makes it hard to lose.

Chas. H. Ingersoll of Dollar Watch Fame, whose acknowledged ingenuity in crowding into a dollar the biggest money's worth the world has ever seen, is now applying his mass-production methods to the manufacture of this remarkable DOLLAR PEN.

Buy a dozen INGERSOLL PENS and know the joy of having solved your gift problems easily and economically. Models for Men, Women, Boys and Girls. At dealers everywhere or post paid, if not locally obtainable, on receipt of $1 each. Packed in attractive Holiday Gift Boxes.

Look for "OUR GANG" Christmas Displays in Windows of All Leading Dealers

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO., 225 Astor Street, Newark, N. J.

Chas. H. Ingersoll

EVERLASTING

Dollar Pen

? why pay more

? why pay more

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

slouching along unhurriedly, seemingly deaf to the great yell that, starting in the left-field bleachers, swept around the huge stadium like a breaker of sound.

"Alex! Alex! Alexander!" the crowd shouted as they arose.

Friend and foe, Yank and Cardinal rooter, forgot for a moment their partisanship and paid tribute to Old Alex the Great.

If Alex heard, he gave no sign. Impassive as an Indian, he slouched across the field as if he were walking over the plowed field to get into one of his boyhood games at Elba, Nebraska. Cardinal players rushed to him, encouraging, advising, and pleading. He strode on without noticing them.

Grover Cleveland Alexander was approaching the climax of one of the greatest careers in baseball history: his chance to redeem himself—to prove to the Chicago fans from whom he was cast out, and to the Philadelphia fans who sold him after years of service, that he still was Alex the Great.

As Alex marched toward the rubber slab, he was thinking only of Tony Lazzeri, the over-eager, game, and fighting wop, who was at the plate.

ALEXANDER tossed his sweater aside, pitched his allotment of warming-up balls, and faced Lazzeri—and the climax of his career. Carefully he studied the stance of the young star of the New York team. Then he dropped a slow, puzzling curve just on the out corner of the plate.

Lazzeri swung and missed. The crowd screamed. Alex pitched again, a twisting "screw" ball that failed to cut the corner.

Then another strike flashed outward, fast and bewildering—and Alexander poised.

"She had to curve," he said afterward. "I put everything I had left in the old soup bone on that one."

The ball broke sharply down and out. The youngster swung—and the groans of disappointed New Yorkers were drowned under the wild applause for Alexander.

Alex' rugged face was unchanged as his fellow players crowded around, beating him on the back, shouting praises, leaping with excitement and relief. He sat on the bench, drew his sweater over his arm, and, turning to O'Farrell, said:

"Gimme a chew, Bob; left mine in my coat."

Through the eighth inning the teams battled without change. The ninth came—and the last of the ninth. Alexander was pitching slowly, cautiously, studying each ball. Combs and Koenig hit the ball sharply down to Lester Bell and were thrown out, and the big climax came as the crowd arose, roaring with excitement, as a situation never before known in baseball, excepting in fiction, presented itself.

Coming to bat, grim, almost haggard with determination, his fat face drawn into stern lines, was Babe Ruth, the greatest of all ball players, the pride of the American League, the man whose mighty blows had almost upset the series. Facing him was Alexander, his rugged face unchanged, chewing slowly and figuring what to do.

A situation arose such as never had occurred before: one of the five greatest pitchers of baseball history was facing the greatest hitter the game ever has known at the very finish of a World's Series.

P. & A. photo

Old Alex (left) being congratulated by Manager Hornsby of St. Louis after final game of series.

Alexander studied Ruth and Ruth studied Alexander.

Slowly Alex drew back his worn old arm and dropped a curve through the heart of the plate for a strike.

The next he served was a "screw ball"—a fading ball, much like Matty's old "fader," which swerved quickly and dropped away a few inches outside the plate.

AGAIN the two faced each other—Ruth fretting with determination; Alexander cool, unperturbed—and Alex hooked a curve on the inside corner of the plate.

Ruth swung with terrific force and fouled it for the second strike.

The duel between the two masters of their arts became a perfect study.

Alexander was determined to make Ruth hit a bad ball—one outside the corner of the plate. Ruth was determined not to be tempted.

Twice Alex dropped his "screw ball" just off the corner of the plate an inch or two, so close that an excited umpire might have called a strike.

The count was reduced to the situation known only in fiction—the final game of the World's Series, the ninth inning, two out, the hero at bat. The fictionist perhaps forgot that a hero might also be pitching.

The crowd, which had been frenzied, fell into tense silence as Alexander studied the ball, looking around the field to see the position of each man, while Ruth, crowding close to the plate, beat upon it with his bat and waited.

Upon one ball hung the fate of the series. Hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars were at stake. If Alexander pitched it wrong, a vicious swing, possibly (even probably) a drive into the bleachers would overturn everything. Alex, as cool as when he was throwing corncobs at the barn in Nebraska, swung his arm. Again the twisting curve floated up, looked as if it would cross the plate, and swerved off the corner.

THE battle of the giants was a draw—Ruth had gained a walk, and the issue was up to Bob Meusel, whose muff had put the Yankees at a disadvantage. Alexander flashed up a quick breaking curve and Meusel missed it a foot.

Ruth, perched at first, determined upon a great play. Watching Alexander intently, he saw that, in his intentness upon pitching to the batter, he was neglecting to watch the runner. Ruth flashed a signal and, as Alexander pitched a slow twister, low and outside the plate, Babe leaped down the line toward second. A stolen base would place him within reach of the plate, a hit would tie the score.

Alexander pitched a slow, twisting curve, and O'Farrell, diving low, grabbed the ball. Without trying to straighten up, the latter made a wonderful throw to second and—as Ruth, sliding desperately, found himself blocked and stopped less than a foot from the bag (the umpire waved him out)—the curtain descended on the drama of the World's Series of 1926—a curtain of humanity that rolled down from stands and bleachers.

Alexander slouched toward the bench. His fellow players leaped, waved arms, strove to hug him. They beat him on the back, hugged him, and a half smile came over his worn face. He turned to O'Farrell.

"Gimme a chew, Bob," he said; "left mine in my coat."

Old Alex!

Another story of Old Alex the Great and his career in baseball will appear next week.

Ladies admitted to this column!

Mennen for Men

Christmas

Gift Box

with the new *Improved* Lather Brush

$5 value for $2.50

Attractively Packaged

CONTENTS

1 Mennen Lather Brush (value)	$4.00
1 Mennen Shaving Cream (special size)	.25
1 Mennen Talcum for Men	.25
1 Mennen Skin Balm	.50
Actual value	$5.00
Special Price	2.50

An assortment of shaving delights for which *any* man will be genuinely grateful.

The Lather Brush for instance. A real lather builder—made of the finest and purest undyed hair and bristle—the equal of any you can buy for $4.00 to $5.00. Guaranteed. Nine men out of ten need it. Steal a glimpse at *his* old brush. How he'll appreciate this new one!

Then the tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. Probably it's his favorite anyway. And a tube of Mennen Skin Balm, that great after-shaving preparation, and a big tin of Mennen Talcum for Men.

It's a gift you can gracefully make to any man you know. A real bargain...and remarkable value. At your favorite store. Get yours *now* before the supply is exhausted.

The Brush alone is worth $4.00 *to* $5.00

Pure, undyed hair and bristle. Set in hard rubber. Sterilized. Sturdy, easy-grip handle, stands where it's put. A real lather builder.

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(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

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An Inconsequential WOMAN

The Love Story of a Master of Millions

By RITA WEIMAN

Pictures by GRANT REYNARD

HE had divorced her. And with good reason. The man of reserve, dignity, ambition, could not forgive the inconsequential little woman who smudged his name with scandal at the very moment it achieved social standing.

Caught in a private room during the police raid on a questionable cafe, there could be no extenuating circumstances. And with a rake whose conquest of women was so notorious as to fill a decent man with disgust.

She pleaded that it was innocent enough—just a lark to fill the hours of loneliness. He had been away from her so much. And she loved him. She wanted him, not wealth or position. He must not do this terrible thing to her!

But Stephen Whitmore Clarke, twenty years ago vigorous, dominant, bore the stamp of success at forty. He should never have married her in the first place, this inconsequential woman with her wide, sweet eyes, delicate, childish blonde hair falling over them, her love of the little things of life, her disregard of the big things. He had no time for light or laughter. His way must be carved up the rugged mountain so many were attempting to climb, until at the top he could shout "Excelsior!"

So he went through with the divorce. As quietly as possible. According to the terms, no settlement was necessary. But he magnanimously made over a sum, not unique or of great consequence, but at least sufficient to satisfy self-respect.

She refused it at first. She didn't seem to care what became of her. But, knowing her irresponsible recklessness, he deposited the amount in her name at his bank and let it go at that. No man should ever say that Stephen Whitmore Clarke had refused to provide for the woman who had borne his name, however she might have disgraced it. The world indicated its sympathy and approval, and forgot the unpleasant affair as swiftly as the press would permit.

His second venture was all his first had failed to be. When that miserable error in judgment had become little more than the shadow of a memory, the master of millions took

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

CAUGHT in a private room during the police raid on a questionable cafe, there could be no extenuating circumstances.

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

Because of
Quality at Low Cost
1926—Again Chevrolet's Greatest Year

In 1925 Chevrolet astonished the automotive world by attaining an annual production never before reached by any manufacturer of gearshift automobiles.

Yet, so spectacular has been the increase in demand for Chevrolet cars, that a new and even more brilliant record is the climax for 1926.

Thus, for two years in succession, Chevrolet has broken all its previous records and set a new mark in automotive history.

This splendid achievement results from a steadfast adherence to the fundamental Chevrolet policy of building a car of the finest possible quality to sell at a low price.

That the vast majority of buyers now demand a car of this type—and that Chevrolet has been successful in building such a car—possessing the highest degree of smooth performance, smart appearance, and economical operation—is proved by Chevrolet's success during the year now drawing to a close.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

Touring or Roadster $510, *Coupe or Coach* $645, *Sedan* $735, *Landau* $765, *½-Ton Truck* $375 (*Chassis Only*), *1-Ton Truck* $495 (*Chassis Only*). *All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

BEYOND ALL COMPARISON

IN selecting gifts for young or old —or if you would share in the joy of perfect skating—then choose PLANERT'S TUBULAR SKATES —"The World's Best." The high quality and sturdy construction maintained for over 25 years, makes PLANERT Skates the public's first choice—Champions also prefer them.

PLANERT'S *Skates are entirely different from other skates, they are beyond all comparison.*

You will at once recognize PLANERT Superiority—by the high quality steel runner, so tempered that sharpening is seldom necessary—by the cups, drawn of one piece steel, seamless and flanged over tube—they will not break or loosen—by the custom-made shoes of fine quality leather giving solid foot comfort—the wide tongue which prevents pinching.

See these exclusive PLANERT features at your dealer. If he has not yet stocked PLANERT'S, write us giving dealer's name. PLANERT "NORTHLIGHT" and "WINNER" Skates come in any style for men, women, boys and girls. Look for the Trade Mark. It's our guarantee and your protection. Priced (including shoes attached) $7.50 to $13.50 per pair. F.W. Planert & Sons, Chicago, Illinois.

PLANERT'S BOOSTER CLUB

$500.00

In Cash Prizes

All lovers of outdoor sports and especially skating are boosters—No Membership fee. Anyone can join PLANERT'S Booster Club from the youngest to the oldest and compete for the big cash prizes.

Get one of PLANERT'S Beautiful Club Skate Pins shown in circle.

FREE HOCKEY RULES

By writing to Contest Manager, Dept. 102, 939 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., you will receive Free Hockey Rules and contest plan for winning the cash prizes. Write Today!

A Million Boosters

Join Now!

PLANERT'S SKATES

NORTHLIGHT and WINNER

For Men, Women, Boys and Girls

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

a wife of lineage, dignity, and distinction—all those qualities the other woman had lacked.

She possessed complete assurance which demanded nothing more of him than he had to give. It rendered his home a place of precision, his domestic life a source of pride. She was exemplary, a person of importance. Tall, with the beauty of breeding, she graced his box at the opera and the horse show, exhibiting the Clarke jewels as he exhibited the Clarke horses. And, although no longer in her first youth, she bore him a son.

The boy grew up to be a reserved, undemonstrative man-child who would bring only credit to his father's house.

STEPHEN CLARKE was supremely satisfied. It cannot be said that he was happy. But then, he was too busy to bother with happiness. If the woman who so efficiently filled his hearth never quite filled his heart, he acknowledged it to no one, not even himself. If, occasionally, after a day of desperate concentration, he stole an hour before dinner and, alone in his library, there crept to the chair arm an inconsequential little figure to snuggle down against his shoulder, he swept aside the vision as one dissipates a cobweb.

As for companionship, the men associated with him in business and at his clubs gave all he required. At least, so he assured himself.

Stephen Whitmore Clarke was a man of few mistakes. And that was his terrible misfortune. Where there are no mistakes there must be hypocrisies. His life was motivated entirely by manipulating the right people.

Intermittently he had to fight great, almost overpowering, fatigue. But the lash of success was flung across his back and he dared not halt, dared not give way. The constant round of duties which should have been pleasures and pleasures which became duties carried him through the years.

He met with no opposition whatsoever from his family. Hence he kept at the grind without the slightest realization that he could pause when and for as long a period as he might choose.

In the old days, a pleading voice and lifted eyes had implored him not to work so hard.

"What's it all for, Stephen? We have so much more than we need now. I hate to see you drive yourself like this—and it takes you away from me so constantly."

The present Mrs. Clarke uttered no protest. That was the helpful quality she possessed. She interfered with him in no possible way.

Sometimes days would pass in which they never met save at dinner, and then always surrounded by important guests. Frequently she left the city for months at a time — Palm Beach, California, Europe. He accompanied her only for a few weeks, during which he was in continual touch with his affairs. She seemed to move serenely on her way, with no need of him.

As the years stole more and more of his vigor, he made no complaint. In fact, he gave no actual physical evidence that he was being robbed by his demands on his own resources. He kept

HE should never have married her, this inconsequential woman with her wide, sweet eyes and childish blonde hair.

going as a matter of course. No one noticed the viselike contraction of muscle, the sag under the eyes, the droop of shoulder.

The world was shocked into stupor when, at fifty-seven, he dropped in his tracks like a worn-out beast of burden. His whole life had signified such strength that this sudden collapse seemed beyond belief.

HE lay completely inert in his gorgeous bed, as if all he wanted were to forget the effort of living. But the grim line of his lips never relaxed. Hovering about him, doctors, nurses — a regiment of them—were puzzled by the lack of fight with death in a man who had fought every inch of his way through life.

"He seems drifting out of reach," one frowning specialist observed. "And of his own volition."

"Like a man too tired to want to stay," whispered a nurse.

"Can't make it out. And—confound it!—we could fight the body if only the mind were our ally."

Sometimes they caught a faint frown, a worried look on his brow, as though he were searching beyond the vague figures at his bedside.

Once his muttering lips murmured words they could not distinguish. But eventually all expression left him. He went gently, and for the first time without mental turmoil, to rest.

It was a memorable tribute the world, with head bowed, paid to Stephen Whitmore Clarke. A loss irreparable, the newspapers called it, to the public, to the nation, and, most of all, to his widow. She it was who would suffer as only a woman who loses her life's mate can know suffering. To her the heart of the country went out. The entire city reflected the mourning that draped about her. A fitting companion to the man whose life was an example of rectitude, from whom the younger generation might well take pattern, she had upheld his high standard. A woman of great nobility.

AS she was helped to her car the day of the funeral, a crowd that might have been rendering homage to a President stood, hats off, weeping for her.

Well at the outskirts of this human bulwark, at the opposite side of the avenue, in fact, stood a woman. Silent, ghost-white, an inconsequential little person whom nobody noticed. Just one of the mob.

She was not weeping, not at first. She simply stood, hands in somewhat worn gloves, pulling at her handkerchief; lips pressed desperately together; the film of tragedy over her eyes.

From that far place, across the massed heads, she could not see those who came from the house: the widow in heavy black, the boy on whose arm she leaned, the sister at her side, or the representative men who followed. With carloads of floral pieces, the long procession of automobiles filed down the avenue, an unending stream.

In its eagerness to miss nothing, the crowd jostled her, unheeding the drama at its very elbow. She seemed absolutely unconscious of the mass of humanity surging in upon her. When it disintegrated, like a river branching in different directions as the last glistening cars moved on, she still stood staring after them, until the black line curved slowly round a corner and out of sight.

It was then a shudder shook her. Not of fright nor even of sorrow,

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

A Safe Guide to Thrift and Success

EVERY man and every woman realizes that there is one sure way to success and financial independence — save steadily and invest safely.

A comfortable fortune can be built in this way in a surprisingly short period of years, if one puts one's capital into safe securities and avoids financial pitfalls.

A booklet is yours for the asking, telling you about an investment that you can always trust, that will always be paid in cash when due — a booklet that has been a guide to success for thousands of satisfied investors.

Write today for this booklet, "44 Years Without Loss to Any Investor". Specify

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The dignity and beauty of a fine musical instrument—a possession to be prized.

Six Radio Sets

for the man who believes his own ears!

ALL the resources, effort and experience that go to develop a radio set can be weighed and measured with one question—"*How do your own ears like it?*"

A-C DAYTON offers many refinements—it offers Second Stage Tuning, Radio's greatest refinement—but these are important only because they will *please* your ears, because they will make you *like* A-C DAYTON reception better than any radio you have ever heard.

Trust your own ability to judge good radio. When you have heard other fine receivers go to the store that sells A-C DAYTON and let each set speak for itself. Notice how you can use special tuning controls to bring you nearer to your favorite stations and to overcome those local conditions which will interfere with ordinary sets.

You can make your choice from six models and six prices. It will always be an A-C DAYTON.

Compact, XL-20 Type; 5 tubes, full range, 3-dial tuning.

$56

$79

5 tube XL-25 Standard with 2 Stages of Tuning, Air-Spaced Coils, 2-Dial Control.

$135

6 tube XL-30 circuit, heavily shielded, 2 Stages of Tuning, Voltmeter, etc.

$139

Beautiful XL-25 Console with special horn. Ideal for small homes.

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XL-30 Console, featuring Duophonic (organ principle) Reproduction.

$255

Matchless XL-30 Console Grand; Duophonic Reproduction with fullest volume.

All prices are slightly more in Canada and West.

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The True Proof of Radio

For six years A-C DAYTON has been the radio for the man who believes his own ears. This advertisement can tell you a little; your own ears can tell you everything. Make that your final test. If you do not know the A-C DAYTON dealer near you send us the coupon today.

THE A-C ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

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Without obligation send me full information on A-C DAYTON Receivers and name of nearest store which makes free demonstration tests.

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Address _____

_____

For the man who believes his own ears

A-C DAYTON RADIO

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

but of desperate realization. For years she had clung to memory alone, and now even that seemed to have been taken away.

VAGUELY up and down the avenue she stared, not quite certain where to turn, not knowing how her road lay.

Her eyes, dry when those of the casually curious had shed ready tears, went suddenly hot and blind, blotting out the sight of the quiet and solemn house at the other side of the street, a sharp, searing pain across their pupils. It was as though she would never see again.

THE master of millions took a wife of lineage, dignity, and distinction—qualities the other woman had lacked.

She took a stumbling step down from the curb. No sense of direction guided her. She knew only that she wanted to get home as quickly as possible. She must not let the world recognize her like this, so near his house. For his sake. There must be no soil on his name, no slightest stain of the old scandal.

Reelingly she crossed the street, not even groping as she went. So that it was not the fault of the taxi driver when she went down under his wheels. No man could have known where the woman was going. She was swaying from side to side, he insisted, as if she herself did not know. And witnesses bore him out.

But after all she did know, later. A servant, an old retainer, it seemed, invited them to carry her into Stephen Clarke's house. And it was in the library that she opened her eyes just for a moment. That was all.

"Stephen," she murmured, smiling, "it's been such a long time. But it's all right—now."

They found a card in her bag, "Alma Forrester," and the address of a tiny flat not far from the East River. She was poor; had never known how to save money—it had meant so little to her. But to the police officer and doctor who removed the limp, inconsequential little body, the name spelled nothing. And the old retainer volunteered no information.

Of course no mention of the accident was made to the mistress of the Clarke home when she returned. With her sister, she disappeared into the elevator and was whisked up to her own suite.

There she lifted heavy wraps and veils, and sank down on the chair before her dressing-table, clasped hands pressing against her forehead.

"Helen," sighed her sister, "do say something! You give me the creeps, sitting there like a graven image."

"I was just wondering," came in the hushed voice of bereavement, "whether my new pearls are too large to wear with mourning."

BACK in the sanctity of his office, the frowning specialist questioned Stephen Clarke's personal physician.

"What's the name of Clarke's wife?"

"Helen——"

"Then who's Alma?"

"Good God—why?"

"Because that's the woman he kept calling for when I was alone with him just before he died."

THE END

Postum is *now* the favorite mealtime drink in two and a half million homes

A gain of 500,000 *homes within two years*

HALF a million new families who tested Postum—compared its delicious flavor, its effect on health, its convenience, its economy—and made the wise decision.

Many members of these families have sent letters describing their experiences. The letters were written in confidence, so are not published. But we wish you could read them! Then you would realize that the Postum advertising does not exaggerate. We have thousands of letters which are stronger testimonies for Postum than any advertisement.

You know the qualities of whole wheat and bran. You know how completely wholesome they are. Imagine a skillful blending of them—whole wheat, combined with additional bran, then roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. That's what Postum is!

Compare such ingredients with caffein—an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves, repels sleep, and tends to disturb the digestive organs.

Make the thirty-day test of Postum, *then* decide! Judge what the change has done for your general physical condition within the short period of thirty days. Learn how satisfying, how enjoyable this drink is—a steaming hot beverage with a *different* flavor. To hundreds of thousands of others this thirty-day test has been a revelation.

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, will help you start the test. Accept her generous offer.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send one week's supply of Postum, free, to start you on the 30-day test. I will include my personal directions for preparing Postum, so you can enjoy its flavor at the finest.

"Or if you would rather start the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you would prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

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Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

P.—LIB. 12-11-26

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check* (prepared instantly in the cup) *which you*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *prefer* (prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ont.

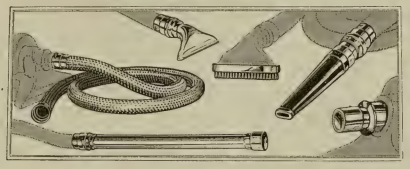
Better than jewels

—a gift of less work and greater leisure!

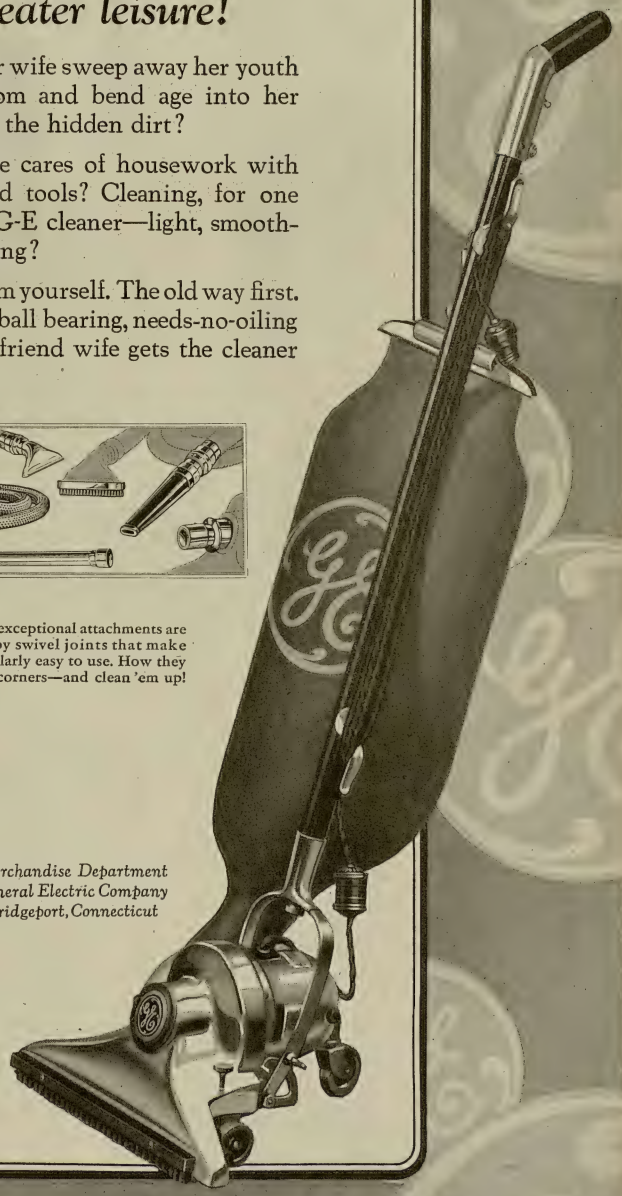
DO you let your wife sweep away her youth with a broom and bend age into her shoulders chasing the hidden dirt?

Or do you lift the cares of housework with modern household tools? Cleaning, for one thing. Has she a G-E cleaner—light, smooth-running, dirt-getting?

Try cleaning a room yourself. The old way first. Then with a G-E ball bearing, needs-no-oiling cleaner. You bet, friend wife gets the cleaner—right away.



The six very exceptional attachments are connected by swivel joints that make them particularly easy to use. How they do get into corners—and clean 'em up!



$49.00 *East of the Rockies*

This price includes all six attachments.
A really good buy. And guaranteed by General Electric.

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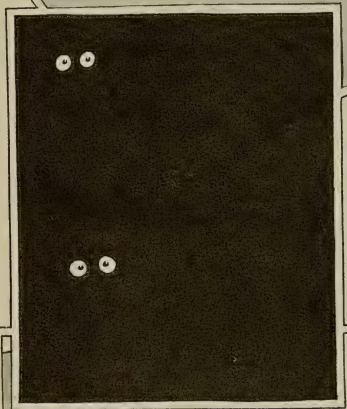
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GRAPHIC SECTION

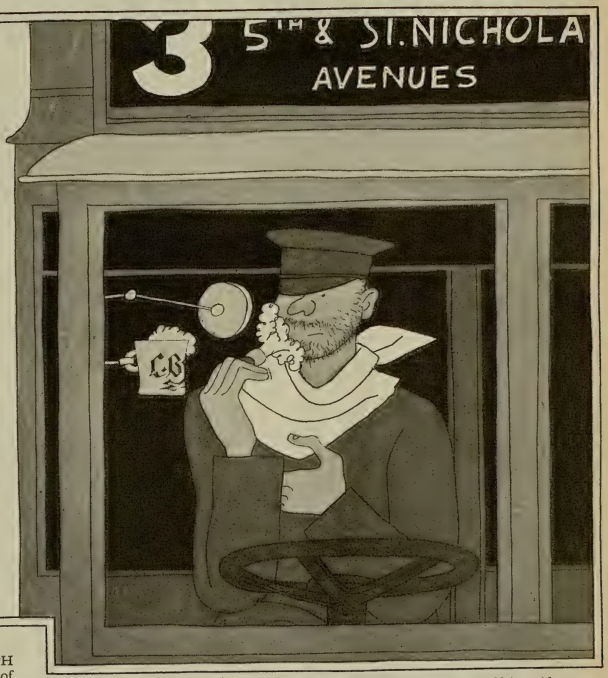
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

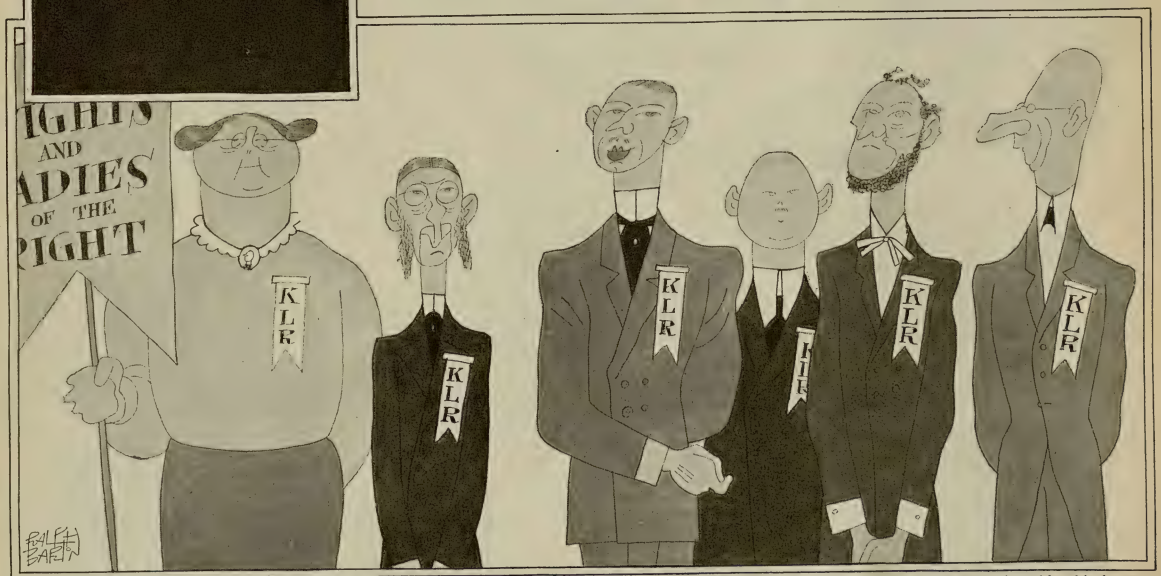
PROGRESS IN PRISON REFORM: Ostugo Penitentiary installs bulletproof shields in yard to prevent serious injury to jail breakers.



NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR of the first tryout of the Deutsche Lufthansa Works' new airplane sleeping-cars.



NEW YORK BUS COMPANY insists upon neatness on the part of its employees. Toilet accessories installed in busses in convenient places to allow drivers and conductors to shave off beards grown during traffic jams.



GRAPHIC SECTION AGAIN LEADS THE WAY TO REAL REFORM. The cream of this country's workers for the Great Reform has been selected by this department at enormous expense and organized into a dauntless band of crusaders under the name of the Knights and Ladies of the Right. The first three in the above photograph—Mrs. Daisy Cutlum Klopp, Dr. Harris K. Bludden, and Mr. Clarence Alcibiades Rouche (our Cheer Leader and President)—will devote themselves to the task of finding out what makes people in this country happy, and will stop it; and the last three—Messrs. Otto Ost, Jeremiah Flut, and Oswald Perkins Wusht—will endeavor to discover means to prevent people from being happy before they actually are. We hope to be able to report in the very near future great deeds from these sterling workers.

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A Sorry SATAN

The Old-Fashioned Hell Proves Too Tame for Modern Picture Fans

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

D. W. Griffith

IN order to know David Wark Griffith it is necessary to know his background.

Griffith was one of eight children. His father was a dashing Confederate cavalry general, "Roaring Jake" Griffith. His troop disbanded at the end of the war, but Griffith never surrendered. David was born and raised at La Grange, Kentucky, on the edge of what had been a prosperous plantation befo' the war. In his veins flows the blood of those illustrious Southern families, the Oglesbys and the Carters.

The future director's first job was as a reporter on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. That was in 1898. But the young Griffith longed for the stage, and finally he won a minor job with the old Meffert Stock Company in Louisville, largely through the interest of Adolphe Lestina, destined to play in many Griffith pictures and to die, in 1923, a Griffith pensioner.

Griffith worked his way from the sticks to Broadway. He toured with John Griffith, a road star (unrelated), in such old-timers as Faust and East Lynne. He toured the Middle West with Walker Whiteside, then unknown. He appeared with Nance O'Neill in Shakespearean repertoire.

All this time Griffith was known as Laurence Griffith. In the beginning of his stage career he selected Laurence largely to avoid family complaints. He was still known as Larry when I first interviewed him in Biograph days.

Griffith tried writing. He even had a poem accepted by *Leslie's Weekly*. He had a play—A Fool and a Girl—produced by James K. Hackett. It flopped. Then he wrote a movie scenario and sent it to the old Biograph Company. He promptly received a check for fifteen dollars.

Meanwhile Griffith had been seeking work in the films. He visited the old Kalem Company. Frank Marion, one of the executives, by chance suggested trying the Biograph studio. Griffith went around to the studio, then at No. 11 East 14th Street in New York. He was taken as an extra at five dollars a day.

* * *

The rest of Griffith's history is the history of the photoplay. Six months after Griffith directed his first film, The Adventures of Dolly, Biograph stock had jumped to $300 a share. Biograph's photoplays began to attract attention. That was 1908. Griffith went on to create the close-up, the flash-back, the fade-out, and the soft focus—the four essentials upon which screen technique is built. He made The Birth of a Nation, lifting the film from the remodeled store theater to the two-dollar class.

Carol Dempster, the star of the new Griffith film.

Since then Griffith has gone on making pictures. Some of these films were highly significant. Two, at least, were film milestones: Intolerance and Broken Blossoms. Since 'Way Down East, however, it seems to have become the thing to say that Griffith has slipped.

In commenting upon his newest film, Sorrows of Satan, it is necessary to turn back to the aforementioned background of the Kentuckian. Griffith has given this film, a version of the Marie Corelli shocker of thirty years ago, the ornate literary viewpoint of the post-bellum South.

On the other hand, there is to be noted Griffith's keen sense of observation. The little human touches of his pictures prove his reportorial abilities.

He has something else, too—the fervor of a religious revivalist. I have seen him move a big mob of extras to tears with his exhortations.

But in a way, Sorrows of Satan is almost out of date. The world of 1926 has nearly asked waivers on the old-fashioned hell. Satan will be out of the big leagues in no time now.

An elaborate night club scene in Sorrows of Satan.

The Corelli novel calls for a stanch faith in a Lucifer who takes the trouble to don faultless evening clothes in order to win away the soul of a poor poet, at the same time calling in a Theda Bara vamp as first assistant in the nefarious business.

The film is at its best in the intimate early love scenes. Here Griffith touches his old fire. He is at his worst when he attempts to outorgy Mr. de Mille. The son of "Roaring Jake" Griffith just can't do it. Heredity is against him, suh.

Griffith is as great a director as he ever was. But he needs material at once romantic and honest.

* * *

Still, if you have a fancy for a silk-hatted devil, Sorrows of Satan will interest you. It is very well acted, the chief honors going to Ricardo Cortez as the poet who bartered his soul. Carol Dempster is excellent as the girl, and the camera work of Harry Fischbeck is a triumph.

Brief Comment

London: Dorothy Gish's second English-made film. Written by Thomas Burke, who did Broken Blossoms. It is a tour of London with a stop-over in Limehouse. Dot Gish plays the kid of Limehouse who tries to better her station in life, but who comes back to the boy she loves. A poor story that even Miss Gish can't aid.

Do you know that—

Gilda Gray is to do a story of the cabarets for Famous Players? . . . It will present the back-stage life of the midnight dance parlors and is built upon an original story by Charles MacArthur? . . . Greta Garbo is dissatisfied with playing wicked roles? . . . "I should to be a vomp," she pleads, "but I try to don't. Always the woman of no heart I am. There is nothing I so love as to have everyone like me—mooch." . . . Alec Francis wins another Warfield role? . . . He has just completed The Return of Peter Grimm for William Fox and he is to do The Music Master? . . . Lois Moran will play the daughter? . . . "If you don't vant her, I vant her." . . . Remember? . . . Alice Joyce is no longer a Famous Player? . . . She says she is tired of playing mothers?

Per Schedule SUMMERALL *Takes A Chance*

How the Army's New Chief of Staff Turned the Tide of a Great Battle With One Man and One Brigade

A Hidden Chapter of the Great War

By NORMAN S. HALL

Picture by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

"THERE'S a tough Irishman named Reilly 'at says we're gonna take Landres, if he has to come down here an' boot us into it individual."

ON November 21 Major General Charles P. Summerall became Chief of Staff of the Armies of the United States; and even those personally hostile to him admit there are many reasons that justify the appointment of this mild-mannered, quiet-voiced soldier to the command of our land forces.

But, of all the reasons advanced, even by those most friendly to him, it is doubtful whether any offer more striking proof of Summerall's ability to command than the story of the reorganization of the Eighty-third Infantry Brigade of the Rainbow Division in October, 1918.

The reorganization of a military unit as large as a brigade is a difficult task under the most favorable circumstances; but when it is attempted at the height of a major engagement—when that brigade is whipped to its knees and all but ready to acknowledge defeat, when the failure of that brigade would jeopardize the mightiest battle line in all history—then the undertaking is one for men of uncommon attainments.

It was a question of morale. Morale, your dictionary will tell you, is "that mental state which renders a man capable of endurance and of exhibiting courage in the presence of danger." That is entirely true; but it is something less than the whole truth.

Morale is that mental state which causes men to lie about the seriousness of wounds so they can stay on and fight. Morale won't let a man heed the stark specter of fear that stalks before, beside, and behind him, and that finally crawls deep into his empty belly to attack him from within. Morale wins battles.

That was the kind of morale Summerall had to get down to the fox holes and battered trenches of the line, down where you couldn't take a band, where visiting Congressmen wouldn't go to exhort if they could, and where all the slogans ever shouted to all the troops of all the world are as colorless and uninspiring as a treasurer's report is to an office boy.

The accepted way of accomplishing the reorganization of a brigade is to "bust the outfit wide open"—shake up the entire command with reductions, transfers, and removals, on the general plan that new brooms sweep clean. In reserve areas this usually resulted in putting even mess sergeants to work, but it is doubtful procedure for the battlefield. If such a shake-up fails of complete success, nothing short of disaster can result; and if a few of our bigger and better generals get around to telling the whole truth in their declining years, they'll admit it.

Summerall didn't solve his problem that way; he— But let's start at the beginning.

IN early October, 1918, Georges Clemenceau, indomitable Tiger of France, sent for Foch. This was no ostentatious conference of two mighty figures surrounded by scintillating staff officers and bowing underlings. It was a meeting of the wily, time-tempered diplomat who cared not one iota what happened as long as his beloved France came off victorious, and the battle-hardened soldier who had promised that victory.

We do not know what actually was said between the two, but we do know that Foch's orders were to bring in his promised victory before winter; to push the Boche back to his vaunted stronghold, the Kriemhilde Stellung; to push him through and beyond it—to the drives of Unter den Linden, if necessary, but to push him to surrender.

FOCH took his bleak face back to Headquarters and planned the mightiest conflict the eyes of man ever have witnessed. He would engage France's ancient enemy on a 200-mile battlefront from the Meuse to the North Sea. Along this line he would rip his way to victory with the bayonets of Allied infantry under his command, while, behind them, his cannon chanted the recessional of this four-year service to the god of war.

In the words of John Buck, private—who went out and did the ripping—Foch passed the buck. He passed it down to the field force commanders of the Allied armies, and sat back with colored pins ready to mark the new Allied line on the maps that covered the walls of Great General Headquarters.

For the Americans, Pershing picked up the buck, split it, and gave the halves to Lieutenant General Hunter Liggett as the First Army and Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard as the Second Army.

In 10,000 farmhouses behind the line, 10,000 Yanks went to 10,000 white-haired Frenchwomen in whose homes they had been billeted

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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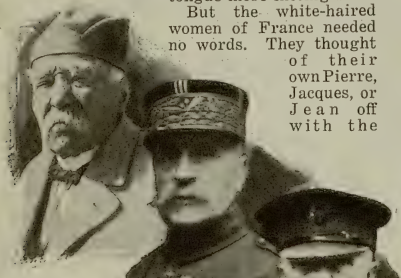
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

and threw affectionate arms around their shoulders.

"We're moving up!" they shouted—hoping an accented tone would make their strange tongue more intelligible.

But the white-haired women of France needed no words. They thought of their own Pierre, Jacques, or Jean off with the tricolor, and hurried to the kitchen to mix cognac with steaming coffee and a tear or two against the long march in the wet.



Wide World photo
Ex-Premier Clemenceau of France

Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies

Internat. Newsreel photo
General John J. Pershing

They smiled at the noise and cried a little, too, because these Americans were *si jeunes, si joyeux, et si comiques.*

And, while Foch waited with his colored pins, these outfits swarmed over the roads of France, bellowing of the deterioration of an old gray mare or roaring a chant concerning the trials and tribulations of a young lady residing in Armentieres.

THE Yanks were replying to the Tiger's growl to Foch.

General Bullard, after thoroughly scanning his portion of the buck, called Major General Summerall from the First Regular Division, which had just taken Sommerance, and gave him the Fifth Army Corps to command and a large share of the buck. Summerall passed it on down to Major General Charles T. Menoher, who commanded the Forty-second Rainbow Division, and on October 11 the Forty-second went in to relieve the First on the northern edge of the Bois de Romagne.

For two days, October 12 and 13, the American First and Second armies tightened their belts and rolled up their sleeves. The Big Jam was coming.

"Hell," said the wise ones, "will pop presently."

It did!

At 8:30 o'clock on the morning of October 14 the Fifth, Thirty-second, Forty-second, Eighty-second, and Seventy-seventh divisions, from right to left as they advanced toward the Meuse, jumped off. That much-split buck had come down to the line at last!

The American line west of the Meuse then ran from Brieulles, which the Boche still held, north to the Bois de Foret, which was in Yankee hands, there bending sharply back south of Cunel and Romagne, the latter the present site of our largest cemetery in France. The Boche held Cunel and Romagne in force. From there the line ran south of Landres et St. Georges and the Cote de Chatillon to Grandpre. The purpose of the drive had been decided at that meeting between Foch and the aged Tiger—to extend this line to the Kriemhilde Stellung, smash it, and clear the west bank of the Meuse of German troops.

But the Boche held!

General Douglas MacArthur, commanding the Eighty-fourth Infantry Brigade of the Forty-second Division, placed a fragment of the buck squarely on the shoulders of each member of the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh (Alabama) and One Hundred and Sixty-eighth (Iowa) Infantry regiments, and sent them in against the Cote de Chatillon, wooded, hilly, and as full of machine-gun nests as Moscow is of Reds.

The One Hundred and Sixty-eighth (Iowa) Infantry slowed—stopped—wavered in retreat, then stumbled on over the bodies of its dead and took the southern slopes of the hill with the bayonet. Bayonets! Remember those spotted bayonets of MacArthur's doughboys when I get around to talking about Summerall later.

Meanwhile the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth (New York's famous old Fighting Sixty-ninth) and the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth (Ohio) Infantry regiments of General Michael J. Lenihan's Eighty-third Infantry Brigade, also of the Forty-second Division, found their buck too heavy and stumbled to a halt under stiff machine-gun fire south of Landres et St. Georges.

Oh, it was tough going, all right! Little hills, wooded, twisty hollows, and vast lakes of barbed wire. And every inch of it fair lousy with machine guns!

U.S. official photo
Lt. Gen. Robert L. Bullard

Henry Miller photo
Major Gen. Charles P. Summerall

Henry Miller photo
Major Gen. Charles T. Menoher

By evening of October 14 it was apparent that the attack had failed. The stopping of the Eighty-third Brigade had slowed the entire line and had left MacArthur's brigade in a precarious position. The Boche could range across Lenihan's front into MacArthur's flank, and this he proceeded to do. At no point had the Germans' strong Kriemhilde Stellung been pierced.

Attack again at dawn!

That was the order that came down from the corps command, and that's when you wished you'd selected some Paperhangers' Battalion to do your soldiering in!

MacArthur's Eighty-fourth Brigade finished its job. It cleared out the Cote de Chatillon, seized La Tuilerie Farm near by, and bent the Boche line back.

BUT Lenihan's Eighty-third Brigade again failed to advance, and halted, stunned, all but whipped, at the intrenched line south of Landres et St. Georges. On October 16 MacArthur improved his position somewhat, but the Eighty-third Brigade had slowed the entire advance to such an extent that it threatened the success of the mighty drive.

Don't get the idea these infantrymen didn't fight. They crawled out into shell holes and died there, facing the Kriemhilde Stellung, beside each slack-muscled form a little heap of blackened cartridges. They charged, broke their bayonets at the haft, and charged again over the bent and broken bodies that stared up into the rain with eyes that could not see.

Fight? They put up a fight that the gods of battle must have bent low to watch. They had courage—but lacked advancing morale.

That is why Major General Summerall stopped commanding the Fifth Army Corps for the moment and came down to use the smaller but more vital tool, the Eighty-third Infantry Brigade.

When he entered General Lenihan's post of command in the shell-ruptured fields behind the lines, he was greeted with a storm of complaints.

"I'm not here to listen to complaints," he announced.

GENERAL SUMMERALL walked to a table thick with maps.

"Where are your regiments, General?" he asked.

"The Hundred and Sixty-fifth [New York] here and—" began Lenihan. He was indicating a pencil point on a map.

"Have you made a personal tour to ascertain the exact locations of their posts of command?" Summerall demanded.

"No, sir," replied Lenihan.

"Very well," said the Corps Commander.

He spoke quietly, and while the staff relaxed warily he left the room.

He went forward to the Post of Command of the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth (Ohio) Infantry, and of that regimental commander he asked if he had made a personal tour to locate his battalions? No.

"Very well," said General Summerall quietly, and went in search of Colonel William Donovan, who commanded the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth (New York) Infantry. He found Donovan muddy, bloody from shell bites, his tin hat on the back of his head, busily engaged in reforming his battered regimental front.

Had Colonel Donovan made a personal tour to check up the positions of his units?

"Wild Bill" Donovan arose a little painfully, looked down at the mud and blood, and grinned.

"Yes, sir," he responded. "I'll take the General down to company P. C.'s, if he cares to go."

Henry Miller photo
Brig. Gen. Douglas MacArthur

Henry Miller photo
Brig. Gen. Michael J. Lenihan

P. & A. photo
Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly

For the third time that day, Charles P. Summerall, commanding general of the Fifth Army Corps, said, "Very well," quietly, but this last response held a deeper ring.

He went back to Brigade Headquarters. There were no fine phrases spoken.

"Gentlemen," he said, still quietly, "we will attack again immediately. Landres et St. Georges is the Eighty-third Brigade's objective, and it must be taken."

A moment of silence; then:

"General, it can't be done!"

For a fleeting instant the eyes of everyone in the Eighty-third Brigade's Post of Command turned upon the Major who had spoken. There was something of startled accusation in the gaze they bent upon him in that increasing, unwonted silence—a silence that seemed to diminish the insistent drumming of the guns outside.

The Major faced his corps commander

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

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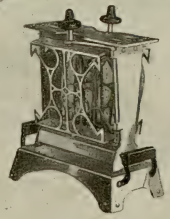

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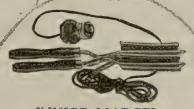

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

squarely. There was a strained expression around his eyes, the expression that comes after a man has met death on the highway and brushed the specter aside because he was too busy to heed its summons. And let it be acknowledged here that the Major was a brave man, brave enough to win the Distinguished Service Cross, a fact that unquestionably saved his military career.

As Summerall regarded this outspoken Major he knew why the Eighty-third Brigade had failed to take Landres et St. Georges. If the Major had flinched from his gaze he undoubtedly would have dismissed the incident as trivial; but when he saw the conviction in the Major's eyes reflected on the faces of the others, he knew why the Eighty-third had been stopped. Morale! The Eighty-third didn't have the advancing morale!

Summerall thought of Donovan, bullet-nicked and grinning, and he thought of the hard-bitten infantrymen in the line. Morale? Surely they had it. Men who could stand punishment such as they had stood could take any strong point ever manufactured by man!

He left the Major with the strained expression and the other staff officers standing in Brigade Headquarters, and went out into the rain. What to do? If the enemy in front of the Eighty-third wasn't pushed back, he would gather strength, push through, and roll back the flanks. Summerall could foresee what would become of the 200-mile battle line then! To prevent such a disaster Landres et St. Georges must be taken. But how?

HE could reorganize in the time-honored fashion by "busting the outfit wide open." But that would take time—time and a long roster of efficient officers. And suppose he failed? No; obviously, he couldn't get at it that way.

Major General Summerall sought out Colonel Henry J. Reilly, who commanded the One Hundred and Forty-ninth (Illinois) Field Artillery of the Forty-second Division.

Henry J. Reilly is a trained soldier—a West Pointer—a war correspondent of note, and an authority on military affairs; but, for the purposes of this story, he is a thickset man of medium height, field-hardened, battle-toughened, bending over a map board in his P. C. when General Summerall finds him.

The General questioned Reilly; learned that the artilleryman knew the location of every outfit in the Eighty-third Brigade—having ascertained it either by personal reconnaissance or by runner—and that he was prepared to give the maximum of service from his guns. The next day, October 17, Summerall relieved General Lenihan and placed Reilly in command of the Eighty-third Brigade with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Reilly didn't order his unit commanders back to see him—he went down to see them.

"Why the hell can't we take Landres et St. Georges?" he asked.

Some of them requested more artillery. They got it. Some wanted ammunition. They got that. One or two requested a respite, and they received a double helping of that flame-edged, withering profanity which is the peculiar mark of a good field artilleryman.

The word spread. From fox hole to fox hole and from trench bay to trench bay, men shouted:

"There's a tough Irishman named Reilly up at Brigade 'at says we're gonna take Landres, if he has to come down here an' boot us into it individual."

They cursed him fervently and at length, but they did it with a grin. "If he feels that way about it," they said, "maybe we will take it."

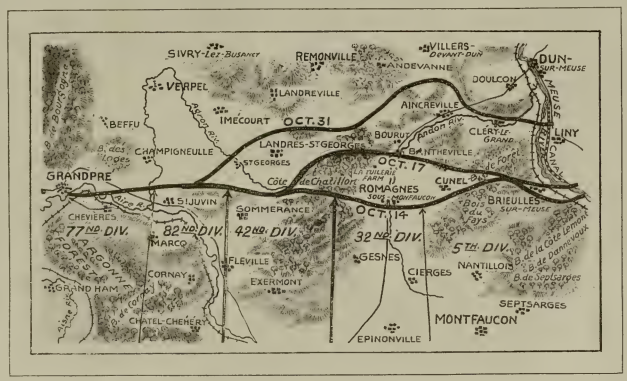
The brigade stiffened, stood up to it toe to toe, shot it out with the Boche on the blood-stained top of his Kriemhilde Stellung, and rolled him back! When the Second Division relieved the Forty-second on October 31, the Eighty-third had straightened the line, Landres et St. Georges was behind the American front, and the Commanding General of the Fifth Army Corps perused General Reilly's report and said, "Very well," quietly.

Summerall had taken perhaps the longest chance of his career—and won.

There's another angle to all that, too.

Back in the China Relief Expedition in 1900, Charles P. Summerall was a first lieutenant of artillery in Reilly's Battery, and Reilly's Battery was commanded by General Henry J. Reilly's father.

That older Reilly went down at his guns, shot through the head while he was directing their fire, and Summerall was beside him when he died. Perhaps Summerall, harassed, sorely troubled over the success of the mighty advance, faced with the necessity of making an immediate drastic change, thought of all that as he went from Lenihan's headquarters that morning in the Meuse-Argonne. I don't think it's too much to believe that he turned to the son just as the father turned to him eighteen years before, when the world had



The portion of the Meuse-Argonne sector where Summerall took his chance.

suddenly gone to pot and a good soldier was needed.

I don't mean that Major General Charles P. Summerall would play a favorite. He has the reputation for making subordinates he likes personally go twice the distance and carry double the load. Not that he rubs it in. Take the case of old Sergeant Follansbee.

Follansbee was First Sergeant of Reilly's Battery in the China Relief Expedition. An old soldier, then. You probably know the kind—twinkly eyes, leathery skin, and a way of wearing soldier clothes you don't get until after your fourth "hitch."

When Summerall came to Governor's Island in New York Harbor as Commanding General of the Second Army Corps, he found old Sergeant Follansbee out on a government wharf checking in a barge load of coal. The China Relief Expedition got an awful going over right there.

The next day Sergeant Follansbee was ordered to Corps Area Headquarters and introduced to a full-sized desk, a swivel chair, a cuspidor, and a telephone, and given charge of all corps mail. And if succeeding generals of the Second Corps area haven't got derby hats for hearts there he'll stay, unless the new Chief of Staff takes him to Washington.

His solicitude for Sergeant Follansbee is only one of countless considerate acts that have characterized General Summerall's military career. He is a kindly man, courteous, fine in a way few great men of these hurried times are fine. His courtesy is ingrained and he has a downright lovable way of tacking a soft, slurred "suh" to the end of statements to older men, a heritage, no doubt, of his early days in the South. He is immaculate in speech and manners and dress.

The new Chief of Staff is as enthusiastic as a subaltern on leave, and his are quick enthusiasms that boil up and bubble over into a twinkling smile or hearty laugh. He is stern, of course, but the Summerall sternness is not manufactured for the occasion. It springs from outraged ideals and is an honest protest against something he knows should not be.

His post as Chief of Staff is one of the most exacting within the gift of the American people; but it is one that he is amply competent to hold, for his is one of the most distinguished records in our military history.

At West Point, where he went as an appointee from Florida, his classmates knew him as "Honest John" Summerall because of his willingness to believe anything his classmates told him. Army men did not begin to call him "Per Schedule" until later in his military career, when he was issuing orders involving large units. He earned it because somewhere in every order or during every staff conference would appear something of this nature:

"The regiment will move as per schedule"; or, "The attack will go forward as per schedule."

SINCE June 16, 1888, when he entered West Point at the age of twenty-one, his has been a life of continuous service of importance. He wears the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action on July 19, 1918, before Berzy-le-Sec near Soissons." He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor, grade of Grand Officer; the Croix de Guerre with palm; the Belgian Order of the Crown, grade of Grand Officer; the Italian Order of the Crown, grade of Grand Officer; the Order of Prince Danilo I of Montenegro, grade of Grand Officer; and the Panama Medal of La Solidaridad, second class.

He is probably the outstanding artillerist of the American Army. Nor has his fondness for and aptness in this branch of the service bigoted his judgment. Listen to this—it is part of a speech made by General Summerall in that quiet way of his at a recent dinner in New York City:

"Gentlemen: In the final analysis, war is the problem of a soldier with a bayoneted rifle in his hands going somewhere to take a piece of land held by another soldier with a bayoneted rifle in his hands."

Remember the spotted bayonets of MacArthur's doughboys back there in the Cote de Chatillon?

The new Chief of Staff believes in giving men who have got to fight ample tools to fight with. While he was a division commander in the A. E. F., he always had extra bandoleers of cartridges issued to his men before they went into the line.

One night in the early fall of 1918, when the First Division was moving up to take over a sector, one of the regiments passed another infantry unit coming out into reserve. An officer of the latter regiment called out:

"You men on the left! What infantry regiment are you?"

There was no reply until the head of a diminutive private separated itself from the fold of extra bandoleers.

"This ain't no infantry regiment," he bawled. "It's Summerall's dot dashed ammunition train!"

THE END

CROSLEY

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RADIO

CROSLEY RADIO INSTRUMENTS

Each item the utmost in radio at its price. All prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains. Prices without accessories.

THE "PUP" $9.75
This little double-circuit one-tube set has brought happiness to thousands and made records for long distance receiving.

THE "4-29" $29
A 4-tube receiver of amazing efficiency. Crescendon equipped! Everywhere considered marvelous at its price.

THE "PORTABLE" $33.00
The 4-29 in portable form, handy, compact, efficient.

THE "5-38" $38
A five-tube tuned radio frequency set, with two stages of non-oscillating radio frequency amplification, Crescendon controlled, two stages of audio frequency amplification.

"RFL-75" $65
5-tubes. True cascade amplification, non-oscillating, non-radiating even under any mishandling. Its perfect balancing achieved by Wheatstone bridge in each stage of amplification. Exceptional selectivity and tone.

THE "MUSICONSOLE" $32.00
Embodies the Musicone in a beautiful console of two-tone mahogany finish and provides room for batteries and accessories; 24½ inches long inside.

6-TUBE "RFL-90" CONSOLE $90
Introducing the double drum station selector! Includes Musicone in exquisite console. Room for batteries and all accessories; 40 inches high by 30½ inches wide.

Amazing single dial control *and* reproduction

THE 5 *tube* 5-50

Such a success! Enthusiastic owners report amazing performance—a drum dial delivering stations loud, clear, sharp; each an almost imperceptible turn of the drum apart. Write station letters on the drum; return to them at will. This marvelous receiver containing these advanced ideas in radio (some of them exclusive to Crosley), including metal shielding and power tube adaptability indicates Powel Crosley, Jr.'s genius in lowering prices by mass production methods.

$50.

THE SUPER MUSICONE

Listen to this wonder reproducer of broadcasting! Then you'll understand why it is the biggest selling loud speaker on the market EVERYWHERE, and the most imitated. Its shape, however, is NOT the secret of its wonderful performance. Its delightful tone and the fidelity of its reproduction is achieved solely through the Crosley patented actuating unit. Avoid imitations. There is only one genuine MUSICONE. Smaller model, 12-inch cone, $12.50.

$14.75

THE 5-75 CONSOLE

This set includes ideas for radio reception perfection NOT found in any other radio. Marvelous exclusive Crosley "Crescendon" and "Acuminators" increase volume on distant stations and bring in programs entirely passed by and missed on ordinary one dial control radios. Console is 40 inches high with ample room for batteries and a genuine Crosley Musicone is built in. Radio chassis same as in the 5-50 receiver. Beautifully finished two-tone mahogany cabinet, rose gold fittings.

$75.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains *Write Department 76, for Illustrative Literature*

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc. and other patents issued and pending.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

CINCINNATI, OHIO. POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President

CROSLEY 1927 FEATURES

Many exclusive—others found only in highest priced radios.

ALL-METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS

This truly great radio achievement, found in several Crosley sets, furnishes a substantial frame for mounting elements, produces excellent alignment of condensers, shields the units from each other, prevents interstage, improves the stability of the circuit, increases selectivity and saves costs by standardizing this phase of manufacture.

"THE ACUMINATORS"

Crosley Acuminators permit tuning in—loud and clear — weak stations passed over and entirely missed by ordinary single dial radios. In tuning high powered and local stations they are not used. They are an exclusive Crosley feature.

THE "CRESCENDON"

When, on ordinary radios ears must strain to catch a station miles away, a turn of the Crescendon on Crosley radios instantly swells reception to room-filling volume. An exclusive Crosley feature.

THE SINGLE-DIAL STATION SELECTOR

Nothing in radio equals the joy or the convenience of single dial control. Crosley single drum control enables you to find the stations sought without log book or "tuning."

POWER TUBES

Power tube adaptability marks the Crosley "5-50", "5-75" and "RFL" sets. This feature typifies Crosley provision for best radio reception at moderate cost.

Adam and Eve Knew Better

Pictures by Arthur D. Fuller

GEORGE reached in and drew out a young woman.

A Short Story of Two Amateurs in Love

By James Oppenheim

GEORGE had always found women tepid. His mother had been one of those meek, yielding women, and he had spent his boyhood in ordering her around, except when his father intervened to do it more thoroughly. His two sisters were patterned after his mother. And the result was that George and his father had an ingrained belief, by second nature, that women were men's servants. As a consequence George lost interest in them.

"Blah!" was his comment.

This viewpoint turned him toward anything that meant hard living, especially if there was a gang of males connected with it. Football, hunting and camping, wrestling, full-blooded sports of any kind, were his meat.

He decided, when he came of age, to be either an explorer or an airman or a navigator. It had to be something that belonged to the world of men, something preferably with camp fires in it, so that he could be a long way off from home and mother, and farther yet from ballrooms and country houses. Unfortunately, his father was a manufacturer of lingerie, and, just at the time that George was ready for the great adventure, craved and commanded his assistance in the business.

"Yes," said his stocky father, his eyes hard under shaggy brows and an ugly mouth over a doubtable chin. "I've had to cut down. Women aren't wearing much these days—if at all. It cramps my style. I've been retrenching. I've fired old Watts, who had charge of the office, and you'll have to take his place."

George thought at first that his father was demented.

"Shake out of it," he suggested. "I'd rather dig sewers and live in a tenement. It's bad enough that you, whom I respect as a man, should have spent your life on this powder-puff and doll stuff. I'd be a hand," he snorted, "at selling a chemise."

His father glanced at him.

"Stop talking like a college boy," he said, and George sagged. Then he went on: "You happen to forget that your mother and sisters can't live in a tenement. You'll start in tomorrow morning. Twenty-five a week and free board. That saves me one hundred and fifty dollars a week."

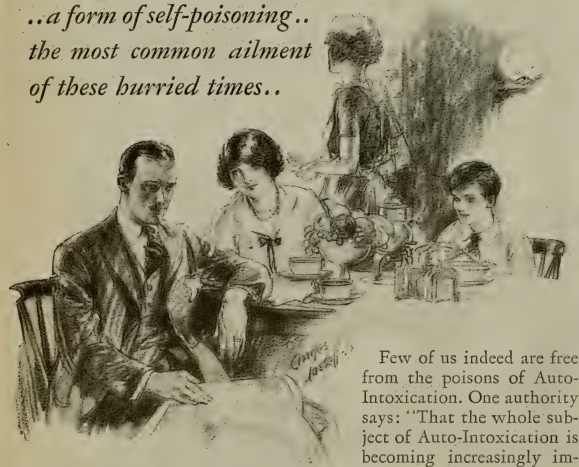
So that was that. It was a terrific discovery for George—namely: that, although women were all "blah," they could make strong men work for them. Of course he couldn't allow his mother and sisters to live in poverty. He took the job.

WHEN George was thirty-one he was well but weary. He kept in trim by going into a swimming pool daily, by wrestling in a gym, by getting all the outings he could; and he kept

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Auto-Intoxication - -

..a form of self-poisoning.. the most common ailment of these hurried times..



IN this fast-moving age we rely too much upon nervous energy. Irregular in our habits of sleep and exercise and diet, we no longer lead the normal lives Nature intended.

Physical labor we scarcely know—but we drive our brains overtime. There are so many things to do, so many places to go, that most of us "live on our nerves." Few of us take proper care of our physical selves—few of us keep really fit.

We all have "off-days"—days when, for no apparent reason, our minds are dull, our bodies weary.

Auto-Intoxication is a needless drag on health

Often the trouble is a very simple one—stoppage of waste products in the intestines. Sluggish bodily functions permit food to remain within us too long, fermenting and setting up poisons. The result is intestinal toxemia, or Auto-Intoxication—the most common modern ailment.

Some of the signs of Auto-Intoxication are headache, indigestion, irritability, nervous depression, fatigue. Unchecked, it may lead to more serious troubles, for this "self-poisoning" weakens the body's resistance to disease.

SAL HEPATICA is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

Few of us indeed are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. One authority says: "That the whole subject of Auto-Intoxication is becoming increasingly important is due to the fact that more and more people complain of work being irksome; that one rises in the morning not feeling refreshed; that the 'tired feeling' is so predominant."

Yet, Auto-Intoxication could hardly exist if we lived the kind of life that would keep our poison-clearing processes in perfect order.

* * *

Sal Hepatica prevents stoppage and sweeps away intestinal poisons. Its use is the approved way to combat Auto-Intoxication—for the best results are had by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—Sal Hepatica is indicated in preventing this self-poisoning, where the first step is always to correct stoppage and cleanse the intestines of those poisons which are at the root of so many of our modern ills. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS CO., New York

Sal Hepatica

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[ADAM AND EVE KNEW BETTER Continued from Page Forty-five]

himself alive by the society of men, in clubs, at ringsides, or about a camp fire. The business was a success; his career a flop. His father had reorganized from the bottom up, and had added a new line of silks. At the end of ten years everything was right. But what a business for a red-blooded man!

Norton, the explorer, was about to take an airship over the South Pole. He met George at one of his clubs and liked his way. He proffered George a job on the airship. George told him to suspend judgment for a few hours while he talked with his father.

"Yes, dad," he argued; "the business is tiptop and you don't need me. It'll bring me back to life."

But his father looked at him in a new way, a little confused.

"Sorry, George," he said. "But I've come to lean on you so hard I can't do without you. Nearly time for me, anyway, to step to the rear and let you run the old ship. Besides that——" His father hesitated.

George felt helpless.

"Can there be anything besides that?" he muttered.

"Yes," said his father. "I think you ought to get married."

George turned red. He stared at his father, stricken dumb.

"Well," said his father, "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings."

And that was that.

During all this time George's meeting with women had been purely accidental or incidental. But his commerce with the opposite sex did nothing to alter his opinion of it. Woman was a weak vessel, and there was no sport, nothing heady, nothing dangerous, in the game of love.

Either the women intrigued, laid silly traps for you (bad sport!), or they imitated men and were a poor second to their models.

She was skirting a puddle, but he

Or, worse, they were timid and wishy-washy.

In other words, there was a vast domain that George had never explored, and obviously never would.

Now, it so happened in October that George was motoring back to New York through the Connecticut hills. He was doing a stretch along a wooded country road, with the gray wall of an estate at his left, when, without warning, out

of the entrance came a little car that swerved sharply toward him.

He put on the brakes, but to no effect. The little car tipped over, though luckily a tree caught it halfway. Steam shot up in a cloud from the two radiators.

George was out in an instant, opened the door of the car, reached in and drew out a young woman. He set her on her feet, and there she stood. But not calmly. She burst out on him in a fury:

"How dared you touch me!"

A delightful shock went down George's spine.

"If I had known it was you—" he began.

"But you don't know me. Have you no manners?"

He had a sudden desire to hit her, but instead he stared at her.

dashed right through the water.

She was tall, slender, marvelously straight, proud, defiant, and trembling. Her delicate nostrils quivered, her head was drawn back in cold hauteur, her blue eyes sparkled.

"I have this much manners," he said menacingly: "If you'll give me your name and address I'll see that the damages are made good."

She gave him a withering glance and, without a word, turned and stalked back through the entrance. He noticed that her carriage was delightfully proud.

He put one hand on each hip and whistled.

"The original she-devil," he said aloud.

Came upon him then the original instinct of Adam. The unknown other half of the human race became real to him. The hunter and the fighter in him awoke. Was this sport? The rarest. It seemed now as if crossing the South Pole in an airship were tame in comparison.

He poked his head into her car and read the name on the license:

"Nadine Humphreys, New York."

Then he sauntered through the entrance of the estate. The sight was delightful. On a slight eminence stood a remodeled New England farmhouse, and at the left a wild garden ran up to it and at the right a lawn shaded by a few elms. Under one of these sat a man. He was mild looking, with a broad forehead, spectacles, blue eyes. Beside him stood a table with bottles and glasses and a bowl of cracked ice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Know the elation of owning, of playing upon the Wurlitzer Studio Grand. Wurlitzer craftsmen have so artistically blended wondrous tone with decorative beauty in this perfect and suitably small instrument, that only among the larger and much higher priced Wurlitzer pianos can you find its equal.

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Grand Piano Factory De Kalb, Ill. WURLITZER Upright Factory N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Dealers and Branches Everywhere

This digestive aid knows when to stop!

TO relieve after-dinner distress, many people take alkalies like soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it. And they get the relief they want, because these chemicals neutralize the acidity that usually causes indigestion, heartburn and flatulence.

But the drawback to alkalies of this class is that they don't know when to "call it a day." After they overcome the hyperacidity, they keep right on working. Unless you know exactly the right amount to take, they are apt to alkalize the contents of the stomach.

And that is a great handicap to normal digestion, for the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of 1 per cent) properly to perform its work.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from this objection

The commendable thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that no matter how many you take, they do just one thing—neutralize the acidity that causes your discomfort. Then they stop. They can't possibly alkalize your stomach. Any excess that you might take simply passes harmlessly and unchanged through the system.

So, next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, effective and 100 per cent harmless. They quickly quell digestive disturbance—within 15 to 20 minutes. They are aromatically pleasant to the taste, and they are surprisingly good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

GASTROGEN Tablets

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-126
73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____

[ADAM AND EVE KNEW BETTER]
Continued from Page Forty-seven

George approached him.

"Pardon me," he said. "Are you Mr. Humphreys?"

"Yes," the man answered. "What can I do for you?"

"I just knocked over your daughter's car," George began.

"Oh," interrupted Mr. Humphreys, "that was the noise I heard."

"And," George continued, "I'd like to settle the damages."

"You'll have to do that with her," said her father. "I don't meddle."

That pleased George. He grinned.

"In the house?"

"Possibly."

"Thank you."

He went up the graveled road to the little entrance at the side and rang. A maid opened the door.

"Give this card," he said, "to Miss Humphreys, and say I would like to see her."

HE waited in a curious little sitting-room, full of dainty antiques and stiff chairs. He thought he heard voices, and then the maid reappeared.

"Sorry, sir," she said, "but Miss Humphreys says she can't see you."

"Is that all?" he bridled.

"Yes, sir."

He went out meditative and with that feeling of being alive to his finger tips that he had when he went hunting. Mr. Humphreys was still under the elm. He was pouring something from one of the bottles into a tall glass and then adding seltzer.

"She wouldn't see me," said George.

"She *is* that way," remarked Mr. Humphreys.

George handed Mr. Humphreys his card.

"I'm George Durwood," he said. "My father's Charles Durwood, lingerie and silks, New York."

"Ah," said Mr. Humphreys, "I've met your father. I believe you have a sister Grace. She was a pupil in one of my classes in anthropology."

"Oh," said George, "it's *Professor* Humphreys, then."

"Not out here," said Mr. Humphreys wryly. "Sit down and have one."

He had one. Then he plunged in.

"Mr. Humphreys," he said, "I'll get down to the point: I can't leave here until I settle this with your daughter. Besides, my car," he added lamely, "is a bit wrecked. I don't want to impose upon you——"

"Not at all." Mr. Humphreys waved his hand. "I'll be glad to have a man around. I get bored with Nadine."

George stared at him. Was that possible? Well, so much the better. He took the final leap.

"Mr. Humphreys," he said hurriedly, "I've a hunch that I'll—I'll want to—want to—you know—er—win your daughter's hand and all that before I get through with it. You don't mind? She isn't—attached?"

Mr. Humphreys looked upon George blandly, benevolently, and smilingly, all at the same time.

"No, she's free. And independent, too," he added.

"You're smiling," said George.

"My boy," said Mr. Humphreys, "many others have tried, as they say, to crash the gate. But," he leaned forward and whispered, "Nadine is a man-hater."

At these bloodcurdling words George burst into wild laughter.

"That's about right," he said. "I was a woman-hater until I met your daughter."

"You show no trace of it," said Mr. Humphreys. "Have another!"

George did. The day grew warmer and also later. By six they were fast friends, comrades, and pals. At 6:15 Mr. Humphreys showed George into the guestroom on the ground floor. George had a shower. The gardener had brought in the grips from the car, the garage had been phoned to, and then George got his father on long distance.

"Say, dad," he said, "I'm taking your advice about getting married, but it may take a week."

His father cackled. "You can take a month for that."

George joined Mr. Humphreys in the dining-room, the windows of which fronted the garden.

"WHERE'S Nadine?" asked Mr. Humphreys of the maid. The maid could not forbear a smile.

"Miss Humphreys is taking dinner, sir, in her own room tonight."

Mr. Humphreys looked at George.

"Hm," said George. "Oughtn't you to *make* her come down?"

Mr. Humphreys lifted his brows.

"I—*make* her?" He laughed softly. He turned to the maid.

"Take her her dinner, Nell, and say I am sorry she can't come."

George whistled softly. "Well, it's no wonder. Spoilt!"

"Born that way," Mr. Humphreys corrected. "She kicked in the cradle." He sighed. "I've about had my share of her. Someone else's turn."

"Mine," said George, his eyes glittering.

They played pinochle beside the roaring fire in the great hearth, while the October winds shook the house. Before the evening was over George learned that he was to have a quiet visit. All of Mr. Humphreys' friends had returned to the city, and he was merely staying on until his courses began in New York.

"Well," thought George, "so much the better. A free field and a fight to the finish."

He lay awake a long time that night, agitated, alert, tense, like a runner poised for the leap. But suddenly then it was bright morning, and he got up with a muffled shout and made for the bathroom. He'd see her today, hook or crook.

He took a turn around the garden, but there was no sign of her. He looked up slyly at the room he had been told was hers. The windows were open, the curtains fluttering. He went into the dining-room. Mr. Humphreys was there, but no Nadine.

Mr. Humphreys smiled and pointed.

"A letter for you," he said.

George clutched for it. The handwriting was bold and sharp. He spread out the sheet and read.

SIR:

The least you can do is to mend your execrable manners and leave this house instantly. You have repeatedly insulted me. Evidently my father cannot handle you, so I am taking the matter in charge.

NADINE HUMPHREYS.

GEORGE drew out his pen and one of his cards and wrote:

MADAM:

Since your father is lonely without you, I am staying here to keep him company. Besides that, it is a matter of business. I shall hope to see you soon, so that we may settle it.

GEORGE DURWOOD.

He showed the card to Mr. Humphreys.

"You don't mind?" he asked.

Mr. Humphreys smiled quizzically.

"You may," was all he said.

The maid bore the missive, duly sealed, to the regions above. Its effect was magical. In three minutes George was startled by an apparition. He was not disappointed. She stood there, tall, slender, proud, and beautiful, her nostrils distended, her eyes sparking. So delicate, and such a devil!

"What do you want?" she challenged him.

"A talk," said George.

"Make it brief."

He rose.

"Shall we go into the garden?"

Nadine turned to her father.

"Father," she said furiously, "am I to be allowed the freedom of my own home?"

"You have it," said he blandly. "Mr. Durwood is a splendid young man. He is—chivalrous."

"Chivalrous," she echoed contemptuously. "He dared to lay hands upon me yesterday. He dared to follow me to the privacy of my home and sleep here overnight—a perfect stranger. Chivalrous!"

In spite of himself, George gave a snort that burst into laughter. She wheeled on him.

"You laugh at me?" she cried.

"Gosh!" he said. "You're unjust, Miss Humphreys."

"Your presence is an insult."

"But I've a right here."

"What right?"

"I'm here"— he paused, and then brazened it out—"as a suitor."

She was so amazed as to open her mouth, but was unable to speak. Finally she gasped:

"Father!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

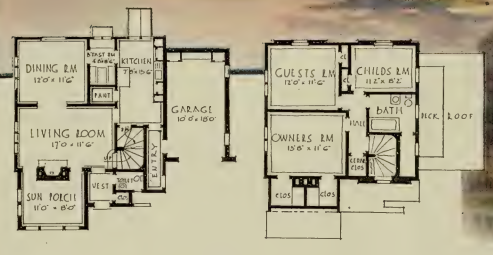
INSPECT THESE MODEL HOMES

When you build, use these materials!

Many thousands of prospective home owners have already inspected these model homes, protected by our new Safeguard Policy. They are being built in twenty-eight of the nation's principal cities.

You, too, should visit one of them and learn why thousands of home builders are building their houses according to these plans and specifications.

Follow the story of this nation-wide movement in the newspaper which is sponsoring the model home in your vicinity. The materials and equipment used in these model homes are recommended to the home builder and buyer.



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THE GIFT buying season is here again! Crowding upon your mind are these eternal Christmas questions:

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Liggett's Little Bits from the East. The Pick of the World's Best Confections. 1¼ lb., $1.50. Also 2 and 5 lb. Packages.

Artstyle Red Box. Wide Variety of Cream, Fruit and Nut Combinations in Thick Chocolate Coatings. $1 the lb. in 1, 2 and 5 lb. Packages.

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Harold "Red" Grange

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Says "its a dandy"

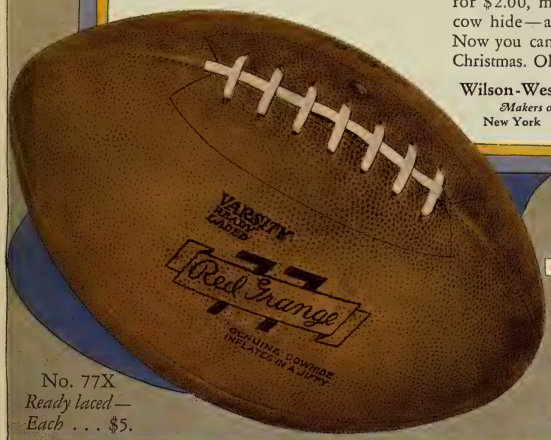
Scene from that most sensational football film —Red Grange in "One Minute to Play"

Ask your sporting goods dealer to show you Wilson Red Grange Helmets, Shoulder Pads and Pants, as well as the Balls

What Every Red Blooded American Boy Wants Most of All—

REAL Red Grange Foot Balls—a ball Red says every boy will be proud to own—and Red knows. No boy's Christmas will be complete without one. Three popular priced balls to choose from—all full regulation size, fabric lined and made of genuine cowhide. Each ball bears Red Grange's signature and is packed in a handsome box containing an autographed photograph of Red himself. The No. 77X Red Grange foot ball is READY LACED—inflates through a valve just like your auto tire—no more lacing worries—simply pump it up and it's ready for play—complete with Seamless bladder and compression pump, $5.00. Then, there's the No. 77A Red Grange regular style foot ball at $3.50 and the No. 77B that sells for $2.00, made of genuine *John Reid* cow hide—a dandy ball for the money. Now you can have a real "Red Grange" Christmas. Oh Boy!

Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
Makers of Wilson Athletic Equipment
New York Chicago San Francisco



No. 77X
Ready laced—
Each . . . $5.

Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

"Yes?" he asked mildly.

"Put that man out."

"But, my dear, he's an athlete—I'm a professor."

"Very well," she said frozenly, looking superbly beautiful as she raised her shoulders and set her head far back, her eyes half shut. "I shall ignore you both."

And out she went.

"God, she's great!" exclaimed George.

"It wears one down," sighed her father.

"Oh, I'll win her," said the imperturbable young man.

"She hasn't begun yet," said Mr. Humphreys.

"Nor I, neither," said George.

He stepped out with Nadine in his arms. She was kicking and scratching.

THOUGH he spent the morning with Mr. Humphreys under the elm, George saw nothing of Nadine until lunch. He and her father had just seated themselves at the table when she sailed in and took her seat. Not a word was spoken until the maid entered. Then, evidently by prearrangement, for the maid had a hard time keeping a straight face, Nadine said to her:

"Nell, I'm taking lunch alone today. So please hurry everything."

But George took her up immediately. He turned to Mr. Humphreys:

"Looks, Mr. Humphreys, as if we men had to have a sort of stag lunch. Not a woman in sight. Best so. I've always been a woman-hater."

Mr. Humphreys actually sniggered, but fell promptly into line.

"I wonder where my daughter is?" he asked naively. "You'd like her, George."

Nadine rose abruptly.

"Fools and cowards and brutes!" she cried, and started for the door. "I hate you both!" and she swept out.

"Sounds good to me," said George. "Lumps you and me together—hates us both."

"Wait, my boy," murmured Mr. Humphreys blandly. "She'll pull a trick yet. No man has ever got the upper hand with her yet."

But no tricks were pulled the rest of the day. The afternoon passed slowly under the elms, and George caught not a glimpse of Nadine.

By evening he was restive. His feeling of elation was ebbing. Perhaps this hammer-and-tongs method was all out of the picture: old fashioned, out of date, intolerable to a spirited modern girl.

On the other hand, of course, according to her father, Nadine had always hated men and dished them, no matter what technique they used. He might as well hammer away, then.

That night he sent her a note by the maid:

DEAR MADAM:

You are cordially invited to join Professor Humphreys and me in the living-room. Nice and warm here. Big fire. Good talk. Do come.

GEORGE DURWOOD.

This note was returned to him torn in scraps.

"Was she angry?" he asked the maid.

The maid shook her head.

"Oh, sir, she was spitting mad. She's getting—touchy."

When he went to bed he was less sure of himself. A great autumn storm came up during the night, howling and gusting, with a driving rain. When he woke in the morning the world was a blur, clamorous with the flailing branches of the trees and the rattling of the windows and walls.

"WHEW!" he thought. "This is a storm."

He dressed and entered the living-room. Mr. Humphreys was standing before the fire.

"Any news?" asked George.

"Not yet," said Mr. Humphreys.

Just then the maid came hurriedly down the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Humphreys," she cried, "she's gone!"

"Gone!" he echoed.

"I saw her from the window. She went out the back door and has gone up the old trail in the woods. Poor thing, she's without coat or rubbers or hat. She didn't sleep last night."

"There! She's done it!" cried her father. "She's apt to run into danger; stay out all day."

"Show me the trail!" cried George.

"Oh, Mr. Durwood," exclaimed the maid, "your hat and coat!"

"Don't wait!" he cried. "Quick! Out with me! I'll get her. Don't worry."

The maid dashed out into the storm with him and showed the trail at the back of the house.

He was in form, and he flew. His quarry was in the woods ahead of him, fleeing. Fleeing for pride's sake, for contempt of him, for hate of him. How beautiful!

He dashed through the drive of the slanting rain, but she too was a fleet runner.

Nevertheless he must have caught her soon if he hadn't come to a fork in the trail. Which way? Left or right?

He was stumped. He turned to the right and ran. In five minutes the trail stopped. He turned back. At the fork he took the left trail.

She had a good ten minutes' advantage.

He ran on and on. And then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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of Lasting Enjoyment

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ASK... ANY... RADIO. .ENGINEER

The "Mountie" isn't lonely any more

WHEN the supply ship steams south from the last outpost of northern civilization in September, not to return until the following July, loneliness will never again beset the lives of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who patrol that vast, wild area.

Radio is now brightening the long winter nights with music, special programs, messages and greetings from their "home folks."

And in the receiving sets of the "Mounties" is the best equipment obtainable. The batteries they use *must* be dependable. They *must* serve until the supply ship drops anchor in the harbor a year later.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

[ADAM AND EVE KNEW BETTER
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

suddenly through the trees he had a glimpse of her. She was skirting a puddle, and he dashed straight through the water.

"Not so fast!" he cried.

SHE turned on him. He had never seen her more beautiful. It was a scornful beauty, erect with pride, but disheveled. Her hair was pasted about her face. Her thin silken clothes clung to her body, showing its adorable grace. Her cheeks were flushed with running, her eyes blazed.

"I scorn you!" she said venomously. "I don't think I've ever hated a man as I hate you! I felt it the first moment you laid hands on me and when I saw you. You're loathsome to me. Leave me and go."

He laughed softly. "Don't ruffle me," he said. "I promised your dad I'd bring you back."

She curled her lips mockingly. "I won't budge an inch from here."

He took her by the arm then, and she resisted. He laughed. He was delighted. This was what he wanted.

"Oh, well," he said, "come along."

He had an arm around her, and drew her strongly forward, skirting the puddle.

"Fool!" she snapped at him.

"Careful," he muttered; "you're provoking me."

With startling suddenness and a clever jerk, she was out of his grasp and running. She was fleet. Fear and hate put wings on her feet. She skimmed the path, came to a turn, and disappeared.

He was after her, and made the turn just in time to see her leave the trail and dash into the woods at the left. Back a little was a shack. She was in it as he came up, the door bolted.

"Come out!" he said.

She did not answer.

He set his shoulder to the door and pushed. Slowly the bolt was rent out and the door crashed. He leaped in. She stood erect, facing him.

"We'll do it right this time," he said.

And he stepped out with Nadine in his arms. She was kicking and scratching.

"Never in my life," he heard, as his heart bounded, "has anyone treated me like this."

"Kick away," he said. "It won't help."

Suddenly she was limp, her head against his breast. For several minutes she wept—then grew quiet.

"Miss Humphreys," he said finally, "will you marry me?"

"Yes," she murmured.

HE stopped short. Her arm went up around his neck.

"I love you," she whispered. "I loved you when you lifted me out of the car, and when I saw you. And I hated you because you made me love you!"

"And I loved you because you hated me," he replied. "You're a marvel, Nadine. And I used to think women tepid. And I thought that sports were exciting. Adam and Eve knew better."

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

THIS week's installment of For the Love o' Lil, which appears below, is pictured on the cover of this issue. Read the story and look at the illustration to keep up with the latest doings of Lil Morse, Sandy Jenkins, and their friends.

Lil and Sandy fans throughout the country are following this captivating romance. Later, possibly, LIBERTY may have another cover contest. If so, you'll want to know what's happened since the last one was concluded. Now go on with the story!

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXVI *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

LOVE is probably the oddest paradox in life. It's supposed to be cheap, yet many millionaires have ended their lives because they couldn't win it. And it's supposed to be priceless, yet its blessings fall upon even the poorest. It brings the utmost in happiness—and the dregs of despair. A funny thing—love.

Sandy was tasting the dregs when he called on Lil one evening. He had heard of the attentions being showered upon her by Mr. Hammerschlosser, and he had correctly divined that somewhat aged widower's designs. And Sandy reasoned that Lil in all probability would accept him because of his wealth.

The young man had carefully thought out the speech he would make to her in his own behalf; had written it down and memorized it. Yet, when the crucial moment came, he was speechless—powerless. There was a look in her eyes—a look of sympathy, which he knew was for himself; and there were flowers upon the table which he had not sent. He knew his cause was lost—and all he could do was sink in a chair before her and cover his face.

And Lil? Well, had Sandy been able to read her mind, he might have seen a ray of hope. For love *is* a funny thing. It has been known, even, to spurn the happiness which riches offer for the sorrows of poverty. That's sometimes the way with Youth. We'll see.

(To be continued next week)

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These offerings are definite opportunities to invest your money safely and to receive a liberal rate of interest.

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The Age of Silk

Gleaming Ankles Mark the Prosperity of the Times

An Article by

HARPER LEECH

Pictures by CAREY ORR

WRITERS of heavy business reviews and forecasts usually speak of this as the Age of Steel. More vivacious scribes, with their minds on international politics and the traffic on city streets and rural highways, speak of it as the Age of Oil.

The expansive press agents of the great public utilities, with the hum of giant turbogenerators behind them and the clamor of the financial districts for more bonds in front, naturally think it's the Electric Age.

But this is primarily the Age of Silk, because it is an age in which feminism is the dominant note. It is not the first great period of feminism in history's pages, but it gives every promise of being one of the most enduring, the most interesting. In the statistics of the silk trade one will find more clews to the inner forces in modern life than in any other figures, not excepting those figures from Detroit which tell of a nation suddenly set upon wheels; not excepting the figures on divorce, employment of women, or the other indicators of woman's new freedom—nay, social and economic mastery. Master is the word for her now; mistress denotes a petty domestic dominion, which is merely a minor feminine province today.

In a quarter of a century Americans have multiplied their annual production of steel by four. We have multiplied our output of crude petroleum by twelve in order to propel some 20,000,000 motor cars, which have literally disrupted and remade our business system and our social life. We have multiplied our yearly output of electric power by twenty-six, and changed our whole system of production, radically altered the status of capital and labor, and ushered in new and bewildering changes in property values, finance, and home life.

THIS is not the first great period of feminism in history, but it promises to be the most interesting.

But to the social student intent upon fundamentals, and conscious of the immense importance of sex and domestic relations in the evolution of humanity, none of these figures is as impressive as those that disclose the revolution in woman's costume. It was woman's demand for cotton fabrics that upset the world's industries, trade routes, and politics a century and a half ago, remade the map of the world, and changed the balance of power all over the globe. What, then, will history finally have to say of the fact that American women twenty-five years ago were content with 150,000 pairs of silk stockings a year, but that now they must have 55,000,000 pairs of pure silk hose? Compare that growth—a multiplication by 365, as many full fashioned silk hose in a day as formerly satisfied the market for a year—with the puny advances of steel, oil, or electricity.

WHAT does it mean? The complex of business, social, and political forces related to that change in dress is felt around the world. Literally, the economic structure of the Japanese Empire today is supported by the silk-clad legs of American women.

But pure silk hose do not begin to tell the story of the leisure, lavishness, and luxury which are becoming characteristic of American

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Model 200
with 22-inch Cone
(Patent applied for)

Large compartment provides ample space for all batteries — battery charger or battery eliminator.

$29
Console with Cone Loudspeaker, Ready for Your Set and Batteries
(West of the Rockies, $35)

The Cone Loudspeaker, with its sounding board, is removable, allowing instant access to battery shelf.

A Sensational Development in Radio Reproduction!

New Cone Speaker Amazes Radio World!

Model 210
(Pat. applied for)

The latest model Windsor Cone Loudspeaker has astonished the world of radio. In convenience, quality of reception, and extremely low price, it far surpasses anything yet offered. The cone is 22 inches in diameter and is mounted on a sounding board which, in turn, is supported by an easel back.

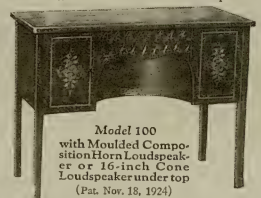
It can be hung on the wall, as in the picture above, or stood upon any flat surface as shown in the picture below. It contains the famous Windsor loudspeaker unit noted for the extreme clarity and fidelity of reproduction.

Model 210
A 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker, mounted on sounding board, and with convenient easel back.

$15
(West of Rockies, $18)
(Patent applied for)

Windsor Cone Loudspeaker Consoles, and those in which the Windsor Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker is combined, represent the greatest values in the world of radio today.

Model 200, shown above, is equipped with a 22-inch Windsor Cone Loudspeaker. Its top is 30 inches long, 17 inches wide and 29 inches high. The battery shelf provides ample space for batteries, charger, battery eliminator and other equipment. Finished in either Mahogany or Walnut.



Model 100
with Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker or 16-inch Cone Loudspeaker under top
(Pat. Nov. 18, 1924)

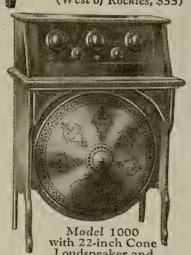
Model 100 is a beautiful Windsor Loudspeaker Console, finished in Walnut or Mahogany. Provides ample space on top for any radio set. The battery shelf beneath will accommodate all necessary equipment. Size: 38 in. x 18 in., and 29 in. high. Price $40.00
(West of Rockies, $42.50)

Model 302
with Moulded Composition Horn and Cone Loudspeakers
(Pat. applied for)

In the Windsor Console to the left is combined both the Windsor Moulded Composition Horn Loudspeaker and the 18-inch Windsor Cone Loudspeaker. The top is 30" x 17" and stands 29" high. Ample battery and equipment space is provided by large shelf in rear. Price $48.00, finished in Walnut or Mahogany
(West of Rockies, $55)

To the right is shown the latest Windsor. It is exactly the same as Model 200, illustrated at the top, with the addition of a receiving set cabinet large enough to accommodate a 7-inch panel up to 26 inches in length. Finished in either Mahogany or Walnut. Price, without receiving set or panel $44.00
(West of the Rockies $52)

All Windsor models are being demonstrated by recognized radio dealers everywhere. Go to your dealer today—see and hear these astonishing new loudspeakers and loudspeaker consoles. Or send the coupon for a complete catalog of the entire Windsor line.



Model 1000
with 22-inch Cone Loudspeaker and cabinet (Pat. applied for)

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Address .....
City ..... State .....

[THE AGE OF SILK Continued from Page Fifty-five]

life and are naturally reflected first and most prominently in women's clothes.

The 55,000,000 pairs of pure silk hose our women must have are little more than a fifth of the 250,000,000 pairs woven of mixtures of natural and artificial silk that they buy every year. Back of that figure is the story of the rise of a new industry: the fascinating tale of modern chemistry. The process that now turns sawdust and the former refuse grades of cotton into fabrics that would make Cleopatra envious, is but a variant of the chemical methods that a few years ago made the stuff that blew gaping holes in the Lusitania and battered Rheims Cathedral.

ARTIFICIAL silk is the young giant of the textile world. Nobody can even guess its future. It may make the sheep, the silkworm, and even the boll weevil as obsolete as the dinosaur.

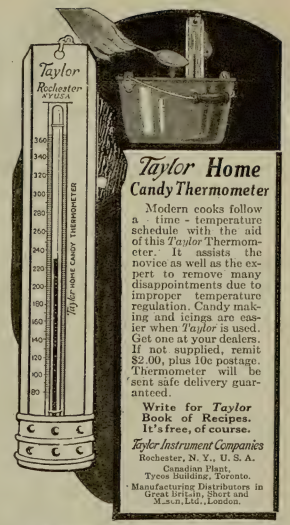
The rapid expansion of this new industry was largely caused by those cultural and economic changes which have so radically altered the lives of American women. We are just now beginning to realize a few of the changes that are inevitable because modern industry has created leisure for women and in so doing has altered the economic significance of the home and family unit. Now that the home is no longer a business partnership between a man and woman for the mutual provision of shelter, food, laundry, and other such goods and services, it must rest almost entirely upon the ties of love and child rearing. Among nomad peoples, where the home has had comparatively little economic importance, the family institution and the relations of the sexes are seldom similar to the family unit of the races in which the household has been of such great economic value and importance to both husband and wife.

The question is, how rapidly will the people adapt themselves to the great industrial changes that have stripped the home of so many of its former functions and duties?

How far will they be able to preserve the family institutions upon which their racial vitality and their cultural character and progress have been so largely dependent in the past? Necessarily the woman is more independent when freed from the household duties formerly thrust upon her with the wedding ring.

It is not a new problem, but it was never satisfactorily solved in the past. In former ages the leisure and plenty now becoming the heritage of the masses were sometimes attained by small minorities served by hordes of slaves captured in war. Today the masses in America are served by an average of thirty-three slaves apiece—genii conjured out of coal and waterfalls — steam slaves, electrical slaves, gasoline slaves, mechanical slaves, and chemical slaves. The modern slave-holding classes—117,000,000 Americans—have never even had to cultivate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Taylor Home Candy Thermometer

Modern cooks follow a time - temperature schedule with the aid of this *Taylor* Thermometer. It assists the novice as well as the expert to remove many disappointments due to improper temperature regulation. Candy making and icings are easier when *Taylor* is used. Get one at your dealers. If not supplied, remit $2.00, plus 10c postage. Thermometer will be sent safe delivery guaranteed.

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Boy!—what music! Play all the song hits immediately; absolutely no instructions or lessons necessary—music is written in numbers. Makes an ideal gift! The "Jazzitha" is made of fine grained hard wood with specially designed metal sound box. Handsomely decorated and beautifully finished in lacquer—19 inches in length. Comes with bar and pick.

SEND NO MONEY
Just your name and address when Jazzitha and sheet music arrive, pay postman only $1.47—plus a few cents extra for postage. Outside of U. S. send check or Money Order.

FREE—with every instrument we will include 3 extra Jazzitha strings worth 25c.

JUST OUT 5 Books of Popular Song Hits. 5 Latest Songs in each book written in numbers. 25c Each.

THE JAZZ STUDIOS, 2512-41 Ave. Dept. 553 Long Island City, N. Y.

Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Saves the Teeth and Whitens Them

Keeps your gums in the best condition possible. Here's an individual toothpaste, the original Iodine, perfectly blended. Cool and pleasant tasting. Recommended by dentists. Price 50c.

Iodine Products Co.
Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE DENTAL CREAM

Why Pay $5.00

to a Professional Hairdresser?

Tint Gray Hair *Yourself for 50c*

Save $4.50 or more of the usual fees. Renew at home the exact original color of your faded, streaky locks. Millions have done and are doing it with Brownatone—guaranteed absolutely harmless.

Do it in 5 Minutes

without the slightest risk of injury to hair or scalp. Does not wash off or fade but permeates each hair. No mess or bother. Apply it again only as new hair grows. Two colors—Blonde to Medium Brown and Dark Brown to Black. Two sizes, 50c and $1.50—at all leading toilet goods dealers.

Send 10c for Proof Bottle

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. K-9, Covington, Ky., U. S. A.
(*Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.*)

Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone.
( ) Blonde to Medium Brown.
( ) Dark Brown to Jet Black.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Girls Grow Lovely

In very easy ways

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I wish all girls would try the methods which brought beauty to me. I have seen countless girls, in these easy ways, gain new loveliness. The change is often amazing from a single application.

I found most of my helps in France, where women cultivate beauty. They made me what I am. All toilet counters now supply them in the name of Edna Wallace Hopper. I believe them to be the best beauty helps in existence.

One is my White Youth Clay. It purges the skin of its blemishes, combats lines and wrinkles, brings a youthful glow. The change it brings in 30 minutes will delight you.

One is my Youth Cream. That combines the best I've found to foster, feed and preserve the skin. One night's use will show you what it means.

Another is my Face Powder, the soft stage stars use. We demand the utmost, and you'll find it here.

The coupon will bring you enough of each to show you what they mean. That test will be a revelation, I believe. My Beauty Book comes in the package.

For Trial Package 305-L

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, for a trial packet of my White Youth Clay, Youth Cream and Face Powder.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

the iron virtues of the warrior to conquer and enchain their helots.

We know that the ancient slave-holding minorities were usually corrupted in a few generations by the luxury and leisure made possible by their earlier conquests. Feminism appears usually to have been a symptom of decadence among these ruling castes. Recollection of that is the basis of a great deal of the uneasiness that exists today among some social students as they view our effeminized fiction and our sexy drama.

The twentieth century found America clad in wool and cotton. The first quarter century ends with America in silk. It was the boast of a great organizer of a slave-holding regime that he found Rome brick and left it marble. But he also left it feminist to the core—with first-century flappers enamored of erotic poets, who were banished to Roumanian swamps for reasons of state. In another century the insoluble political problem for any Cæsar was to find a consort of authentic patrician blood and tradition and also capable of motherhood.

WILL America witness similar decadence? There are many good reasons to hope not. Few aristocracies have been able to stand prosperity—but democracy may. Turning from the superficial glamour of the age of jazz and hip liquor to the dull drab statistics of trade, we find plenty of rainbows in the American sky.

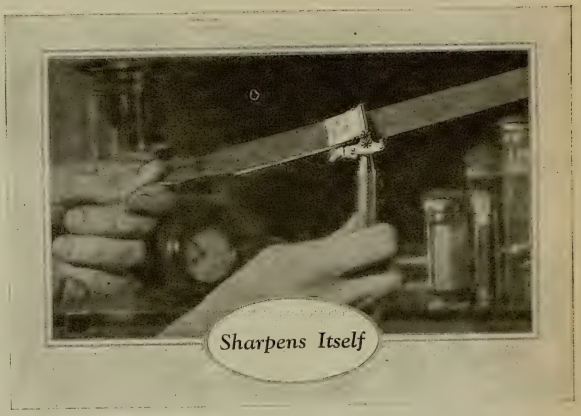
The American home may be silken outwardly, but it is apparently brick and concrete at the

LITERALLY, the economic structure of the Japanese Empire today is supported by the silk-clad legs of American women.

core. The age of silk is also the age of suburbia. This year some 200,000 homes, valued at less than $10,000 each, are in course of construction. As many were built last year.

People may dance more, but they golf more. They may visit the bright lights, but they are living farther away from them than ever, when they can. In the ten great metropolitan districts of the United States the number of people living in suburbia increased more rapidly than the population of the cities themselves from 1910 to 1920 in all but one place—and that was the result of a great annexation of suburbs by that city.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



More Shaves per Blade

but best of all, each shave with a *newly sharpened* blade

THIS is the story of the only self-sharpening razor.

It is world famous. Men everywhere know the Valet AutoStrop Razor. Unto the far corners of the earth, men take it to insure super-shaves.

It satisfies perfectly two primal demands—speed and comfort.

Get out of the habit rut and switch to the Valet AutoStrop Razor. To shave with it for a trial is to shave with it always.

Men everywhere are learning the superiority of a super-keen blade.

The popularity of the Valet AutoStrop Razor is irresistible—its users are getting finer shaves than ever before.

Why not join this satisfied legion?

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

$5 to $25
Other sets at $1

The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

The Number 1 Ready-Set De Luxe is covered with genuine rich blue leather; takes pictures size 2¼ x 3¼; priced $11.50; regular model—$10.50.

De Luxe Ready-Sets

will make lucky people happy Christmas morning

THOUSANDS of people have already bought these famous Ansco cameras. And this Christmas, thousands more will make their loved ones happy by giving the one gift that both sexes like!

Ready-Sets all dressed in holiday attire—rich, dark blue, real leather with the famous, exclusively Ansco Ready-Set features—that'll make a Christmas that *is* a Christmas.

Good Drug and Camera Stores have them. Go in and buy this camera that needs no shutter adjustment nor any estimating of distance. Ready-Sets are made for folks to have fun with!

And the most popular box cameras also are in special holiday dress in holly containers.

The No. 1-A Ready-Set De Luxe takes pictures size 2½x4¼; this new, thin model covered with rich blue, real leather is only $14.50; the regular model is $13.50.

Ansco Speedex Film—fine, fast film—that fits all makes of cameras!

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Pioneer Camera Makers of America

Ansco—Binghamton, N. Y.

[THE AGE OF SILK Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

The rapid multiplication of suburban homes since 1920 is commonplace. This is a reflection of the home-making and home-building passion of the people, which is manifested in the most congested city centers just as forcibly by other statistics.

The strength of the family institution, the tenacity of home ties, whether in the kitchenette belt, in the tenement districts, or in the expanding subdivisions, is evidenced by the finances of the plain folk—savings and insurance.

FOR all the silk stockings, the delicatessen meals, and the automobiles, the financial strength of the American family has grown even as the drudgery of the home has made women free but no less wifely—in fact, marriage was never so universal as now.

In ten years the people have more than doubled their savings accounts, tripled their building and loan assets, and increased their life insurance by 50 per cent.

There is no hint of social decay there.

The lisle-stocking savings bank has been superseded not so much by the silk stocking as by the savings deposit, the insurance policy, and an army of 14,000,000 bond and stock holders.

THE END

Hudgemacudge*

By

HARRY LEE

"'TIS Hudgemacudge," my Granny would say.
"God be good to the Little Man—
Him that tickles the plowboy's ear
Or sips the cream from the top o' the pan!

"Ye'll find him here; ye'll find him there;
Teetering high on a timothy stalk;
Under the hedge with the leprechaun;
Warm by the fire when old men talk!

"Me cousin Padraig once saw him leap
Down from the top of a blackthorn tree,
Little green coat-tails fluttering out,
And he rode away on a honey bee!

"'Twas never another but Hudgemacudge
That tapped that night on the window pane,
Till Donecagh Regan opened the door
To a wee child, lost in the wind and rain!

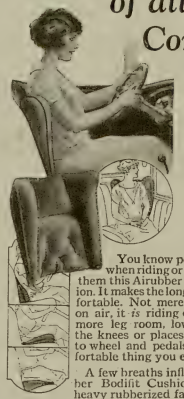
"And once I was putting me thimble on—
[Surely my Granny could never have lied!]
When who should I see but Hudgemacudge—
Curled like a kitten, asleep—inside!

"Once sister Maggie and I had words—
I would have called her out of her name;
When the littlest voice ye ever heard—
Deep down inside o' me—whispered 'Shame'!

"So mind your manners," my Granny would say,
"And do your lessons as well as ye can—
And maybe ye'll see him *yourself* some day—
God be good to the Little Man!"

**A small boy's pronunciation of Hugh M'Hugh*

One Christmas GIFT of all Year Comfort



You know people who tire when riding or driving. Give them this Airubber Bodilit Cushion. It makes the longest trips comfortable. Not merely like riding on air, it *is* riding on air. Gives more leg room, lowers or raises the knees or places driver closer to wheel and pedals. Most comfortable thing you ever owned.

A few breaths inflate an Airubber Bodilit Cushion. Made of heavy rubberized fabric, in khaki for $1.00 or in corduroy, beaver, golden brown, blue, or auto smoke shade, for $5.00.

If your dealer hasn't Airubber products, send check or money order, with choice of finish and color, and we will supply you on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

Make someone a gift of year 'round riding comfort. Order a Bodilit today. Ask also for our catalog—just teeming with Christmas suggestions for home, office or camp. An Airubber Mattress will please the hunter, fisherman or motor camper beyond words.

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473 W. Superior St. · Chicago, Ill.

Now the fun starts

Good Music supplies the pep for any party, anywhere, anytime. You will never know what real fun is until you learn to play an easy fingering

BUESCHER
True Tone **Saxophone**

Teach yourself at home to play this wonderful instrument. 3 lessons given on request with each new instrument teach easy fingering. Many learn scales in an hour, play tunes in a week. You can do it, too! With a Buescher Saxophone.

Try One 6 Days, Easy Terms

Take any Buescher instrument home with you for six days' trial. If you like it, pay a little each month. Liberal discount for cash. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send the coupon or a postal for beautiful catalog. Any instrument. No obligation. Send today.

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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
1786 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. 339
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Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. I am interested in the instrument checked below.
Saxophone ☐ Cornet ☐ Trumpet ☐ Trombone ☐ Tuba ☐
Mention any other.....
Write Name and Address plainly in margin or on separate slip of paper.

Quickly heal those tiny

INVISIBLE NICKS

your razor leaves

Like a plunge in the sea when the surf's running in. That's how it feels to dash Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on your face after a shave!

Immediately there's a rush of invigorating circulation. Then the tingling is gone. The tiny nicks your razor leaves are healed. The skin is cool, velvet smooth.

Pinaud's Lilac toughens the skin without making it coarse—it protects against chapping, prevents local infection. You'll like its clean, lilac odor.

Get Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store *today*. Look for Ed. Pinaud's signature in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

{ *Lilas de France* }

For His Xmas—the Brief-O-Grip!

EVERY man who travels on business, whether occasionally or frequently, will appreciate the convenience of the Brief-O-Grip—the combined brief case and traveling bag.

As a gift to executives and salesmen by the firms employing them, the Brief-O-Grip proves a source of satisfaction to the user and of direct value to the giver.

Plenty of room for business papers and samples, as well as toilet requisites and clothing! Durably made of brown or black genuine cowhide, light and strong. Brief-O-Grips are obtainable either with or without adjustable pockets.

Made in 16, 18 and 20-inch sizes, retailed at $15.00 to $25.00 by all stores where better luggage is sold.

MAX DAMM COMPANY, Inc.
88 St. Francis Street, Newark, N. J.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. We want you to send them in, together with their answers. For each question and answer published we will pay $5.

Don't forget to send in the *answers* with your questions.

Are any of these too hard for you?

1—What is the earliest record of finger-printing for identification?—*Philip M. Ziegler, Muscatine, Iowa.*

2—When were breech-loading field guns first used?—*Mrs. P. H. Cain, Denver, Colo.*

3—Which is the most widely read book?—*Eleanor Hay, Bridgeport, Conn.*

4—What and where is the only active volcano in the United States?—*Mrs. Carl C. Bailey, Ardmore, Pa.*

5—Why is the name Derby applied to a horse race?—*P. K. Lawrence, Albany, N. Y.*

6—When did the first international Davis Cup tennis championship matches take place, and who won them?—*B. S. Goodrich, Hanover, N. H.*

7—What constitutes a first class post office? How many are there?—*Mrs. Charles Wright, Terre Haute, Ind.*

8—What creatures never swallow water?—*Mrs. E. Leonard Anderson, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

9—In what State is the death penalty never inflicted?—*Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.*

10—What State once included six of the present States?—*E. A. Brininstool, Los Angeles, Calif.*

11—What piece of United States money first bore the motto: "In God We Trust"?—*George H. Kesselhuth, Cambridge, Mass.*

12—What American wrote a history of France which, when translated, was used as a textbook in French public schools?—*Dean Newman, Knoxville, Tenn.*

13—What are the only three absolute monarchies in the world?—*Edward Cosgrove, San Francisco, Calif.*

14—When and between whom was the first intercollegiate football game played?—*T. C. Dickerson, Newport News, Va.*

15—What member of the present British Parliament has held important positions in the Cabinets of three parties? — *Elizabeth Field Laughton, Montreal, Canada.*

16—When was December 25 established as the date of Christmas?—*Blanche DeForest Walton, Upper Darby, Pa.*

17—Who was the first aviator to cross the English Channel, and when?—*Henry Bezinian, Montreal Branch, Canada.*

18—How many mints are in the United States, and where?—*Delia Downard, Brooksville, Ky.*

19—What was the first electrically driven battleship in the world, and when was it placed in commission?—*M. W. Hutchinson, Jr., Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

20—What animal bears its young in lots of four, each lot being all males or all females?—*Mrs. Marvin Davis Winsett, Dallas, Tex.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—When and where was the first subway constructed?—*J. Emmett Frost, Buffalo, N. Y.*
A.—In London. Begun 1853.

2—When was prohibition first tried in this country?—*Wanda Craig, Mansfield, Mo.*
A.—In 1733 the trustees of the colony of Georgia tried to prohibit rum.

3—What State first granted woman suffrage?—*Mrs. C. C. Hawthorne, North Long Beach, Calif.*
A.—Wyoming, 1869.

4—How and when was the Liberty Bell cracked?—*Gladys E. Cassidy, Denver, Colo.*
A.—July 8, 1835, on being tolled at the death of John Marshall.

5—What States have more Senators than Representatives in Congress?—*F. H. Valentine, Washington, D. C.*
A.—Five: Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, and Wyoming, which have one representative each.

6—In what States is the sale and smoking of cigarettes prohibited?—*Elsie Uthoff, Colorado Springs, Colo.*
A.—In Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, and Mississippi.

7—What insect will commit suicide when threatened with death by fire?—*H. O. Thompson, Malden, Mass.*
A.—The scorpion.

8—How fast does a baseball travel when delivered by the average pitcher?—*Pearl Smith, Chicago, Ill.*
A.—Approximately 220 feet a second, or a trifle more than two miles a minute.

9—What doe has webbed feet?—*Marguerita Kay, Sturgis, Mich.*
A.—The water spaniel.

10—What was the first public address in America to be reported in shorthand?—*Mary Henke, Monticello, Ind.*
A.—Thomas Lloyd reported by shorthand Washington's first inaugural address.

11—What present-day world figure was a librarian eight years ago?—*Grace Young, Hammond, Ind.*
A.—Father Achille Ratti, now Pope Pius XI.

12—What was the first State admitted to the original thirteen?—*J. M. Green, McAlester, Okla.*
A. Vermont.

13—What is the record for field goals in football in one game? By whom made?—*Hattie Morris, Detroit, Mich.*
A.—Seventeen, by "Frosty" Peters, at Montana, in 1924.

14—What is the total energy of Niagara Falls calculated to be?—*C. C. Syler, Vandalia, Mo.*
A.—16,000,000 horsepower.

15—Where is the world's largest floating dry-dock?—*Ruth P. Connolly, Buffalo, N. Y.*
A.—At Southampton, England.

16—What is the largest paper money printed by the United States Government?—*J. H. Harrington, Concord, N. H.*
A.—$10,000.

17—Has the Vice-President a vote in the Senate?—*William J. Hennessey, Newburgh, N. Y.*
A.—No. He has no vote except in cases of a tie ballot.

18—How much air will the lungs of the average man hold?—*James E. Trask, St. Paul, Minn.*
A.—Ten pints in deep breathing, or six pints in ordinary breathing; about one pint is breathed in and out at each breath.

19—When and by whom was the Tammany Society founded?—*C. J. Keller, St. Paul, Minn.*
A.—May 12, 1789, by William Mooney, ex-Revolutionary soldier.

20—In what two States in the United States is New Year's Day not a legal holiday?—*Laura G. Perrin, Long Beach, Calif.*
A.—Arkansas and Massachusetts.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But we don't know everything.

AN INVESTMENT PLAN for Men and Women who are

Looking Ahead

You may buy bonds outright or invest monthly savings at 6½%

BUSINESS MEN and clergymen, salaried men and farmers, teachers and widows—substantial men and women in 48 States and in 33 countries and territories abroad — have bought Smith Bonds by mail.

This world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds is the result of 53 years of proven safety in real estate first mortgage investments. Behind Smith Bonds is The F. H. Smith Company's record of

No Loss to Any Investor in 53 Years

Smith Bonds combine safeguards that have resulted in this record with the strong security of first mortgages on modern, income-producing city property, and with the liberal interest rate of 6½%.

You may buy 6½% Smith Bonds in $100, $500 and $1,000 denominations, outright for cash, or under our Investment Savings Plan.

Study These Three Stacks of Money

Here you see the result of compound interest—*of money multiplied by time.* Here is an investment of $50 a month, at 6½%, with the interest reinvested at the same rate. In twenty years the total of interest earned *exceeds* the total of principal invested. The total accumulation of $24,400.50, at 6½%, will produce a monthly income of more than 2½ times the original monthly investment.

Our Investment Savings Plan enables you to invest $10, $20, $30, $40, $50 or more a month in Smith Bonds. Your regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest—6½%.

Send your name and address on the form below for our booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety," and "How to Build an Independent Income."

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Memory

A Short Story of a Love Song, a Peach Velvet Gown, and Twelve Hearts

By Gladys St. John-Loe

Pictures by Maude Martin Ellis

SHE leaned against the stone balustrade at the edge of the terrace, her eyes closed, her lips smiling, every nerve in her body thrilling with happiness. It was the most wonderful moment of her life—so utterly, ineffably perfect that she hated the thought that it must pass, must melt like a dream into the limbo of remembered things. If only she could go on like that forever—not thinking, only feeling—feeling—*being!*

She drew in a long breath and, opening her eyes, stared out over the moonlit scene before her—at the broad, flat sweep of lawn with its pearly sheen of dew; at the trees in the park beyond, dipping away in a gentle slope to the distant highroad; at the wide arch of heaven, holding the moon in its span like a silver shell in a sapphire bowl.

Slowly her gaze traveled from these things to the face of the man beside her—the man whose wife she had just promised to be. And as she looked at him a great tenderness welled up in her, flooding her veins with a sense of rapturous, tingling warmth.

"I'm so happy!" she told him blissfully—"so happy that I'm afraid!"

He laughed, an exalted boyish laugh, and, taking her into his arms, kissed her passionately upon the mouth.

"Afraid? What a funny thing to say! Why, this is only a beginning—a *beginning.*"

For a moment she lay passive in his arms, crazed with gladness, with an emotion in which body, soul, and spirit seemed fused together in one flaming whirl of ecstasy. Then she struggled free of his embrace, held him a little away from her, and gazed earnestly, ardently up at him.

"If one could be sure!" she whispered—"quite, quite sure!"

"Sure of what?"

"That the future would be always—just as wonderful."

"But I am! I am!"

"If one could be sure!" she whispered—"quite, quite sure!"

She made no reply—stood leaning with her head against his shoulder, lulled into a sense of dreaming security. And presently, from the house behind them, there floated the first notes of a song—a throbbing, yearning love song, sung exquisitely in a woman's pure contralto voice.

A new magic stole upon the night—a beauty as subtle as a perfume, as poignant as life itself. It was as if, drop by drop, a strange, wild sweetness fell upon their souls, wooing their senses like a drug. Time, like thought, was blotted out.

The song went on, a commonplace, sentimental effusion in which "love" rhymed with "stars above," and "thine" with "divine," and in which the singer vowed—as all singing lovers vow—to keep the flame of love eternally burning, to be true "forever and ever—and ever."

Examined in the cold light of reason, almost any normally intelligent person would have been struck by the abysmal absurdity of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

Something New by Essex

A Four Door Sedan

FIVE PASSENGER

$795

ESSEX COACH **$695**

F. O. B. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Built This Fine Car Way

Steel Body.
Doors That Won't Sag.
Two Tone Colors.
High Grade Mohair Upholstery.
Adjustable Front Bench Seat.
Crank Window Regulators.
Robe Rail, Dome Light, Door Pockets.
Genuine Plate Glass Throughout.
Walnut Steering Wheel—Adjustable for driving positions.
Motor With Famous Super-Six Patents—Gives absolute Smoothness.
Front End Timing Chain—Adjustable for wear.
Chain Driven Generator.
Roller Valve Tappets—For long quiet wear.
Aluminum Alloy Pistons—For smoothness and efficiency.
Radiator Shutters and Moto-Meter—For motor heat control.
Air and Gasoline—Cleaned of impurities.
Automatic Ignition Advance.
Rear Axle with Four Pinion Differential.
Oil Lubricated Chassis—With Oil capacity for hundreds of miles.
Balanced Tubular Propeller Shaft.
Aluminum Transmission Case.
Ball Thrust Bearings in Steering Gear and Front Axle—Give easy steering.
Spring Shackles—Adjustable for wear.
Ventilated Crankcase—Preventing oil dilution.
Extra Size Chromium Steel Springs—Giving unexcelled riding qualities.
Oversize Brakes—Very Efficient.

New Type · New Colors New Upholstering New Appointments

This Sedan offers individuality as well as economical and reliable transportation. It has a new beauty of line, distinction in its two tone color effects and a richness of upholstering comparable in texture and quality with that used in costliest cars. The appointments meet your requirements for beauty and utility.

And, of course, you have Essex design, Super-Six motor efficiency and costly car detail. No car is easier riding, none steers easier, none is more comfortable to driver and passenger. Adjustments remain in adjustment. Parts that wear are provided with means to easily take up wear, as, for instance, the silent front end timing chain. Essex is easily cared for—it costs little to operate.

In the Sedan you will find fulfillment of your desire for beauty, richness, the newest thing in closed car comfort and unrivaled performance in smoothness and reliability.

"A 30 MINUTE RIDE WILL WIN YOU"

What Lovely Gifts!

Think! What else could you give for $3 that's so handsome, useful or welcome?

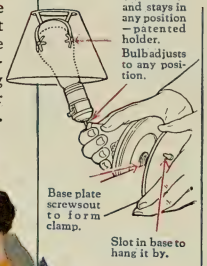
AREN'T you getting right here and now one of those real gift "inspirations" that so rarely come—solving all the perplexities of "what to give", in the most delightful satisfying way? Surely a Buss Light "sums up" all the gift qualities you always seek—it's so refreshingly *different*, so handsome in *appearance* and quality, so obviously *useful* to anyone, yet withal so *moderate in cost!*

LaBelle Design parchment shade—bronze metal base.

The shade tilts to throw the light rays in any direction.

How these little lamp beauties will appeal to her.

Her first delight will be the charm and color of the Buss Lights with their new translucent parchment shades—designed by a nationally known lamp shade artist. Dainty floral designs for bedroom or boudoir—or rich, warm, glowing colors for the library or living room. Simply as an ornamental stand lamp the sheer loveliness of a Buss Light will make any woman happy.



All BUSS Lights have the above exclusive features.

La Cherie Design parchment shade—bronze metal base.

In a jiffy you can hang it on hook or nail.

Imagine what a Buss Light would mean to him.

Where is the man that won't revel in a light of his own to use as he likes—a lamp that will twist and turn for him instead of him having to twist and turn for it? —a light so flexible in use that it can almost tie itself in knots to satisfy his every whim and wish—a light that he can clamp or hang anywhere and adjust any way. What a relief from the ordinary rigid stand lamp that can't do anything else but stand!

La Rose Design parchment shade—ivory metal base.

Scratchless base clamp holds to anything round or square.

But a second thrill of pleasure comes when she sees what she can do with a Buss Light. She can clamp it on the bed to read in lazy cushioned comfort. Or, in a jiffy, she can make of it a dainty bracket that hugs the wall like a permanent fixture. Again, she can adjust the light any way, on her chair for embroidering or clamped on the sewing machine, she can focus the light rays just where needed.

La Fleur Design parchment shade—ivory metal base.

Bulb socket as well as shade adjusts to any position.

BUSS Lights

The Handiest Light in the World©

Ask for Buss Lights at any store that handles lights.

The Buss Light line includes parchment shades in four designs, as illustrated here—also metal shades in bronze and ivory. The bases are of metal in Ivory or Statuary Bronze. Price $3 complete with shade, base and extra long cord. (Bulb not included.) The plain bronze finish Buss Light with metal shade for kitchen, garage or work room costs only $2.

If you don't know where to buy Buss Lights, order from us direct on our satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee. We will pay shipping costs. Just specify design wanted and enclose money order. Bussmann Mfg. Co., 3800 N. 23rd St., St. Louis.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

the words. But the listening pair were in no mood for criticism. They were in that condition of mind when love, however expressed, is a holy thing. And the unseen singer's voice was rarely beautiful.

The music stopped, died away on a final upward sweep of notes, a little whispering, tender chord.

The man was the first to speak.

"A jolly fine song that," he commented enthusiastically. "Wonder what it's called?"

She lifted her head from his shoulder, looked out with shadow-filled eyes into the black and silver distance.

"It's called Memory," she told him softly. "It is rather fine, isn't it? And Elenor sings it so well."

"'Memory'? Hem!" He repeated the word thoughtfully. "Quite a good name, too. I'll bet *I* never forget it, anyway. Whenever I hear it in future I shall always think of this moment—the happiest I've ever known—so far."

HE fondled her hand, raised it to his lips, kissed each finger gently, one by one; then turned it over and laid his mouth adoringly against the small soft palm.

"Funny how certain things do stick in one's mind," he went on musingly. "For instance, I can tell you exactly the sort of dress you were wearing the first time I saw you—velvet, the color of ripe peaches. And you had a brooch like an oyster shell made of pearls. I wonder if you've any idea of how beautiful you were—how beautiful you always are—always will be—to me?"

ONLY the moon saw the look that came into her eyes.

He talked on for a while in the same strain; and then, abruptly, a shadow fell across the bright wedge of light that streamed from some open French windows about ten yards away from them.

A tall, thickset man in evening dress came out upon the terrace.

"Hullo, Brett!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the two moonlit figures by the balustrade. "Wondered where you'd got to. We're ready to start, if you are."

"Righto! Shan't be a minute."

The lover turned ruefully to the woman by his side.

"I'm awfully sorry, darling. I hate leaving you—but I promised them I'd take a hand at bridge. D'you mind?"

She drew her hand out of his and moved a step away from him. A tiny shadow of disappointment swept over her. She felt herself stiffen—felt the tingling warmth drain out of her body. But her voice was light with a hint of raillery as she replied:

"Mind? Of course not. As if I were going to start tyrannizing over you already — interfering with your pleasures?"

"Oh, *pleasure!* I'd much rather stay here with you, of course. But, you see—I promised."

SHE pushed him gently away from her toward the lighted window.

"I understand."

"And you're quite sure you don't mind?"

"Not a scrap. In fact, I—I rather think I'd like to be alone—for a bit—to think out things—*you* know. And it's such a lovely night."

"Well—if you're quite certain——"

He caught at the hand she had withdrawn, gave the fingers a little reassuring squeeze.

"I'd love to kiss you again. If that old fool Morrison— You can't imagine how wonderful you look."

She gave him another push.

"Oh, run along, you old goose. You're keeping them waiting. It isn't as if we couldn't spare the time—as if there weren't tomorrow."

An air of relief banished the lingering doubt from his eyes.

"Of course—and *all* the tomorrows, 'for ever and ever,' as that song says."

"Yes—for ever and ever."

He swung round on his heel and walked quickly away toward the waiting Morrison. Another moment and they had passed together through the open window.

AND presently the woman followed, stood just beyond the edge of the light, looking in.

He was sitting facing her across the green baize-covered table—this man whose wife she had promised to be. Unseen herself, she could watch every shade of expression that flitted over his fair, blunt, good-tempered features. In spite of a certain solidity of figure, there was something ineradicably boyish about his appearance. It showed in the wide-set, laughing eyes, in the mouth that could be alternately cajoling or stubborn, in the thick mat of light brown hair which, somehow, seemed to suggest a certain degree of riotous irresponsibility.

As she watched him she found herself picturing what he must have been like as a child—a jolly, mischievous, adorable little boy. And as she did so the warm feeling crept back into her heart, a feeling of immeasurable tenderness, of almost maternal devotion. Without being blind to any of his faults—even while realizing how utterly and completely he differed from the "ideal man" she had always imagined herself one day marrying—she knew that she loved him with a love that came near to idolatry.

She moved away from the window, back to where the low, heavy perfume of syringa floated upon the still air. Looking down, she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mince Pie!

All the family

beams with joy when the mince pie appears. From beneath its flaky brown crust rises the steaming aroma of fruits and spices. Do they like it? You'd better believe they do, *when made with*

Father

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Mother

Pie is only one of the many pleasing things you can make with None Such. Crisp, fruity cookies delightful cakes, tempting salads, tasty puddings—each one a joy to the appetite. The recipe below is one of the prize winners in our $1250 None Such Recipe Prize Contest conducted recently, in which over 19,400 recipes were received from all over the country.* More of these recipes will appear later. *Try them: you'll be delighted.*

Son

Daughter

*Awards made by Department of Home Economics, Syracuse University, the Dean of which is Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, Secretary of State for New York.

NONE SUCH Cookies!

PRIZE RECIPE

Ingredients—1 cup butter; 1½ cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1½ tablespoons hot water; 3¾ cups flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup chopped walnut meats; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up in very small pieces.

Method—Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and ½ of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y.

Eight doctors out of every ten advised Nujol type of treatment

DOCTORS from coast to coast were recently asked whether they advised the Nujol type of constipation treatment to their patients. 80.7% of all these doctors answered "Yes"

64% condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. One doctor said, "An almost incalculable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the cost of permanent injury. Laxatives bring on the laxative habit."

Doctors advise Nujol

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they were advising it in place of laxatives for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. A more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary. Avoid substitutes.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

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Accept This TRIAL Offer

Nujol Laboratories, Room 823E, 26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

MEMORY
[Continued from Page Sixty-three]

could see the small pale flowers sticking out of the dark bushes, waxy pure in the moonlight.

Suddenly the voice of the unseen singer began anew. And again she sang the same song, trying the different verses over and over again, as if to perfect herself in the phrasing, to infuse the utmost beauty into her rendering:

". . . love,
. . . stars above,
. . . thine,
. . . divine,
. . . for ever and ever——"

"I wonder?" the listening woman whispered. "I wonder if anything—like that—could ever last, exactly the same—for ever?"

From the open French windows came a sudden gust of laughter—the sort of laughter with which men greet a coarse joke among themselves.

She winced. Some of the rapture faded out of her face. Already it seemed as if her "perfect moment" had vanished.

FIFTEEN years had passed.

In the drawing-room at Ravenswood a woman sat idly playing on a grand piano—a woman in a dress of peach-colored velvet.

Before her, tall French windows

stood open to the summer night. Outside, the trees of the park reared black and silver shapes in the moonlight. A faint pearly sheen lay over the smooth grass of the lawn. The flowers of the syringa sprayed their heavy perfume on the still air. And as the woman played she sang softly to herself, looking out into the darkness.

There was a very wistful expression deep in her eyes—a look that had in it something of sadness, something of the faint mocking sweetness of remembered things.

Presently the door opened and a man came into the room—a stout, florid man with wide set, matter-of-fact gray eyes, a small close-clipped mustache, and lightish hair that was beginning to go thin about the crown.

He came in slowly, trailing the loose sheets of a newspaper in one hand, crossed over to a couch, and sank, with a little involuntary grunt, upon its deep springy cushions.

Taking out a handkerchief, he proceeded to mop his neck and forehead with an air of fretful irritation.

"Phew! Devilish hot tonight!" he remarked. "Doesn't seem to be a breath of air anywhere."

His wife stopped playing and glanced across at him.

"Yes—it is close," she agreed vaguely.

"Close? *Close?* Sweltering, I call it."

He tucked the handkerchief back into his breast pocket, lighted a cigarette from a gold case, and settled down to the prosaic and comfortable enjoyment of the evening newspaper.

For a while the woman watched him, her brows gathered in a little frown of concentrated thought; then, arranging some music on the piano rest, she played the opening bars of a song. She had a pleasant, well trained voice, not powerful, but full of a very subtle and telling emotion, and she sang the song with extraordinary feeling, as if, for her at least, it held some deep and secret meaning.

When she had finished, when the last little whispering chord had died away into silence, the man laid his newspaper upon his knees and, glancing across the room at her, remarked:

"Hem! Not a bad sort of song, that. What is it called?"

"IT'S called Memory," she told him gently, and marveled at the steadiness of her voice.

Had he chanced to have been looking at her instead of at one of the chalky spots on his finger nails, he might have been faintly puzzled by the expression that came into her face.

"It's called — Memory," she told him gently, and marveled at the steadiness of her voice.

"'Memory'? Hem! Idiotic titles they do give those modern love songs, to be sure!"

"But it isn't modern," she corrected.

"No? Thought perhaps it was something you'd just bought. Don't seem to remember having heard you sing it before."

She shook her head.

"NO, I don't suppose you would. It—it's quite a long time now—since I sang it."

He nodded complacently, flicking the ash from his cigarette with a plump white finger. Then, with a sudden briskness, he went on:

"Talking about remembering things reminds me of something that happened last night. You know, I was playing bridge with old Morrison and the two Grants? Well, the last hand was rather a curious one. Ted had four aces and four twos, I had four sixes, and Morrison four kings. And when we'd finished we started talking about the various freak hands we'd seen played—and I reminded old Morrison of that hand I had years ago—you remember, the night I asked you to marry me—twelve hearts and an odd ace. Don't think I ever saw anything to beat *that.*"

He took a long draw at his cigarette, sent the smoke whirling in a cloud toward the ceiling, and added:

"Bet you I could tell you who had every other card in the pack. How's that for a good memory?"

"Wonderful." She got up from the piano, closed the lid, and moved slowly toward the middle of the room. "Psychoanalysts tell us that we always remember the sort of things that impress us—interest us—most."

He made a little generalizing gesture of the hand.

"Maybe, maybe. Though, personally, I don't profess to understand all this newfangled rubbish they talk."

He broke off, staring thoughtfully after his wife as she con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wahl Fountain Pen Desk Sets from $7.50 to $30. Set illustrated, marble or glass base, two pens, $30.00

The Gifts that Santa Claus would Choose

Here are gifts that echo Merry Christmas all the year around √ Different, useful, lovely, and friendly √ √ Wahl Fountain Pen Desk Sets and Wahl-Eversharp Writing Sets √ √ The desk sets are something entirely new √ A single gracefully tapered Wahl Fountain Pen, or a pair of them, perfectly balanced to the hand and set on a base of imported Italian Portoro Marble, Emeraline Glass, or Pearl Amerith √ For the business man's desk, let us suggest Portoro Marble, jet black veined with tints from gray to gold, or finest Emeraline Glass √ For the woman's desk, Pearl Amerith, with its texture and sheen of mother-of-pearl, in Silver White, Rose Pink, Orchid, or Empyrean Blue √ √ Ball and socket joints that permit turning the pens to any angle or elevation √ √ Wahl-Eversharp Writing Sets — A Wahl Pen nested in an attractive gift box with its companion Eversharp — are *write* gifts for everybody √ √ At Wahl-Eversharp counters everywhere.

Wahl Eversharp Writing Sets from $5.00 to $35.00. Set illustrated, gold-filled, $13.00

EVERSHARP and WAHL PEN

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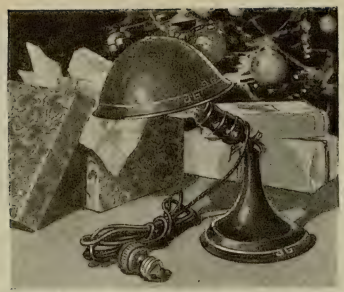

"For Dad"—a Lamp all His Own

A friendly lamp at his elbow to remind him all through the year of "someone's" Christmas thoughtfulness. And not only friendly but most versatile: a lamp that bends down graciously to ease tired eyes or that stands up boldly, lifts off its shade and is brave enough to light a room unaided. Has a way all its own of climbing up on the back of a chair, bedpost or mirror frame and clamping on tight to send out its light wherever needed. A lamp that truly deserves its magical name, as indeed do all its brothers and sisters of a large and deserving family.

Ask for Aladdin Lamps at your dealer or order direct, sending dealer's name if you please.

No. 613, The Famous "DOUGH BOY" Clamp Lamp. Decorated Bronze brushed brass, or Decorated Ivory finish. A truly universal lamp. Clamps anywhere; adjusts to any angle. Appropriately enclosed in Holly wrapper for Xmas giving.

Each, $3.00.

ALADDIN MFG. CO., 617 East 18th St., Muncie, Indiana

"ALADDIN"

ELECTRIC PORTABLE LAMPS

QUALITY AT A PRICE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Will Light Over a Million Homes Tonight"

MEMORY
[Continued from Page Sixty-five]

tinued on her way to the open window. There was a moment's silence; then, abruptly, in a quite different tone of voice, he said:

"By the way, my dear, I do wish you wouldn't wear that yellowy-pinky color. Doesn't suit a bit—fact, it doesn't. Somehow, you don't seem to have the taste in clothes you used to have."

"No?" Resting one hand against the framework of the window, the woman stood staring out into the night, breathing the sweet breath of syringa blossoms. "Perhaps—it's because I'm getting old."

"Old? Pooh! Rubbish!" He gave a little noisy laugh and rustled the newspaper. "Old? Why, you're only forty—barely middle-aged yet. No, you couldn't call yourself *old*."

She smiled—a slow, wistful smile. Only the moon saw the look that came into her eyes.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Surprised Grandma!

Charlie's father was an American and his mother French, and they resided in Paris. When he was just learning to talk, the family came to America to visit the grandparents, whom Charlie had never seen. On board the steamer, the father and mother entertained themselves teaching the little fellow to say things to surprise grandma. One thing was:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!

And to please grandma, he was told upon arrival to say, "My dear grandma, how are you?"

The great day came. Grandma was waiting at the station and this is what Charlie said:

"My dear grandma, how I wonder what you are."—M. H. R., Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Practical Child!

A neighbor's boy was staying with us while his mother was in the hospital. He came home one day from school with his feet wet and complained of a sore throat. Mother was trying to get him to gargle, but he didn't seem to get the idea, so she called to Isabel to show him what to do. Isabel watched the performance and remarked, "Mother, why waste the medicine? Let him practice on water."—W. H. F., Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

He'll Be a Colyumist

One evening, thinking to test my small son's knowledge of arithmetic, I asked:

"If our next-door neighbor has a wife and baby, how many are there in the family?"

Johnny thought for a while, then answered:

"I know. There are two and one to carry."—L. O., Metuchen, N. J.

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

A three days' personally conducted motor tour through the colorful Indian country between Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque, New Mexico, on your Santa Fe way to or from California — winter and summer.

In no other way can you see so much of a vast, fascinating region in so short a time and with the same economy, the same comfort. The rate includes everything, i. e., meals, lodging and motor transportation — under expert Santa Fe-Fred Harvey management.

Mail this Coupon for Picture Folder

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1127-A Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please send me free picture folder about the Indian-detour.

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Dont suffer from a cough. Kemp's Balsam will give you immediate relief.

KEMP & LANE, Inc., Lo Roy, N. Y. L12-11
I enclose 4 cents in stamps to pay cost of mailing trial packages of Kemp's Balsam and Lane's Cold Tablets.
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Millions know how to

Keep Slender

In every crowd now note how slenderness prevails. Fat has become the exception. It is a blight to beauty, health and fitness, and people have learned to combat it. Go ask your friends how they lost their fat and follow their example.

The leading way for 19 years has been Marmola Prescription Tablets. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

Those delighted users have told others until the use of Marmola has spread the world over. Your friends will tell you if you ask them. People who know are using over a million boxes yearly.

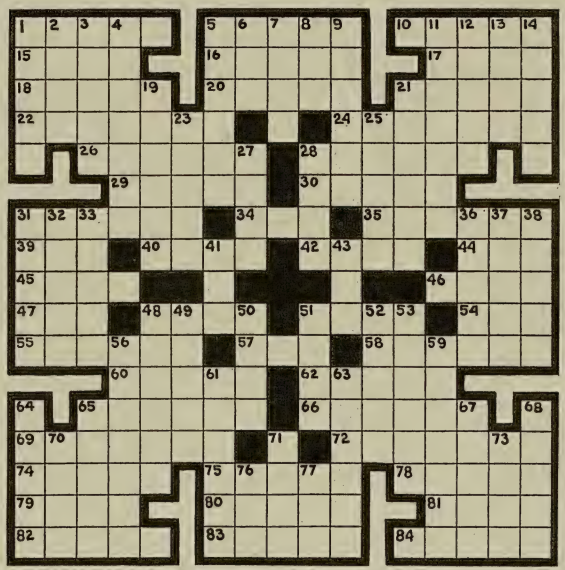
Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Watch the weight come down, the vitality go up. Note the change that appears in a month. You'll be glad you learned about it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

THAT'S what LIBERTY is paying fans each week for the best cross-word puzzle submitted. And contributions are coming in from the ends of the earth, as well as from every part of the United States. The other day a puzzle arrived postmarked Baile Atha Cliath, and it took several minutes for the Puzzle Editor to identify same with the Irish city of Dublin, where Gaelic is being revived. Wherever you live, send them along—remembering that to be eligible your puzzle must interlock properly and not employ obsolete or technical words. Address, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 14

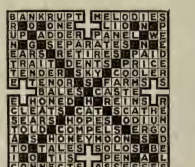
By RUTH M. FERGUSON, Moline, Ill.

HORIZONTAL

1 An open square
5 Complete confusion or disorder
10 The principal component part of a thing
15 Cavity
16 A river in France
17 Color quality or tint
18 Pertaining to a lobe
20 Paraguay tea
21 Trough or tube down which various things may pass
22 Affluent
24 A bivalve
26 Inlaid surface decoration
28 Courses
29 Absolute
30 Attack
31 A variety of apple
34 An Australian bird
35 Musical direction meaning quickly, rapidly
39 A pronoun
40 A standard opening in the game of checkers
42 To throw
44 A beverage
45 Broad
46 A planet
47 A letter of the Greek alphabet
48 Pressen for settlement
51 A quick, sharp noise
54 Prefix meaning three
55 Pertaining to a Christian season
57 A constellation
58 The north wind
60 Proportion
62 A vegetable (collective)
65 A shade of red
66 Prolong
69 Narcotics
72 Character in Shakespeare's Winter's Tale
74 A black, viscid substance
75 Custom
78 A title of courtesy in Spanish
79 Rind
80 A supporting frame
81 Underdone
82 A possession
83 Small stalks
84 A fine powdered lava

VERTICAL

1 A flower
2 Noose
3 A printed book of selections
4 Ardent
5 Ocean nymph who was changed into the heliotrope (classical mythology)
6 Garden implement
7 Unsubstantial
8 Sphere
9 A division of the year
11 One possessed of great activity and strength
12 Man's moral and emotional nature (plural)
13 In
14 Oozes
19 Physically refreshed
21 Panders
23 Smartly spruce
25 Points or horns of a crescent moon
27 One of a tribe of Algonquian Indians
28 To put to disorderly flight
31 Part of a spur
32 To join
33 A battle of the Franco-Prussian War
36 Condition
37 The earth
38 Fertile spot
41 Relationship
43 Greasy liquid
48 Scarcity
49 To free from bonds
50 Wild plum
51 To contend with
52 Lessen
53 Difficult questions
56 Molasses
59 Furnishes, as assistance
61 Puts into circulation
63 Ejects
64 Palestine seaport
65 Quotes
67 The daughter of Jacob and Leah
68 Merchandise
70 Tarts
71 Ornamental jar
73 Rent
76 Perched
77 A kind of light muffin



Answer to Puzzle No. 13

That's all there is to it!

A sudden leak in your radiator cannot spoil your day if you carry Seal-Fast in the car. Anyone can pour it in the radiator—and that's all there's to it! The chemical action of Seal-Fast mends all leaks permanently. Stops them like magic. Known and used from Norway to Australia and from South Africa to Alaska, by thousands of motorists. Seal-Fast improves radiation by dissolving rust and scale—works equally well with alcohol or glycerin—and is harmless to rubber, leather or metal.

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"Gee Dad! I'm Glad it's an American Flyer"

—thousands of boys will say that to their dads on Christmas morning. There's only one miniature railroad line that's good enough to carry the name "American Flyer". Most boys know that—so it's natural that your boy hopes he'll own an *American Flyer* this Christmas. American Flyers are *real* trains—real in looks and real in performance. They've won their reputation in the hands of more than 5½ million enthusiastic American boys. Ask your dealer to show you the "President's Special" and the many other fine trains in the American Flyer line. If he hasn't the American Flyer you want, he'll be glad to order it, or we'll ship direct. Electrical, $6 to $42.50. Mechanical, $1.90 to $6. Slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains. Every train fully guaranteed.

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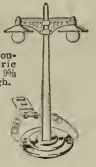
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"American Flyer"
MINIATURE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS

The "President's Special"

Necks Tell the Truth

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

Her mirror must reveal a firm, unblemished line from chin to ear.

IN her whole circle of friends there is only one on which a woman may depend for the plain truth about how young or how old she looks. This one alone knows nothing of the rules of courtesy.

No woman looks as young as she thinks she looks unless her mirror reveals a firm, unblemished line from chin to ear and back again. The neck line, more than the silhouette, totals up years or subtracts them.

Take that mirror to a strong light and view yourself in profile and full face. If there is no heavy shadow or protuberance immediately beneath the chin, no crepy gathers there, no lumpiness or flabbiness along the jaw line, you are holding your own with the youngest of them.

If any of these imperfections appear, don't believe your friends who tell you about how young you are looking. Don't be discouraged about it, though, because it is just as possible to reclaim the lines of youth in your neck as it is those in your figure.

It isn't age alone that is responsible for all the double chins and sagging jowls. Young girls raise an old look simply by reading with the chin buried in the neck. Correct posture is important and any number of women attain middle age without any neck disfigurements because they have held the head erect.

IF one is overweight there is sure to be a frank confession of avoirdupois under the chin. The exercise and diet employed to remove the excess bodily weight will automatically do away with the extra chin. In reducing courses, however, special treatment should be given the neck, so that the vanished fat will not leave it in a flabby or "wattled" condition. It is imperative to use a massage cream or muscle oil after neck exercises and an astringent to help contract the loosening skin.

Neck troubles aren't confined to the plump by any means. A flabby, drooping, or crepy condition is seen in thin individuals, invariably the result of giving more attention to the complexion than to the neck.

The massage nightly should not stop short of the base of the throat, if one hopes to preserve the firm contour of youth. It has been said that no neck after thirty should be left to its own devices. This statement is erroneous—certainly no neck after twenty-five should be neglected a single night.

In order to keep the neck line firm, the muscles that hold up the chin must be stimulated to action. Massaging with upward and outward strokes from the base of the throat is good, after the hands have been greased with a skin preservative of some kind. Patting the skin from the left ear, down under the chin, and up to the right ear with the back of the hand is another excellent measure of keeping the muscles toned. Easier than the hand pat, however, is the use of a patter that you can buy. It has a long, flexible handle, and is used lightly after a tissue cream has been applied. After the patting is done and the cream removed, use an astringent.

If the chin and cheek line is baggy, a chin strap will help. The strap must fit snugly over the chin and must be worn for several hours during the day and all night to be effective.

A PAD of absorbent cotton wet with astringent, placed under the chin and held there by a cheesecloth bandage knotted tightly on the top of the head, is recommended where a slight flabbiness begins to show. Leave it on until the pad is dry.

Don't rely entirely on local measures for that firm, clean neck line. Exercise those muscles. Turn the head sharply to right and left, then forward toward chest, and back. Count one, two, three, four, and repeat a dozen times, resting occasionally if a slight dizziness attacks you. Then open the mouth wide, and close it. The motion is a gum-chewing one and you can feel the strong pull of the chin muscles.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

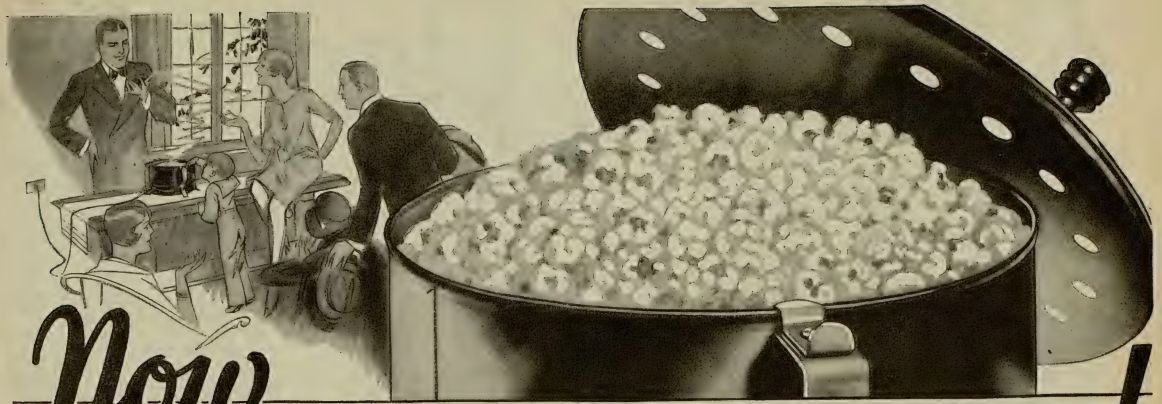
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y. 17

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

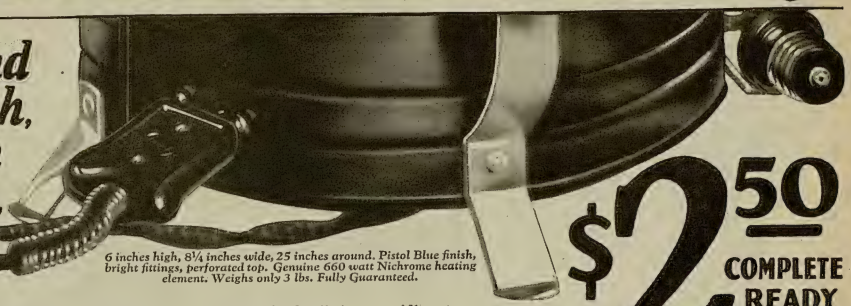
Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....



Now AN Electric CORN POPPER!



All the Fun and Flavor of Fresh, Hot Popcorn Made in a Jiffy..

6 inches high, 8¼ inches wide, 25 inches around. Pistol Blue finish, bright fittings, perforated top. Genuine 660 watt Nichrome heating element. Weighs only 3 lbs. Fully Guaranteed.

$2.50 COMPLETE READY TO USE

AT last—an electrical invention that fills a long-felt want—a delightful convenience that brings back into favor an old-time sport—a new, better way to make a delicious confection! It's more than a corn popper—it's an *electric* corn popper—the first and only one on the market!

If you've never tasted home-made pop corn, you'll like it now. If you're a true pop corn lover, you'll like it better. For this new modern way to pop corn makes it more tender, flaky, delicious. You can eat it while it's hot and fresh. And you can pop it with far less fuss and bother. It's real fun to pop corn now!

How It Works

Simply connect to any light socket. Pour the kernels into the popper and stir gently by turning the knob. In five minutes you have a half-gallon popped—in ten minutes a gallon and a half. Then pour on hot butter and sprinkle a little salt to give that delicious, mouth-watering taste. Presto! A dish fit for a king!

Any child can safely use this convenient electric corn popper. No need to stand over a dangerous stove. Nothing complicated about it and nothing to get out of order. It heats rapidly yet burns less current than your electric iron.

Bacon and eggs, chops or even fried potatoes and other light cooking can be done to a turn in the popper.

First Aid to the Hostess

Pop corn is an ideal fill-in for light refreshments after the game, theatre or even for unexpected callers. You can make a dozen appetizing dishes that appeal to old and young alike.

The recipes shown here are only a few of the many tempting appetizers you can make with pop corn. It adds a distinctive dish to your menu—something out of the ordinary.

4 Tasty Popcorn Recipes

Pop Corn Balls—Mix 2 cups Granulated Sugar, ½ cup water, ¼ teaspoonful Cream of Tartar. Boil 'till hard ball forms when dropped in water. Put 2 quarts of Pop Corn in bowl. Pour syrup over and stir 'till well mixed. While still warm form corn into balls with hands and roll in powdered sugar.

Maple Pop Corn Bars—Cook two cups of Maple Sugar and one cup sweet cream 'till hard ball forms when dropped in water. Beat until creamy. Then stir in one pint Popped Corn. Mix well. Pour into buttered pan. When cold, cut into bars with sharp knife.

Pop Corn Macaroons—Run 3 cups freshly Popped Corn and 1 cup Blanched Almonds through the food chopper. Beat the Whites of three Eggs 'till stiff. Add ½ cup powdered Sugar and beat 3 minutes. Then mix in the corn and almonds. Drop from spoon on oiled pan and bake 20 minutes.

Pop Corn Fudge—Mix 2 cups White Sugar, 1 cup Milk, 2 tablespoons Butter, pinch of Salt. Boil 'till soft ball forms when dropped in water. Add ½ teaspoon Almond Extract. Stir in 1 cup chopped Pop Corn. Pour on buttered pan. When cool cut with sharp knife.

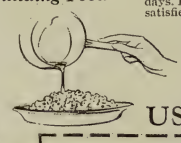
Everybody Likes Pop Corn

Serve it at pop corn parties, clubs, church socials, etc. Dad likes a plateful at his elbow with his evening paper. Children crave it for that after-school hunger.

Popping corn kindles a fireside spirit that keeps the old and young at home, shortens the long winter evenings and bedtime comes too soon.

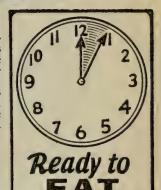
A Strength-Building Food

Not only is pop corn a delicious confection but it is high in nutritive value also. Corn is rich in carbohydrates and proteins. Then, too, it massages the gums—a much-needed exercise in these days of rich, soft foods. In every way pop corn is an ideal item for your daily menu.



A Choice Christmas Gift

The Excel Corn Popper makes a much-appreciated Christmas gift. Thousands of families now enjoy pop corn made this delicious new way. Its low price—$2.50—brings it within reach of all. Since pop corn bought elsewhere costs ten cents a bag, the Excel will soon pay for itself. Being quality-made throughout it will last for years and years. Now is the time to get one.



See your Dealer—Or Order Direct

Dealers are now being supplied with this wonderful electric corn popper. If your dealer does not have it, you may order direct, from us, under our guarantee of satisfaction and free trial offer. Simply deposit $2.50 with coupon below—or pay your postman. Use it for five days. If you are not thoroughly satisfied and delighted with it, your deposit will be refunded without question. Act now and learn how good pop corn can taste when made this modern easy way. Use the coupon below.

DEALERS

This is the first and only electric corn popper on the market. Everywhere dealers are staging big sales due to its novelty, demand, and low price. Be the first in your community to show it. Write today.

The Excel ELECTRIC COMPANY

Dept. W-10, MUNCIE, INDIANA

AMAZING BARGAIN! COMPLETE ELECTRIC COOKER *only* **$7.50**

Excel Electric Cooker prepares a whole meal at one time—bakes, boils, roasts, and stews. Has HIGH and LOW heat—cooks your dinner while you're absent. Prevents food shrinkage and saves you 20c to 35c a meal—it pays for itself in 90 days or less. Makes more appetizing meals and cuts your cooking labor in half. Beautifully finished in blue gray enamel and lined with pure aluminum throughout. Two gallon oven, with removable vessels. Size 13½ x 10¾ inches. Lowest priced electric cooker on the market. Use it five days free. See your dealer today—or order direct with coupon. If not thoroughly satisfied that it saves you work, time and money, your money will be refunded without question. Complete instructions, sent with cooker, answer every question.

USE IT FIVE DAYS FREE

THE EXCEL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. W-10, Muncie, Indiana

Yes, send me the item as checked below, under your five-day free trial offer. You are to refund my money without question if I am not satisfied.

- ○ Excel Electric Corn Popper at $2.50. (West of Denver $2.75.) Enclose money order—or pay postman.
- ○ Excel Electric Cooker at $7.50. (West of Denver $8.50.) Enclose money order—or pay postman.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

RADIO Stage FRIGHT

A SHRIEK, and I turned to see her fairly wilting to the floor.

Picture by ROBERT G. JONES

Lifting the Drop Curtain on the Great Air-Wave Drama

An Article by

J. ANDREW WHITE

Famous Radio Broadcaster

BEHIND the scenes. The phrase has its appeal to everyone. And about the new entertainment field—radio—there is plenty of curiosity.

The performers at work; the audiences; what happens at both ends—these are the things about which I am asked every day.

The picture is a big one. High lights only can be given here, a sketch or two about this and that—let me take them at random from my personal experiences as a broadcaster, as a station director, and as an interested reader of the "applause" letters that listeners have sent in.

The "fans," as the radio enthusiasts term themselves, are really more interesting than the performers. They are everywhere—deep in coal mines, in cabins in the wilderness, on farms, in palatial homes and in shacks, in hospitals and institutions; literally, everywhere; for there is no manner of man or any mode of living lacking representation in the letters of gratitude or appreciation that come to an air entertainer who can stir up emotions with what he delivers into the microphone.

But entertaining by radio isn't all unalloyed joy. There is something almost uncanny and weird about speaking into a small, cold, and impersonal microphone, yet reaching perhaps millions of unseen hearers, a something that awes the inexperienced and brings on what is aptly termed "radio stage fright."

The best of them get it. It is all a matter of temperament. Unless you have faced that unresponsive disk you will never appreciate how disconcerting it is to go on, without human faces before you to express approbation or disapproval. Of inspiration there is none. And when you conclude your broadcast feature there's that uncomfortable feeling that you have tried your utmost but have not given your best.

One notable case, with an amusing result, was that of the talented diva, Mademoiselle Rezia. She had just arrived in America, fresh from her triumphs in the Paris Opera Comique. On the night that I took her out to the wilds of New Jersey the snow was piled waist high and a wintry wind was shrilling through the deserted factory building in which the so-called studio was located. It took her some little time to shake off the chill of the night journey, but finally she was ready to sing. Then I suggested that she try out her voice in a preliminary way, run a few cadenzas to get accustomed to the echoless quality of the heavily draped, sound-deadened room.

It was the worst thing I could have done. Mademoiselle Rezia began with the brilliant tones that filled an opera house to the dome, but they fell lifeless in the vibrationless studio. Her face took on a pained expression. She tried again, and again, and again. Then she became panicky. Her throat was contracting, her ears hummed, her head throbbed. I tried to explain, but my French was execrable, her English negligible.

In her distraction she ran to the washbasin, automatically or instinctively to wash her hands, as is the habit with all professionals just before they enter upon the stage. It's an old custom, I've always observed. A shriek,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

Finished while you wait

— and you don't have to wait long — for Lacq is dry to the touch in five minutes and completely dry in less than a half hour.

Think of the surfaces in and about your home you can finish—now that you don't have to wait for them to dry! And picture your furniture, woodwork, floors renewed with the beautiful Lacq colors — solid or transparent—with colors that wear, that last for the longest possible time. Lacq will bring you new pleasures in the beautifying of your home.

There is only one Lacq —there is no substitute.

Lacq

To Housewives—

Send 10 cents for sample can, together with beautiful new book, "A Garden of Color in Your Home", and Lacq Color Folder.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
National Headquarters, Cleveland, O.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for which please send me a 40-cent sample can of Lacq in the color checked below. Also a copy of "A Garden of Color in Your Home" and Lacq Color Chart.

My Dealer's Name is_____

His Address is_____

My Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

Check color here. Solid colors: Old Ivory, Golden Yellow, Orange, India Buff, Mist Blue, French Gray, Lettuce Green, Shantung Blue, Mandarin Red, Apple Green, Rich Blue, Bright Red, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark Green, Buff, French Yellow, Light Gray, Drab, Oak, Slate, Black, White. Transparent colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Dark Mahogany, Clear.

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EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING
PAINTS · VARNISHES · LACQUERS · ENAMELS

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CORONA *for* CHRISTMAS

No other portable typewriter has all these modern features

Standard four-row keyboard—the same as all office typewriters—no shifting for figures.

Visible writing—you can see what you are writing without raising your head an inch.

Full width carriage—takes a No. 10 envelope—just like any office typewriter.

Self-spacing carriage return—right out where you want it for quick action.

Adjustable paper guide—you can insert each sheet in exactly the same place, so that margins always remain uniform.

Platen knobs—on both ends of carriage.

Automatic ribbon reverse—and twelve-yard, two-color ribbon.

Variable line-spacer—no other portable has one.

Stencilling device — Corona is noted for its clean stencil cutting.

Shift key—on both sides of keyboard.

Type-bar action—exactly the same principle as that employed on all the best office machines.

Double carriage release—you can release with either hand.

Both back spacer and margin release—on the keyboard.

MODELS AND PRICES

THE PRICE of this standard keyboard Corona is $60 with case. Other models at $50 and $55. Special keyboards available for all foreign languages and technical writing. Dealers will accept used typewriters as part payment.

THE BOY who grows up without a Corona is missing something out of life. Give your boy a Corona this Christmas — see how quickly he learns to express himself clearly, concisely, on paper.

For Coronatyping helps him to think; it quickens his imagination; it stimulates his interest in writing; and especially, if he is away at school, it inspires more letters back home. Try it and see!

And make sure that you get Corona. The latest model has the standard four-row keyboard and is like the standard office typewriters in everything but price and weight. No other portable has so many modern big-machine features.

Corona is the most popular "personal" typewriter in the world. It has over 700,000 owners, more than all other makes of portables combined.

Authors, students, salesmen, housewives, business men, both old and young — all who need a typewriter for personal work — can use a Corona.

Look for "Corona" in your phone book; you'll find there a dealer who will gladly bring this latest model Corona right to your home or office for examination. Phone him — or, if you prefer, just mail the coupon below.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Sales offices in principal cities of the world

Established 1903

Also manufacturers of
L C Smith Typewriter, the ball-bearing office machine

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
730 E. Washington Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

☐ Send me latest information about Corona.

☐ What allowance would you make on my.....Typewriter

Model.....Serial No.....

Name.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

and I turned to see her fairly wilting to the floor, alternately holding her hands to her nostrils and stretching them toward me appealingly, with the expression of a hurt child on her contorted features. She had used the factory soap! Vile smelling stuff it was, too. That was the climax. She was then actually ill; couldn't have sung if her life had depended upon it.

We gave her coffee, sandwiches, everything we could think of. It was no use. Suddenly—and to this day I don't know how it got there—I spied a bottle of perfume. Magic! It did the trick. The shattered nerves soon were restored, and she sang. Her broadcast concert was a sensational success.

Nor could a young Russian pianist get himself under control one night at WJZ, when, just as he was about to go on the air, the studio manager mentioned that 600,000 people would hear him play. It made him panicky. He couldn't strike a note, and ended by collapsing on the piano and bursting into hysterical weeping.

P. & A. photo

Mademoiselle Rezia, the French opera star who was a victim of radio stage fright.

IN radio work it is the little things that count.

Time and time again I've seen the public pick up some trivial detail and play with it as a kitten does a ball. Take the sport classics I describe as the action takes place. Always it is some chance remark that remains in the memory in just about the reverse proportion of its importance to the description of an event given in its entirety.

Every afternoon for six successive days, for instance, I had to talk continuously for hours during the world's baseball series; had to see everything and tell it quickly. At the end of a day I needed no rocking to sleep. On one of these occasions I begged the indulgence of the listeners for a moment, to strike a match; my cigar had gone out. The next day the postman brought me nine boxes of cigars!

Another instance: When describing the boxing championships I always have my apparatus set up alongside the ring at a neutral corner. One night things were confused and I had to talk only three feet away from the corner of one of the fighters. Between rounds the water from the second's pail drenched me and a cloud of resin from under the fighter's feet drifted down my throat. I found myself coughing and couldn't stop; so I told the radio listeners what was the trouble. The following morning's mail brought half a dozen boxes of throat lozenges and a gas mask!

But of all my experiences in radio the most trying job was the broadcasting of interpretative comment during the long-drawn-out sessions of the Democratic convention in New York City. What a grind that was!

There was the sweltering heat of Madison Square Garden to contend with, the headaches that came from eyestrain from exposure to the blinding beams of light used by the motion-picture people, and the loss of all appetite after a few days of a diet of "hot dogs" and ginger ale—there was no time for a regular meal. The balloting was practically continuous, and complicated tabulations had to be kept for the summaries given at the conclusion of each roll-call vote. I had to be constantly on the alert, too, for any signs of a break in the deadlock, and to describe the various demonstrations as they broke loose.

No let-up in the strain. Some of the sessions ran until two and four o'clock in the morning. But the radio listeners stuck!

I recall mentioning one morning at 2:30 that I hardly expected anyone to be listening at that hour. Almost immediately a telegram and a long-distance phone call informed me that there were big crowds still standing on the sidewalks and in public places where receivers were in operation.

These messages from the public humanize things for the broadcaster more than the senders can appreciate. The convention brought the usual hundreds of "applause" letters and telegraph messages, but I also received a dozen or more telegrams that conveyed a new idea: that the way to break the deadlock was to place my name in nomination for the Presidency; that several million radio fans would back up my candidacy.

THERE is a more serious side, incidentally, to the responsibilities of the man who controls the microphone at a political convention.

One unique experience was that several campaign managers sought me out, during the deadlock, with the suggestion that if over the air I would say thus and so about certain delegations breaking away from the candidates they had been instructed for, this would result in a flood of telegrams from constituents which would swing the recalcitrant delegates back into line.

The scheme would have worked, too. But broadcasting big events is a descriptive job, not one on which politics can be played or any favoritism shown. So these advances were courteously but firmly turned down.

Radio listeners are very friendly, and when you keep faith with them they will back you up to the limit. I found that out. My mem-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Offer You $100 a week

If you are interested in a high-grade proposition that will bring you a steady income of $100 a week; if you want to make $50 a week in spare hours after your regular work; if you want to be your own boss, work when and where you please, I am ready to make you an offer. I don't care what your age, experience or schooling has been. I don't care what you are doing now. I need men and women that are ambitious and energetic. That's all.

Here Are Amazing Facts!

I will give you the same opportunity that enabled Christopher Vaughn to suddenly increase his income to $125 in a single week; the same offer that caused L. C. Van Allen to increase his earnings from $100 a month to more than $100 a week; the same offer that brought John Scotti $97 in his second week; the one that brings Mrs. Bertha L. Hodges from $18. to $20 a day, and that enabled Mrs. K. R. Roof to make $50 a week in spare time and $15 in a single afternoon. These earnings can be yours. Read how!

$100 Profit Every Week

L. C. Van Allen, of Illinois, says: "Before I accepted the ZANOL Agency I was making $100 a month, but now I average more than that a week. My profit last week was $126 clear, so you can't blame me for being so enthused about the business.

$47 in One Day

Henry Albers had worked at many different things; all without success. As a ZANOL Representative he has made $47 profit in ONE DAY—more than he ever earned in a week.

350 Money-Makers

I am the President of a million dollar company that has back of it more than 19 years of successful experience. We are manufacturers of the famous ZANOL line of products. We have hundreds of thousands of customers. Last year we spent more than three hundred thousand dollars in advertising ZANOL Products. Our established customers bought more than ten million ZANOL Products last year alone.

How You Can Make $100 a Week!

ZANOL Products are never sold in stores. By dealing direct with us through our representatives our customers are assured of better values, fresher merchandise and low prices. If you become our representative you will be given a generous profit on all the business that comes from your territory.

This year ZANOL representatives will make more than two million dollars. You can get your share of these tremendous profits. You will have the same opportunity as Henry Albers who worked in a factory for small wages. He became a ZANOL Representative and has made as much as $125 a week, and even $47 in a single day.

Tremendous Profits for Spare Time!

If you can't devote all your time, I'll show you how you can make $8 to $10 a day in your spare time. We furnish *free* the most complete equipment for doing business. We tell you in detail exactly what to do.

Act At Once!

You don't have to pay anything or do anything. You don't risk a penny. Just mail the coupon. But do it today before someone else gets in ahead of you.

HUDSON Coach

FREE!

We offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this handsome closed car without expense and an income of $100 a week or more.

MAIL NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.
4651 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your new plan which will enable me to make $100 a week or more. I can make ..... car.

Name .....

Address .....

(Print or Write Plainly)

MAIL COUPON NOW

"X" Liquid
Saves the Day
for Mrs. Borden's Garden Party

Whether you own a pleasure car, a tractor or a truck, the moral is plain. "X" Liquid is a vital need when radiators leak.

The veteran motorist always keeps a can of "X" in the front door pocket of his car—handy for instant use and permanent rel . He knows it *is* a liquid—containing no solder, paper-pulp, cork, meal, glue, metal shavings or other clogging elements.

More than 10,000,000 cans of "X" have been sold. No wonder dealers have learned to trust in it thoroughly and heartily endorse it.

"X" is the most important "spare" you could carry. Buy *your* can today.

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. Repair your radiator leaks with "X" before putting in alcohol for winter protection.

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc., Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

You Can Get Home on a Flat Tire But Not With a Dry Radiator

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
Factories: Boston and Toronto

"X" LIQUID

"X" has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on ALL Aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925

[RADIO STAGE FRIGHT Continued from Page Seventy-three]

ories of those tedious sessions at the Garden are mostly nightmares, but I never experienced a greater thrill of gratitude and pleasure than when, on the final night, a long telegram was ordered read by Chairman Walsh to the convention mentioning me by name, with an appreciation of faithfulness and fortitude, and announcing my unanimous election as "President of the Radio Fans of America."

Oddly enough, broadcasting has its sentimental side. It might be thought that a voice would be harder to fall in love with than a face on the silver screen. But radio speakers, just like movie people, get a bewildering variety of "mash notes."

A broadcaster told me recently that he had just received the most effusive of perhaps-we-might-marry letters from an English girl nineteen years old. Certainly, in his case, he had made a long shot. For his words, projected from a station in New York, had traveled right across the Atlantic and conquered a heart in a small suburb of London! It was from that distant spot the letter came.

I heard of a touching little episode of a very different nature. Two weeks ago one of the most popular of all radio speakers—a young man—got a note from a trained nurse.

This nurse stated that her patient, a girl only seventeen years old, was half paralyzed and unable to move from her bed. Would the broadcaster please send his favorite photograph, so the young listener could hear him and look at him at the same time?

RADIO broadcasting is not confined to entertaining only the public at large. It even penetrates prison walls, bringing joy and hope to thousands.

"It brings smiles to lips that have forgotten how to smile . . . calls forth ambition slumbering in the stupor of indifference . . . awakens inspiration for better and nobler ideals."

A convict wrote that about broadcasting.

And we learn—from another prisoner—that the radio stirs new hopes within a man, new ideals, and, through them, new resolutions. The tremendous uplift cannot be estimated. To the convict it is beyond power of man to calculate; for, in his own words:

"If by the turning of a key we could lock the door to the brain cells of memories, bitter and sweet, and keep the doors locked till we pass out again, the prison of today would hold but few terrors. But the bitter dreams of what might have been constitute the real hell of prisons.

"Not by brooding over a past irrevocably gone can a man shape the course of the oncoming years. Ashes and smoldering embers are poor foundations for the house of the future. So anything tending to break the chains that shackle a man to the skeletons of his past . . ."

Radio has brought him out of brooding.

THE END

Safe Instant Relief

CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain in *one minute*. Once the corn is gone it can't come back. If new shoes start irritation again, Zino-pads stop it instantly.

No other method does this. Paring corns gives only temporary relief. Caustics, or liquids, also dangerous, don't do anything to prevent corns from growing again. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *remove the cause*—rubbing and pressing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing, absolutely safe and sure. At all druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Dancing - -

With its delightful intimacy, demands that unbecoming hair must be removed. Science says, this way.

Hair on arms, underarms and legs offends the eye—belittles the appeal of feminine daintiness. And where hair is removed by shaving, skin becomes toughened, rough and coarse like that of a man's face—suggestive of masculinity.

But science has discovered a new method of removing hair that leaves the skin soft and smooth. Even more, it retards the growth of hair. Millions use it. Physicians recommend it. Everywhere it is preferred.

This method is called Neet. A dainty cream, it is pleasant to use. With a single application, hair instantly dissolves—then rinses away like magic. No sharp hair ends are left to prick tender underarm surfaces or ruin sheer silk stockings as in shaving. Instead, arms, underarms and legs are left soft, clean and velvety smooth. New beauty of skin, unmarred by hair or the least trace of its removal, results.

Neet is sold in liberal size, ready to use tubes, only 50 cents, at any Drug or Department store.

Hannibal Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Neet
The Hair Removing Cream

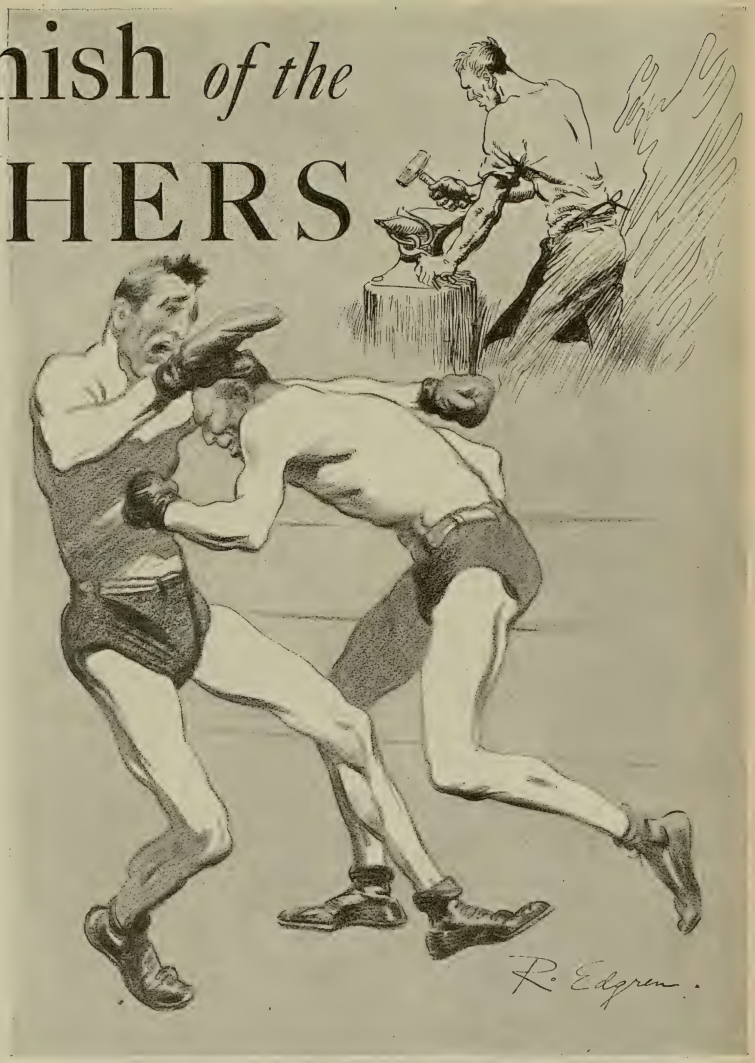
The Finish of the FINISHERS

Why the Kick that Made the Old-Timers Famous Is Missing from the Ring Today

An Article by

RICHARD BARRY

Pictures by ROBERT EDGREN



Bob Fitzsimmons got his punch at the anvil.

THE renascence of pugilism has changed the pugilist from a finisher to a polisher. The manly art has become respectable and prosperous, but is the "artist" the man he once was? Especially in the ring?

Today, in his apogee, you seek the champion of the world on the golf links or at the tea table. In office hours he is a bondholder and landed proprietor. In the old days you sought him in a barroom of an evening or a Sunday; but during working hours he was at his trade. He had to be, to live.

Socially he was the inferior of his present prototype, but in the essence of his brawn and the marrow of his bones, was he not a better man?

Take three great middleweights of the generation just past. Each stepped from daily practice of a trade now practically obsolete to triumphs in the ring. Manual dexterity at the trade and long years of proficiency in it ripened them; not canny help from a physical instructor, nor mechanism in a gym.

That trio of endurables was Mike Donovan, a ship calker; Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil), a cooper; and Bob Fitzsimmons, a blacksmith—men who went twenty to fifty and even to a hundred rounds to a knockout with bare knuckles. They were finishers; not polishers!

What would any one of that trio have said to a twelve- or fifteen-round bout in which a referee awarded a title on a decision, with little or no blood spilled?

Pugilists of their era, and back to the dawn of the modern ring with James Figg, in 1719, were fighters only in avocation. They were pick-wielders, harriers, forge-blowers, carters, iron molders. The cleverest were delvers at handicrafts which daily employed the torso in sinuous activity. The trades hammered into them the physical stuff which later became dramatically apparent in the prize ring.

Young Griffo, often alluded to as the deftest man ever to step inside ropes, was one. His justified boast was that the stoutest pugilist could not drive him from a stand on a pocket handkerchief.

Young Griffo's youth was spent at the cobbler's bench, twelve hours a day, going in rotation repeatedly through every movement required to make a shoe.

From leaning down and picking up the tanned hide to placing the finished shoe on the overhead rack, he cut, sewed, clipped, tapped, and hammered—all with precision and quickness: a finely rounded development for eye, hand, and brain; an attuned synchronization of mental and physical faculties.

Watch the operation in a shoe factory today. Forty-five men are required to make one shoe. All day long one man will do nothing but paste labels on finished bottoms. Another will do nothing but punch eyelets. No young Griffo comes out of a shoe factory like that!

When the shoemakers of today step out for a pastime as Young Griffo did (for the origin of his pugilism was sporting, not commercial), their muscles are not attuned, as his were, to a sinuous, rounded development. If by chance one of them seems to be a promising boxer, the first thing done with him is to iron out his physical malformation in a gym.

WARTIME records of the drafting boards astonishingly revealed that the farmers of the United States, as a class, were less fit physically than the city dwellers. Why? Because, though more active physically, their calling tended to maldevelopment rather than to a rounded development. The city dwellers were not so hard, but they were more easily conditioned properly.

For an organic proportion and a balanced physical development, especially in the torso, you cannot improve on some of the old-time trades. These brought the old-timers to the "pink" in the best way—in the course of earning their bread and butter—like the orig-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Double Durability!

Double Pleasability!

DOUBLE the speed—because the Gem Double Life Blade is double-keen and saves the second time over!

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Your face will know the difference every morning. Dealers everywhere can supply you.

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GEM Double Life BLADES

Dr. Lee W. V. Wilms

Blue-jay will enable you to wear the loveliest, most extreme shoe styles without fear of corns

"A dangerous practice—home corn-paring," warns the chiropodist

"Lots of men think because they can use a razor on their face, they are qualified to pare their own corns," is the observation of Dr. Lee W. V. Wilms, a well-known chiropodist of Chicago.

"Did they realize how dangerous a practice corn-paring at home really is, they would never attempt it, but instead go to the chiropodist for treatment."

Should you want to end a corn safely at home just apply a Blue-jay corn plaster.

For 26 years, Blue-jay has been recognized as the safe and scientific way for removing, quickly and easily, corns at home.

A soft, cool pad fits over the corn, relieving the pressure and pain at once. In 48 hours, the corn comes out—unless unusually stubborn. Then another Blue-jay plaster is all that's required to rout the old offender. At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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[THE FINISH OF THE FINISHERS]
Continued from Page Seventy-five

inal Jack Dempsey—the Nonpareil—who died November 1, 1895.

None other again is likely, as he did, to come out of nowhere, a raw amateur, grab a world's title and hold it for years, right up to the end of a fierce career, in finish fights against every contender.

The physical secret of the wizardry of the deeply revered Jack Dempsey lay largely in his trade. "Like a cooper round a barrel," used to be a synonym for dexterous precision with force. To stand eleven or twelve hours a day (not eight), six days a week (no Saturday half-time), six holidays a year (not twelve), over matched staves; to hammer hoops down over these, without denting the staves, without nicking the hoops, and yet swiftly, and with both hands equally proficient—that was the task of a journeyman cooper.

A man's job! Where is one similar today? Fourteen men make a barrel now, and the phase of the task most essential in ripening the flexor muscles of Jack Dempsey, the final tapping of the hoops into position, is done with a mechanism which a weakling or a girl can operate.

Dempsey began at his trade young, as was necessary. They said he drank when he was older. If so, he had something coming to him, for at ten his father died and Jack began supporting the family of six. Until after his twentieth year he did not miss one day at his trade as a journeyman cooper. He couldn't, with his wages $2.50 a day and six mouths to feed.

THE formative years! How important! The man who starts in to do something new with his body after it has its growth is shoveling the sea with his hands.

Jack Dempsey did not know that no physical culturist would ever be able to devise a better exercise than the cooper's task for developing the muscles most needed by a pugilist. A good wallop begins just under the shoulder blades and becomes what it is in the flexors of the forearm. Biceps are ballyhoos. Flexors do the work.

Unaware of the fate for which time and chance were preparing him, unconscious of the peculiarly adjusted forces being stored where they would be required in the swift height of an action in the ring, Jack Dempsey was merely a good cooper.

When he entered a prize ring for the first time in his life, as the substitute fall guy for a bootlegged brutality, his sole training was that of the cooper. Yet he went twenty-seven rounds with Ed McDonald, a seasoned pugilist and a champion, knocked him out, took the title, and held it for seven years against all comers, right down to Bob Fitzsimmons.

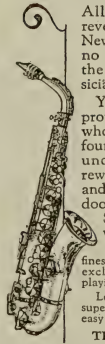
A similar thing probably never will happen again. Not because men are less courageous than the original Jack Dempsey, but chiefly because the trades no longer hold men to a stern manual discipline that is also diverse and balanced.

The blows of Dempsey, first of the "infighters," traveled but a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stop Listening!

Be the one who plays



All the pleasure, all the revelry—they share it all: New faces, new places and no end of friends: this is the typical American musician.

You too can join this profession. Many a person who started in fun, soon found that he was reaping undreamed of monetary rewards. Hometown bands and orchestras open the door to a host of activities.

Stop envying the man who makes good money.

Learn right on America's finest band instruments. King exclusive features make good playing easy.

Let us show you what King superiority means to you—how easy it is to own a King.

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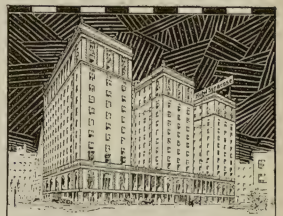
Amazing New Way To Get CLEAR SKIN

FOR years French women have cleared up muddy, sallow complexions—driven away unsightly pimples, blackheads, and blotches by drinking a remarkable pure herbal tea.

New Kind of Tea

AN Abbé in France discovered a combination of herbs which when brewed and drunk like tea clears skin almost like magic. The tea enriches the blood with plenty of red blood cells and a big change takes place. Unsightly sores or blotchy complexions disappear and you take on a soft, radiant glow of health and feel young all over. A month's supply of the imported tea called Abbé Hamon Tea, for $1.90 C. O. D. if preferred. Satisfaction or money back. Hamon Import Herbal Co., 2760 Broadway, New York.



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Roy P. Brainard, Managing Director

Hotel Syracuse

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

few inches—the sort of blows a cooper strikes; but they had a bewildering kick because there was ten years' steady practice behind them.

Fitzsimmons once told the writer that the reason he lost his championship to Jeffries was that he did not train for the fight with his blacksmith's forge. Always, before, he kept a forge in his training quarters and used it instead of pulleys and weights.

As a boy of twelve in Australia, Fitz was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Each day until after he was twenty he labored at the forge. When he was nineteen he won the horseshoemaking championship of a land where blacksmithing stood at the apex of craftsmanship.

How can the stuff that Fitz had —that paralyzing punch, that ability to concentrate every ounce of force in one snappy blow—be reproduced in a gym?

MIKE DONOVAN, Dempsey's predecessor as middleweight champion, came from the shipyards of Philadelphia. Until he was past thirty he earned his living as a calker, tapping, pounding—over his head, under his feet, in front —with movements similar to those employed by a cooper or a smith.

The result was a sinuous ease and force in the forearms and torso, and more—illimitable endurance. In his first fight, at the age of twenty-two, Mike went forty-seven rounds. Once he fought 119 rounds.

Those Donovan fights (he was middleweight champion from 1874 to 1881) graphically spell the difference between then and now. It often took months to recuperate, for they were always to a finish, and a "finish" was not ten seconds of incompetence, as now, but a half minute.

Mike fought Billy Crowley for $100 and the championship of the Mississippi River in St. Louis in the early '70's. There was more than two hours of continuous fighting before Crowley lay helpless there—quired thirty seconds. Six months later Donovan fought Mike Conroy for $200 and the chance to meet the champion, Jim Murray. It took him an hour and forty minutes to "get" Conroy, and then both men were in bed more than a week. A few months later Donovan fought Conroy's brother a full afternoon.

The second Conroy, Jim, was knocked down twenty-eight times and each time stayed down for longer than ten seconds. Donovan finally won, but he had to recuperate seven months before he felt equal to tackling the champion.

In the fight with Murray (in 1874), in which he won the title, Mike was knocked down twelve times, each one for longer than would be a knockout count today. Toward the last he was exhausted, bleeding, torn, and both eyes were closed. With one hand he would pull the lids of one eye apart so he could see his opponent and then let fly with the other hand. Thus, in the third hour of uninterrupted fighting, he landed one on Murray that laid the champion out for several minutes, and Donovan had the title. But he enjoyed the first ten days of it in bed.

At the height of these historic contests, Mike — like *Ben-Hur*, who, in the climax of the chariot race, was grateful for the grueling years at the oars of the galley —could thank a dozen years of steady plying the maul. Thrifty application to that now almost obsolete trade of the calker made him one of the great champions.

Today calking is done with an automatic tapper driven by electric power, operation of which will never develop a knockout wallop. The motor car has rendered blacksmithing almost a memory, and pugilists who train for a fight at the wheel of an automobile wish they had tried something else. The old-time cooper, too, is gone forever.

THE age is softer. The manual requirements are not what they were.

The best we can do today is to imitate, by artificial and expensive means, what once was more thoroughly done in the course of an athlete's earning his bread and butter.

Young Griffo boasted no pugilist could knock him from a stand on a pocket handkerchief.

The link of that generation with the present was Kid McCoy, who, when employed in Fitzsimmons' camp as a sparring partner, frequently saw the old master at the forge and anvil, whetting up the physical appetites and flexuosities of his youth.

McCoy, one of the shrewdest students of his craft, first called the writer's attention to the fact that the old-time trades could not be improved on as pugilistic training schools.

McCoy perfected a blow combined of that struck by a cooper with that used by a blacksmith in tapering the calk of a horseshoe, later known as the "corkscrew punch." He figured he struck it in practice more than a million times. With it McCoy, in a swing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOBODY likes the thought of appearing at his work at the same old hour every morning for the rest of his life. Wouldn't *you* like to retire sometime? This page tells how you can.

When you are 65— *we put you on our payroll!*

WHEN would you like to quit business and receive a monthly income for life? When would you like to ease up a bit and enjoy the leisure and travel you have earned?

We'll put you on our payroll any time you say. You begin by depositing a few dollars a month with us. Then when you are 60, 65, or 70 —any time you specify—our checks start coming to you as regularly as the salary checks you now receive. And they will *keep right on coming* just as long as you're here to use them.

For Example

Suppose you are 30, and begin by depositing about $28 a month with us. (Obviously, this amount depends not only upon your age but what you want to accomplish, and after the first year the use of dividends reduces the deposits appreciably.) Then, on the day you are 65, your postman will greet you with our first check for at least $100, and you will have the satisfaction and the comfort of knowing that a similar check will come to you *every month* as long as you live.

In addition, you will always know that if you should die before you are 65, the tidy sum of $12,750 will be immediately paid to your wife and family.

That's what the Phoenix Mutual "Income-at-65" Plan will do for you. It is the sort of plan that makes for freedom from worry, for more fun in living. It is a safe, profitable investment, protection for your dear ones, and an income for your leisure years—all in one!

We have just published an interesting little book that tells the whole story. It is called "How to Get the Things You Want." Retiring at 65 is only *one* of the many things it tells about; some of the others are listed at the bottom of this page.

Read the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. Send for it *today*.

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Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2 REALLY own your home.
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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "How to Get the Things You Want."

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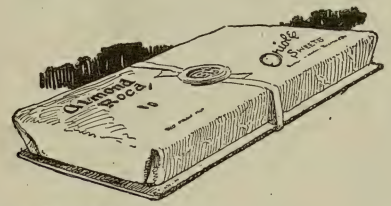


from Last Christmas—

. . . they are still talking about it!

OUR correspondence files contain a surprisingly large number of letters in which specific mention is made of having received Almond Roca for Christmas—it having proved the most wonderful treat the various writers ever had. Many of these letters are of recent date. To have a candy remembered for nearly a year is to have made a real impression. Our thought is that such letters carry a very pointed suggestion for Christmas shoppers, viz: If you would score a hit, send Almond Roca. The package price is a dollar and a half—money back if not satisfied.

If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct—prepaid. * * * BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

[THE FINISH OF THE FINISHERS Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

of only eight inches and by a forehand smash, could break a bone. His control was such that through an arc of three feet he could shatter a champagne glass without toppling the stem. If he could have combined endurance—the sort of endurance the old masters got at their trades—with his artificial skill, he would have been a great champion.

The two great modern heavyweights—Sullivan and Jeffries—spent their formative years at handcrafts, John L. as a carpenter and J. J. as a boilermaker.

There always will be a basis for argument about the all-round proficiency of Corbett, forerunner of present-day boxing, because he was not a finisher. And he was not a finisher chiefly because his late teens and early twenties were spent at a desk in a bank and fooling around a club.

He learned his skill at the feet of Dempsey or from those who sat at the feet of Dempsey. He simulated and perfected an imitation of the weavy, sharp subtlety of a cooper, but he lacked the classic knockout precision—the thing that added the final luster to the imperishable halo still clinging to the name of the old Nonpareil.

TO be a really great champion you have to polish them prettily and then finish them decisively. And the fighters must be equals—or near equals.

Tom Sharkey, one of the best old-timers, though he never held a title, rates as a former sailor. So he was, generically. I once asked him what his job was at sea.

"Bo'sun's mate," he said; "forging angle irons in the smithy and mending sails."

"Did you ever blow the forge?" I asked.

"Half my time, till I was eighteen," said he.

So the tough, Homeric Sharkey got his stout lungs honestly—at the bellows, like Fitz—and his sinewy forearms, like Young Griffo's, pulling heavy threads through resisting canvas and hides.

Later than these was Stanley Ketchel. He, too, went to manual labor. The way of it was curious and little known.

Back in the early years of the century, when Ketchel was a fighting waiter in a Butte dance hall, Willus Britt, who later became his manager, said one day to the writer:

"There's a kid up in the Cœur d'Alene country who's got the heart and the punch to make a champion. But he's muscle-bound, and I've given him the answer. Something like Jimmy's finding his heel and toe wallop. You know Jimmy?"

Sure I knew Jimmy Britt, Willus' brother, an outstanding lightweight of the crop of that decade. Only Joe Gans edged him in his day. He was a good boxer, who worked with Joe Choynski, but he had a dramatic trick all his own which often brought him a knockout—his heel and toe wallop. The two Britts were sons of a master plumber in Oakland. From

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole,* the new, milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for babies and small children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

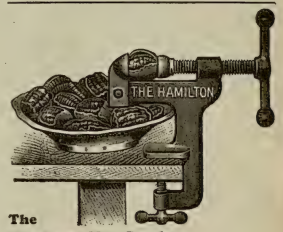
It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, relieves sore throats, croupy coughs and colds.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



The Hamilton Nut-Cracker

The above cut illustrates the Hamilton nut-cracker. This nut-cracker is made of malleable iron, is nickel plated and will not break. Good for a lifetime. One of the best on the market for pecans and can also be used for cracking other nuts.

PRICE $1.00 PREPAID

Remit by money order, express order, or bank draft to KRAUTH & BENNINGHOFEN, Hamilton, O., and we will deliver the nut-cracker by Parcel Post to the buyer's address.

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Immediate shipment in time for Christmas on this famous "B" eliminator that insures pure, steady direct current in 150, 90, 67½, 45 and 22½ volts with no variable resistances to bother with.

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Operates any set up to 10 tubes; also power tubes. Simple; compact. No hum. No expensive tubes to burn out; no dangerous acids; needs little more attention than your loud speaker; costs less than $1 per year to use. Easier to hook up than a set of "B's"; gives constant, unvarying power direct from light socket—110 V, 60 A.C. Complete, ready to use, no extras to buy. Don't pay $35. and up. If dealer can't supply send only $24.75 plus slight carrying charge. Unconditionally guaranteed. Send check TO-DAY for Christmas shipment.

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Now Try This New MEXICAN PECAN CANDY

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A rare and delightful confection made according to an old Mexican recipe. Pure Mexican sugar and choice pecans skillfully blended and delicately flavored . . . each Pecan Bouquet is a generous portion of candy-delight piled high with whole pecans the choice of this year's crop. Our sample package of 8 (full size) pieces sent postpaid for $1.00. Try it.

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"Merry Jane" CLOTHES DRIER $1.99

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For Your Convenience

"Merry Jane" provides 50 feet of hanging space in a corner of a room. By using upper and lower rods, "Merry Jane" gives as much hanging space as a clothes line in your back yard.

Thousands of women save countless steps and find great comfort with "Merry Jane" Clothes Driers.

There's nothing like it. Easily moved to any room. Can be put away until needed. Lasts a lifetime.

Ideal for freshly ironed clothes; indispensable for Mothers with babies.

Check or Money Order for $2.00 Brings "Merry Jane" to Your Door Post Paid. Money Back if Not Satisfied

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Acne—Blackheads

Prompt, safe treatment for acne, pimples, blackheads, burns, scalds and most forms of disfiguring skin conditions. 60c and $1.00 at your druggist.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

his twelfth to his eighteenth year Jimmy had been apprentice to his father.

"Jimmy got that heel and toe kick," Willus went on, "from working on the wagon out of the plumber's supply house. Dad used to stand on the wagon and Jimmy had to toss the pipes and stuff up to him. When he started he was so short dad had to teach him to put snap into the toss to get the pipes over the side. That snap eventually turned into his heel and toe knockout.

"It limbered him at the right age—and taught his muscles what to do without thinking. Folks are saying that Joe Choynski taught Jimmy what he knows, over at Millett's, but it's the cream-puff stuff, the kind Corbett danced around with. It don't get a pug anywhere. When Jimmy gets stung, and the fight goes against him, and he forgets himself, he reaches down to his shoe laces for the lead pipe and gives it the snappy heave. Then it's bells and good night—the heel and toe knockout!

"This Polack, Stanislaus Klecal, is a smart 'un. I told him what limbered Jimmy, and he's after a job in a slag mill. Slinging ore from a dump into a car will be better than into a supply wagon. A year of that and he'll be ready!"

Stanislaus Klecal—the Stanley Ketchel of later pugilistic commerce—dutifully followed the advice of canny little Willus Britt. He went to work on the slag dump in a copper mine in southern Montana. He made two stipulations with the foreman—that he was to work alternately on the right and left sides of the car, and was to get preference on the dumps where the ore grade was below the car levels. This was easily done, as most shovelers are glad to escape tossing far above their heads.

KETCHEL was a slag tosser for nine months in his seventeenth year—nine and a half hours a day, six days a week, alternately on left and right, pitching copper ore above his head, with a snap at the end of the heave. It was the genesis of his windmill wallop, much the same as Jimmy Britt's heel and toe knockout.

When he came down to Marysville in California one Fourth of July, to fight Joe Thomas for the middleweight title, the experts who went up from San Francisco to look him over reported that he looked unimportant. His sole training, as far as they could see, consisted of riding a wild horse, wrestling a great Dane, and running a mile before breakfast. They knew nothing of the slag tossing.

When Ketchel got into the ring with the champion he seemed totally ignorant of boxing requirements. His arms hung limply at his sides. He swayed from side to side. He would fall over until his head reached the top of his socks, like a reed before a storm, then rise swiftly and lam Thomas with a paralyzing punch.

His blows came from his hips, his ankles, his shoulders, with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The DERBY
Style M-214
Most Styles
$10

FLORSHEIM

Shoes are worn by the man who knows style—who dresses in good taste—who wants comfort and most miles per dollar

Write for Booklet "Styles of the Times" showing the right shoe for you

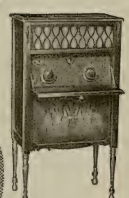
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers : CHICAGO

For the Man Florsheim SHOE *Who Cares*

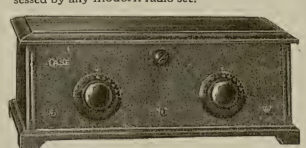
first!

IN TONE VOLUME DISTANCE

Bring them in from anywhere, any time—music, news reports, speeches, sporting events, etc. YOU can do it—with a CASE receiver—a tuned radio frequency set of amazing power, clearness and sureness. All are precision instruments: six-tubes, perfectly logged, two-dial control (for two-handed folks, of course!) And all the best features possessed by any *modern* radio set.



No. 60C Console Type $125



Here is radio's greatest value! Six tubes, two controls, ¾-inch mahogany cabinet. Long distance reception and clarity of tone guaranteed. All for $75

Get your share of the music in the air with a CASE. Mahogany or walnut cabinets. Most beautiful and distinctive sloping panels of crystal lacquer aluminum. No exposed wires.

Every CASE circuit is positively non-radiating and free from objectionable noises. You can *pay* more—but you can't *get* more real radio!

CASE RADIO PRODUCTS
"Satisfaction in Every CASE"

Insist on CASE Radio Receivers at your local dealer's—or write direct for interesting, 5-color lithographed booklet which describes and illustrates the complete CASE line of 10 numbers.

Indiana Mfg. & Electric Co.
MARION, INDIANA

Mail this NOW!

These clear, sweet-toned outfits are famous for long distance reception and easy tuning. Truly you will enjoy CASE Radio to the utmost.

Indiana Mfg. & Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana
Please send complete information on CASE Radio Receivers.
Name
Address
109

The CITY OF PLEASURE TROVE

Miami by the Sea IS READY

That's the cheerful, unqualified assurance this message brings. Amazing speed in repairing, blessed with abundant health-producing sunshine, has overcome the effects of the September 18th storm. Many hotels and apartment houses were only slightly damaged and have continued operating without interruption. Other hotels, without exception, are ready now, or will be upon scheduled opening dates, with their usual comforts and conveniences.

It's still June in Miami—all winter through, with the same friendly sunshine, balmy breezes, tropical surroundings, inviting seashore, enjoyable sports, healthful conditions, and the carefree life, that have made Miami the World's Greatest Winter Playground.

You'll find much that's new in Miami this winter. This year $250,000,000 from all sources has been spent in developing this section. Lofty buildings have changed the skyline in a few short months.

Miles of wide new boulevards and well paved streets have opened new routes of motor traffic and brought the suburbs closer in. New modern hotels and apartment houses add their welcome to the favored hostelries of former years.

New theatres, new schools, new churches, new homes, new stores, new industries, mark the continued growth of this ever progressive community.

A new railroad line, another double tracked; new steamship services, fast new boats on the older lines; new standardized hotel and apartment rates. New golf courses added to those for which Miami is famous. New diversions increase the entertainment features.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S BAND—Two Concerts Daily December to April—Royal Palm Park

Millions of Dollars have been spent this summer in improved motor highways to make your trip to Miami easy. Direct de luxe trains to Miami from New York, Chicago, and Detroit. Through pullmans from all principal northern cities. Speedy ocean voyage in the finest coastwise steamship service in the world direct from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

HOTEL RATES—22,000 rooms
Single $3, $4, $5, $6, $8 per day.
Double $5, $6, $8, $10, $12, $14 per day.
Many rooms at lower prices.
These rates guaranteed by Greater Miami Hotel Association.

APARTMENTS—For 6 mo. season.
2400* units (two persons) at $600 and under averaging $1.50 per day or less per person
2000* units (two persons) at $600 to $750
1800* units (two or more) at $750 to $900
3000* units (two or more) at $900 to $1200
Several thousand de luxe $1200 to $3500
These rates guaranteed by Greater Miami Apartment Association.
* A unit is one room, kitchenette and bath, or two or more rooms for housekeeping.

For handsome illustrated booklet address
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Miami, Florida

This advertisement authorized by City Commissioners of Miami

THE CITY OF MIAMI INCORPORATED FLORIDA

NORLAND

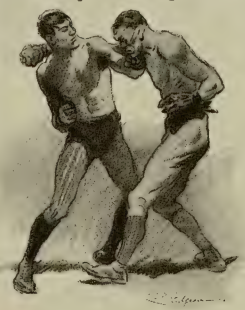
[THE FINISH OF THE FINISHERS
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

equal ease, and from either hand.

"The Wildcat!" "The Windmill!" "The Assassin!" They called him. "The Slag Tosser" would have been more correct.

The slugging Pole who carried a lethal pill in each fist was a perfect picture of an industrious slag tosser eager to fill the old car before the whistle blew.

Ketchel went on from knocking out Joe Thomas and taking the title—as he did that day in twenty-four rounds—to knocking out all others in his class, down to the day he hit Jack Johnson, forty pounds heavier than himself, a clip behind the ear that laid him low for a near count. And it was always with that heel and toe or windmill wallop.



The blows of Dempsey, first of the "infighters," traveled but a few inches.

Paddy Mullins knew the secret of Ketchel's greatness when he took hold of Pete Latzo, a promising breaker boy in the coal mines near Scranton, only recently, and proceeded to mold him into a welterweight champion. Instead of putting Latzo through a course of sprouts in a gym, Mullins sent him to work on the lower level, tossing hard coal into the mine cars. It proved to be a better training school than the one chosen by the losing champion, Mickey Walker—among the bright lights and the dumb-bells.

The growing public love of prize fighting is a phase of man's cry for a return to a lustier day when the individual had to look more to himself than he looks now. The prize fighter appears to the sporting imagination as a throwback to the days when man had only his nimble wits to force a way through a conflicting world. Convention forces on this ring man a breechcloth, and the law a pair of gloves. Otherwise, he appears as the Creator first hurled humanity into existence—naked, alone, garbed with an appetite and a lust for combat, his only weapons his two fists, his only armor physical endurance.

The primal man! From him the prize ring calls forth the brute lying dormant in all. Yet the brute that answers, leashed, skilled, is the foundation material without which no real man can be built.

IN prize fighting, as in the creative arts, the higher the skill the closer the appearance of nature. To illustrate this, consider another old-timer, Kid Lavigne, the tow-headed lightweight who came out of the woods of Michigan thirty-five years ago.

Born of French-Canadian parents, at fourteen Lavigne went into a lumber camp as a woodchopper. After two years of swinging an ax he was apprenticed to a cooper in a sawmill. For three years he faithfully traveled the exacting route that made the Nonpareil—hammering around a barrel.

When he was eighteen Lavigne was working in Bay City, Michigan, as a cooper.

A colored pugilist, C. C. Smith, claiming to be champion of something, opened a school for boxers. Lavigne wanted the lessons, but lacked the fee. He pestered the Negro for free instruction, until Smith, to get rid of him, entered him in a tournament with the pupils. Lavigne licked all the contestants, whereupon Smith took him in hand and agreed to train him "thoroughly."

This "thorough" training consisted of telling him not to drink for at least three days before a fight, and to keep limber by running on the road.

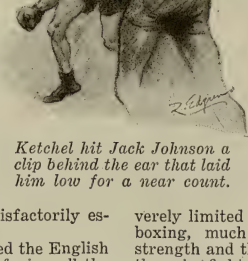
Up to the height of his career, Lavigne never indulged in any more formal training than just that—running on the road. Among the host of the best men of his day whom he whipped were Young Griffo, cleverest of boxers, and Joe Walcott, mightiest of sluggers.

Lavigne's first important fight was one of the longest ever recorded, and he went to it straight from the cooper's bench. It was in the summer of 1888, with George Siddons, for $250, held twelve miles in the virgin forest from Titabawassee, Michigan.

A HUNDRED sporting men from Chicago and Detroit rode out to see this fight, which began at 11:30 in the morning and lasted until after five in the afternoon, without interruption. In the eighty-seventh round the referee stopped it, calling it a draw, and divided the purse.

A week later, when he was again able to articulate, Siddons, an old professional, said: "Kid, you'll be world's champion before you quit."

After whipping every important contender at his weight in the United States, Lavigne was finally matched, in his twenty-fourth year, with Dick Burge, the British champion, at the National Sporting Club in London. This was to be for the world's title, until then never satisfactorily established.



Ketchel hit Jack Johnson a clip behind the ear that laid him low for a near count.

Lavigne scandalized the English sporting sense by refusing all the time-honored methods of training.

The training of Burge is interesting because it shows the style of preparation ring men used to endure. For six weeks the champion ate nothing containing starch. Naturally a heavy drinker, they cut his alcohol to a pint of ale a day. Each morning he ran twenty miles, then submitted to a grueling massage for an hour. After a light meal he worked three hours in a gym, tossing a heavy ball and lifting weights, and wound up by sparring twenty rounds with three sets of sparring partners, using fourteen-ounce gloves as against the five-ounce gloves to be used in the fight.

That was only preliminary. The tapering off was worse. Three weeks before the fight, though in perfect physical condition, the trainer insisted he go through a four-day period of physicking with drastic old-fashioned drugs. This left him extremely weak. Then they cut out his ale, reduced his food allowance, cut off all entertainment, groomed and massaged him constantly, and accelerated his artificial work with the gym apparatus. Each day his face was pickled in vinegar mixed with stable refuse, to toughen the skin.

Thus, when Burge entered the ring for the fight of his life, his eyes shone, his skin glowed, his muscles stood out like whipcord, and he was drawn fine. He was in the proverbial "pink."

THE odds were five to one against Lavigne, who came in sleepy-eyed, with his cat muscles rippling, barely discernible, under a pale skin, slender-waisted and slouchy.

After sixteen rounds of flailing in the manner of a woodchopper, in the seventeenth Lavigne landed on Burge's jaw with a cooper's short-arm swing—the same dynamite kick that the Nonpareil learned in the same school—and the new world's lightweight champion was a flaxen-haired angelface out of mysterious America.

In awarding the belt, emblematic of the title, the Earl of Lonsdale, president of the National Sporting Club, said to Lavigne: "My lad, you are superhuman. You are the greatest boy that ever appeared in England!"

Thus the new generation taught the old to go to manual labor for training.

Donovan, Dempsey, Sullivan, Lavigne, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, their contemporaries and immediate successors, wrote finis to the old chapter.

Then, as the present generation succeeded, another change occurred.

Under the ruling commercialism of today, with the severely limited rounds of legalized boxing, much of the endurable strength and the stark glamour of the prize fighter is a memory only.

Now it takes half a million dollars to lure the champion inside the ropes. Once an insult was enough.

Days that are gone——

THE END

"Gee! I'm full o' pep an' Eskimo Pie!"

I'm rarin' to go all the time. Mother says I get so much calories from Eskimo Pie, an' dad says it's the berries to give a fellow zip. Doc Lawrence says one Eskimo Pie steams you up as much as a chicken sandwich or two boiled eggs or a quart of milk —but who cares? Way I look at it is that it is good for what ails you. Makes you so glad you're tickled all over when you sink your teeth in that crunchy choc'late coatin' an' on down into the surprise party of ice cream inside it. Wow! Oh, that taste! Eat 'em? I could eat Eskimo Pie till my eyes bug out an' my ears ring an' when I couldn't hold any more I'd hire some one to keep eatin' for me! No wonder there's patents an' trade-marks on Eskimo Pie—it's too good to take any chances on us gettin' the worst of it on an imitation.

Eat it like a banana—peel back the foil wrapper

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Eat Ice Cream for Health

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write for name of one within shipping distance who will—over half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.* Eskimo Pie Corporation, P. O. Box 31, Louisville, Ky.

ESKIMO PIE

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie.*

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information can be obtained by writing us.

Home-coming *Time*

WITH THE holiday home-coming, comes too, the problem of holiday gift selection. Gifts that shall be appropriate, lasting, and, above all, with the touch of timely smartness. In the new series of Helbros Watch Styles, you will find the appropriate gift for the home-coming daughter, the welcoming mother and the busy father as well. Watches of time-guaranteed accuracy plus new beauty of design and exquisite finish. Ask your jeweler to help you select the appropriate Helbros Watch.

HELBROS WATCH CO., INC., NEW YORK
22 West 48th Street

No. 96687 Gem-set Helbros. $300.
17 jewels, 18k. solid white gold, 3-piece case.
12 diamonds, 12 synthetic emeralds, platinum-set.

Other Helbros Styles for women and men, $1,200 to $24.

Helbros Watches in 3-piece Cases
for your protection

No. 74401 Helbros. $31.50.
15 jewels, 14k. white gold-filled, 3-piece case.
Both dial and case exquisitely engraved.

No. 84333 Helbros. $40.
15 jewels, 14k. solid white gold, 3-piece case.
Both dial and case exquisitely engraved.

No. 96285 Helbros "Superb". $65.
17 jewels, 18k. solid white gold, 3-piece case.
Smart in its chaste lines and ornamentation.

No. 81311 Helbros (strap) $35.
17 jewels, 14k. white gold-filled, 3-piece case.
Raised numerals on dial. Attractive strap.

No. 49342 Helbros for men. $36.
15 jewels, 14k. green gold-filled, 3-piece case.
Luminous radium-encrusted numerals and hands.

No. 49281 Helbros for men. $38.
15 jewels, 14k. white gold-filled, 3-piece case.
Luminous radium-encrusted numerals and hands.

Folder of Newest Helbros Watch Fashions. Free on Request.

Helbros Watches

The Solitary "Pro"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — I heartily agree with Mr. P. C. Heege of Independence, Iowa, when he calls the anonymous author of War Birds a "poor depraved boy." I cannot for the life of me see why, when a man puts on khaki, he can win our sentimental approbation by sullying himself in ways which, in peace time, would bring our unqualified censure.

More power to Mr. Heege when he says that this boy was a soldier, but not a soldier of the Cross. It is high time for God-fearing men to adopt a single standard of morality—one equally valid in war and peace.

Personally, when I die, I want to die clean — and that is why Mr. Heege's words find an echo in my heart when he writes: "May God have mercy on him, for surely in him the sins of a former generation must have found a dwelling place."—*V. B. Lintz.*

The Multitudinous "Cons"

CHICAGO, ILL.—I see that, like bad news, taxes, and other evils, the "Holier Than Thou" fellows, like P. C. Heege, are still with us.—*John R. Baker, major U. S. Army, A. E. F.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—Was it some hell-howling, myth-devouring bevy of sky pilots with crossed fingers, or was it those hell-raisin', crap-shootin', liquor-consuming, red-blooded he-men, who won the World War?—*C. L. Meigs.*

WILKENSBURG, PA.—When I read Mr. P. C. Heege in Vox Pop I got a great big sick pain all over.—*Mrs. E. Ralph Harris.*

ORANGEFIELD, TEXAS.—I wonder if Mr. Heege began his day with a prayer, or cursing a cootie, when *he* was in France?—*Frederick Lord, ex-captain R. F. C. and R. A. F.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Did P. C. Heege do as much, or even *half* as much, as this "poor depraved boy," to win the war for Democracy? — *Arthur P. Williamson.*

TOLEDO, OHIO.—Anyone who is horrified because the boys in War Birds drank or "threw a party" in the midst of the hell of war would begrudge a baby its milk.—*Lenora Fleming.*

SAVANNAH, GA.—It was the class who drained the wine cup that gave Heinie hell, not the sock-knitting genus homo, like P. C. Heege, sipping grape juice through a straw!—*Herbert O. Drews.*

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—To peer smugly from behind the edges of a Liberty Bond and cry, "Shame, shame!" toward the last resting place of one of America's bravest sons, seems but little short of calumny.—*R. E. Culp, late sergeant 3d Canadian Div.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Listen, P. C.—some of our soldiers in France had mighty poor voices, but they were not nearly bad enough to rout the German forces by singing hymns at them.—*Howard Mandelbaum.*

SEYMOUR, CONN.—If Heege is going to heaven, then we look forward with a sense of relief to even horrible hell.—*Russell L. Rice.*

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—After reading the letter from P. C. Heege in Vox Pop I wondered what kind of a freak he was.—*Farell Kenney.*

JACKSON, MICH.—The mother and father of the author of War Birds have reason to be proud of their son, but the mother and father of P. C. Heege have contributed nothing but a liability to the country.—*Harry Camp.*

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Your critic of War Birds is the Spotless Saint who, on the approach of the enemy, would lay aside his gun and pray for the enemy to go away.—*Mrs. A. L. Mann.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. — Let P. C. Heege's soul be as clean as that of the author of War Birds and he need have no dread of shaking hands with Satan or any fear of the hereafter.—*F. W. James.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish I could have got P. C. Heege off the ground in a Sopwith Camel, over the balloon lines east of the Canal du Nord, anywhere between St. Quentin and Cambrai, about August, 1918—for I can picture him begging for a drink to steady his nerves!—*H. A. McGrath, late of R. F. C. and R. A. F.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I wonder if P. C. Heege would have been content with pink lemonade and twiddling his thumbs while going into the valley of the shadow?—*D. Wallney.*

SANFORD, FLA.—Why can't P. C. Heege understand the "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," attitude of the boys "over there"?—*J. F. G.*

BUTTE, MONT.—Poor whimpering P. C. Heege, say a few more "Ohs" and "Ahs," fold your hands, lift your hypocritical eyes to heaven, and trust in God that He has mercy on the dead War Bird's soul—then look into yourself and see if you dare throw another stone!—*Margaret Fisher.*

WAVERLY, IA.—I dare say Mr. Heege's outburst may be the jealousy of old age.—*M. M. H.*

SALEM, N. J.—If P. C. Heege was a man—or a soldier—his grandmotherly ideas about drink would have been forgotten.—*John G. Naglee.*

PITTSFIELD, MASS. — Tell P. C. Heege that in the Big Fight the soldiers did not have time to stop and consider the morality of taking a drink.—*E. M. V.*

HIALEAH, FLA.—If P. C. Heege of Independence, Iowa, had one more convolution in his cranial cortex he'd stagger under the effort of trying to think, and if he had recruited the U. S. Army, the Kaiser would be breakfasting in the White House.—*D. B. Jones.*

TORONTO, ONT.—How can a "man" like P. C. Heege have the nerve to keep on living, after having been fought for and protected by real men like the author of War Birds?—*Leslie Graham, late 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles.*

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—After reading the criticism of War Birds by P. C. Heege of Iowa, I feel constrained to say that it is such as he that God will have to show mercy on.—*Mrs. Maude Wright.*

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Perhaps if it had not been for "depraved youth," "mistrained youth," and "flaming youth," P. C. Heege would today be singing The Watch on the Rhine instead of The Star-Spangled Banner.—*L. J. H.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—One imagines P. C. Heege's idea of a war consisting of a neatly laid-out battlefield over which our brave boys, with beatific smiles on their lily-white countenances and Bibles over their hearts, mince daintily to meet the enemy, their bayonets effectively poised between the thumb and finger of the right hand, their left hands pressed soulfully to their hearts as they chant, "I'm a Sunbeam."—*George Erickson.*

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—May I inquire where Mr. Heege was while the rest of us were drinking, gambling, and—incidentally, of course!—making the world safe for such vermin as he?—*C. C. Johnson, Jr.*

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—Some day, Mr. P. C. Heege, somehow, somewhere, someone is going to pass a law and mete out a punishment for our "professional reformers"—and may I live to see that day!—*Mrs. Frances Moore Brahm.*

Deteriorating Puzzles?

CLEVELAND, OHIO. — Please get back to normal with the cross-word puzzles. Busy folks will not hunt up the encyclopedia to learn about words they do not expect ever to use.

Several months ago I became a confirmed LIBERTY buyer, more on account of the puzzles than anything else. But since you took this thing out of the hands of some sensible and practical maker and offered cash prizes, I find few of them worth an attempt at solving.

As to obsolete and technical words, which you warn against in your prize offer, recent puzzles in LIBERTY are full of them, and of a class very difficult of definition.—*C. E. K.*

Thanks!

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I often stop to wonder if the type of person who called LIBERTY the "Rotten Weekly" isn't the one who would kick if offered a leather-bound book of Shakespeare's complete works for a nickel.—*Not from Missouri.*

Another Friend

ATLANTA, GA. — The gentleman who so thoughtfully wrote you concerning "The Rotten Weekly" should be further enlightened and comforted by the fact that should he and his friends exercise their "liberty" of not buying "The Rotten Weekly," it would not only survive, but continue its phenomenal growth—a growth based on always furnishing the public many times a nickel's worth of fascinating reading matter.—*R. G. Pfefferkorn.*

Well, Well!

RACINE, WIS.—The letters under Vox Pop are more instructive and beneficial than most of the articles paid for by your concern.—*Capt. Frank Randall.*

Gosh-Awful Pictures?

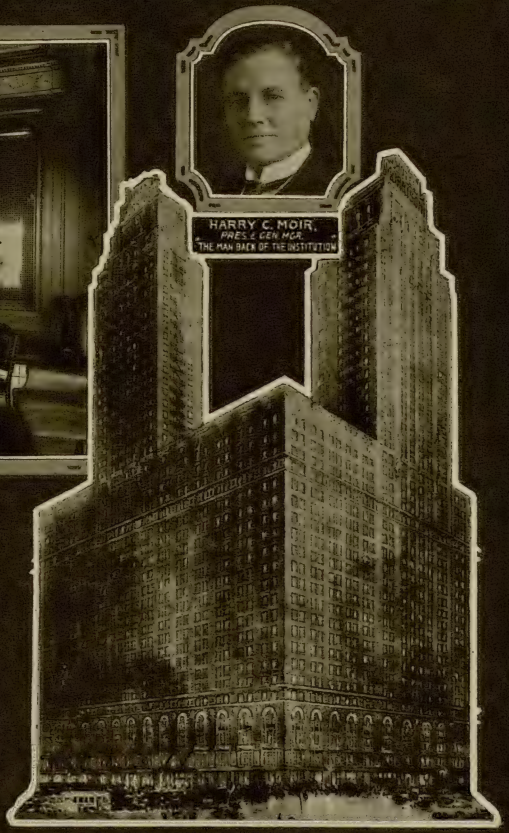
PITTSBURGH, PA. — For heaven's sake, why do you have Mr. Flagg draw those gosh-awful pictures for The Small Bachelor? Maybe he has a great reputation, but he isn't living up to it in this case.—*Evelyn Behneu.*

We Thought So, Too

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Your editorial on sex was very good.—*Elsie Lohden.*

The Old Fashioned Hospitality of Chicago's 46-Story MORRISON HOTEL

A Fireplace in the Lounge, Morrison Hotel



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

IN all months of the year, and particularly at the holiday season, the warm friendliness and informal courtesy of the Morrison Hotel recall the romantic old inns of the novels of Dickens and Scott.

The Colorful Festivity of the Terrace Garden

Many travelers whose business calls them to the Middle West at this time of year make a point of being in the Morrison at Christmas. A prime attraction is the vivacity of the Terrace Garden's dance-and-dine entertainments, and also the delightful unconventionality of the historic Boston Oyster House.

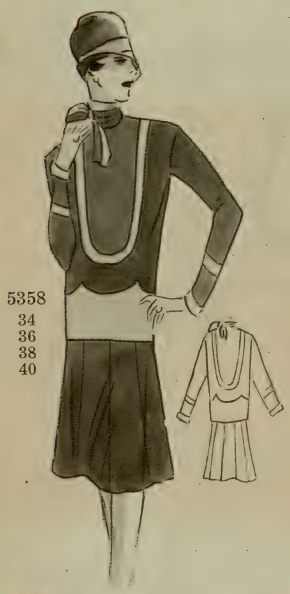
1944 Rooms, Each with Bath, $2.50 Up
Chicago's Most Central Hotel

All guest rooms in "the world's tallest hotel" are outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor. A special housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all patrons enjoy the privileges of the hotel's garage. Yet rooms are engaged here at $2.50 to $5 that would cost $5 to $8 elsewhere—due to the value of the subrentals, which pay all the ground rent, and the saving is passed on to the guests.

Write or Wire for Reservations

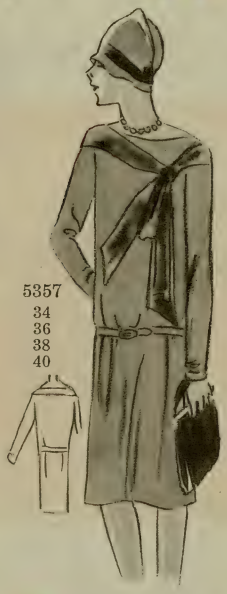
MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and **TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Fashion Is Kind to Her Devotees



DARK blue and electric blue wool compose this dress, which is made with a gored skirt and a small scarf of the same material. The novel waistline will suit almost any figure.

THIS one-piece dress of black satin shows a skirt in two tiers and a jabot down the front from collar to hem; also the diminutive scarf of the day, which is nothing but a necktie.



OF navy blue crepella, this gown is trimmed with a satin ribbon in brighter blue than the material appliqued in a triangular scarf effect. A soft leather belt completes the costume.

A PALE-GREEN velvet evening dress, showing a happy variation of the tier movement, and the use of velvet roses of the color of the dress as a trimming on the side frill.

By

Mary Brush Williams

THINGS are on the slant, you might say for a generalization. That is, trimmings would oftentimes be like hoops going round a barrel if only they were a little more horizontal. The typical outline is of a slim, slim figure, preferably in black, with silvery lines swirling round it and acknowledging no waist boundary, but dipping from right shoulder to left hip, from right underarm seam to a point along the skirt on the opposite side.

At night these lines are likely to be traced in sparkling rhinestones, and the silhouette punctuated at the waist on the right with a petaled jabot replacing the sash bow. Sometimes each petal is outlined in brilliants. On the shoulder opposite would be perhaps a similar ornament, only much smaller.

Several features thus will be utilized in one costume, such as shiny trimming, the slim, straight outline (which at times, to be sure, is modified), black, and an acknowledgment of the waistline bow. In some form or other this last is placed somewhere on almost every French waistline, preferably right in front.

AS for skirts, the tight slip effect is excellent with a flaring corolla, or inverted morning glory of a tunic over it, coming down three-quarters the length of the skirt. Coats, both tailored and dress, give this same effect usually by means of a border of fluffy fur swirling like a ruffled petal round the skirt somewhere above the knee and usually going up both sides of the front.

Gray at last has managed to register as a fashionable color. But to be really smart and not just merely pretty, the gray must carry a touch of beige in it. The French have taught us that gray blends perfectly and smartly with tan. By way of proving the assertion, they point to the brownish shades in squirrel and play them up by putting the fur on a brownish costume. After all, tan is the color with real style to it, even if we do feel that we should like to put it out of fashion once in a while.

Speaking of colors, I have warned you more than once recently that Paris is going to have the whole world once again swathed in black as it did some five years ago.

The accompanying model of an evening dress follows the fashion of the moment for evening clothes. Make it a little more tipsy, if you like, or, in other words, tilt the lines to a slanting position, if you wish to intensify its fashionableness to the last degree. The original model is in pale green velvet, and, following the popular Parisian idea of having jewelry for every gown, rhinestone and imitation emerald bracelets encircle each wrist. By the way, in the hard pressure of trying to get "something different," the French designers have been putting tailored suede and sometimes even shiny leather belts on evening clothes.

THE dresses of the group in their simple but sophisticated lines will just about enable us to ignore the two-piece frock, if we wish to do so. Undoubtedly the French are drawing away from it, but we shall be sponsoring it for many a day, since its informal and ingenuous character becomes us more than it does the typical silhouette of some of the older nations.

All three of the day dresses on this page show the turn the scarf movement takes for winter. It has become illogically small, and at times amounts to scarcely more than a necktie arranged in a bow at the top of the right shoulder; or, smaller still, like a cravat, as in the black satin dress, at the top of the jabot. Newer still, however, is the triangular piece of shiny satin in royal blue on the navy blue crepella dress in the third figure of the group.

Triangular trimmings of all sorts are a novelty, and one of the present conceits is to have little three-cornered looking-glasses appliqued over your evening dress or your shawl —which is metallic and isn't Spanish any more.

The waistline isn't by any means Empire or right up under the arms, but it is heightened. There is a tendency for things to dip in the back and pull up in front.

The sports dress shows to advantage the old-time gored skirt, which is once again becoming fashionable, and a waistline that tries to be all things to all women.

Shades of blue are still among the most favored colors, and that ought to be good news.

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"Don't Be a Style Snob"—says Jean Patou

M. Jean Patou.

By Bettina Bedwell

JEAN PATOU occupies a unique place in Paris as a creator of fashions. He is a man of action, and *En avant* is his motto.

Patou has upset all of the jaded tradition of style-makers. He was the first Paris couturier to entertain the press of the world in a truly royal manner. That created a sensation, for the Paris idea at that time was that the fashion writer is a sort of pirate and should be suppressed.

He was the first Paris couturier to create clothes on an American mannequin for the American woman. He did this so well that most of the girls he brought over married millionaires within a year. Patou visited the United States two years ago, and observed how the American woman gets herself up when she is at home and off guard. But he does not imitate. He remains himself, plus expert knowledge of what we can wear well, as much as of what we like to wear.

He sums us up in the term "the art, the taste, and the spirit of youth"—what the French call *tres sportive*. He speaks very gently about our failings, and when I asked him to tell what it is in dress that retains chic and promotes personality—what to avoid and what to embrace—he had his answer ready without a second's wait.

"Don't be style snobs," said he. "That is the greatest danger."

"What do you mean—style snob?" I questioned. This was a new one.

"I'll explain. The great enemy of women, particularly American women, is style snobbery.

"Whenever new fashions are launched, there is a great deal of talk about the best styles from the best couturiers. Certain fashion journals fill their pages with the models and the names that they say are the greatest, biggest, and best. For all the world like an animal fair, where prizes are given for the fattest and sleekest.

SPORTS ensemble of red crepella, collar and cuffs of beaver; worn with a jumper of sand-colored jersey.

EVENING frock of white crepe, with tiered and scalloped fringe-trimmed skirt and long fringed sash.

"This starts a snobbery in motion. You want the best. Every woman does. But no style is 'the best' for all women. Choosing clothes because everyone else wears them, because others say they are leaders in style snobbery—it is, alas, ridiculous. There is no single couturier nor any single style that will suit all women. No particular style in any season is better than all the rest. Paris has many couturiers. They all have something good to offer every single season. So when style magazines and other public criers of modes show a few examples of fashions and present them as the grand chic, they are catering to this snobbery. And when hundreds of women proceed to adopt them without consideration of suitability to themselves, they are style snobs.

SOMETHING gorgeous for an afternoon coat, says Patou, like this golden brown velvet with collar, cuffs, and band of mink.

FOR afternoon Patou advises this frock with the bloused waist. The white lingerie collar enhances the black moire of the frock.

"To be well dressed—to be smart—is to clothe yourself in harmony with yourself, your individuality, and your environment. Paris couturiers are specialists. There are short woman specialists and tall woman specialists. I myself love to dress the tall, slender, long-legged American woman. I create best for the outdoor girl. I am unhappy when I see wearing my creations a woman whose personality they do not fit.

"That women, generally, are tending more and more to the sports type of clothes, I believe. It is young. It is distinctly modern. A vast number of American women wear sports clothes well. But American women should study their type and clothe themselves accordingly.

"WHEN you wish to be well dressed, don't go to someone who doesn't understand your type. Or don't choose something just because you have heard that it is smart. It is possible that the little dressmaker around the corner can costume you better than someone who has the habit of creating for women of a very different type and individuality. In short, know yourself, so that you can pick out the kind of clothes that suit you. Don't be a style snob.

"There is no such thing as perfection for all women in any one creation, or set of creations. What is perfect for the tall, slender woman is awful for her who is short and has large hips. I like to clothe the former; other creators the latter. You can't escape the hard work of knowing what you can and cannot wear if you want to acquire a reputation for being well dressed. Slavishly following the fashions that are advertised as the best reminds me of the story in Rabelais of the sheep that played the game of 'Follow my leader' to the extent that they jumped in the sea after the bellwether. All of them were drowned. You also will be drowned in the sea of mediocrity if you do not choose what suits you best from the vast quantity of excellent models that are offered each season from which to pick and choose.

"I believe in simplicity. That, at least, can be universal. I never let a model pass on public view without first submitting it to my own severe inspection. An equally vigilant surveillance by the individual woman would result doubtless in an increase of taste, chic, and personal appropriateness."

Patou himself is the embodiment of independence, and his advice to women is to achieve a like detachment, based on their expert knowledge of what they can and cannot wear supremely well.

Suwanee River

A Famous Opera Star Gives Us a Singing Lesson

An Article by

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

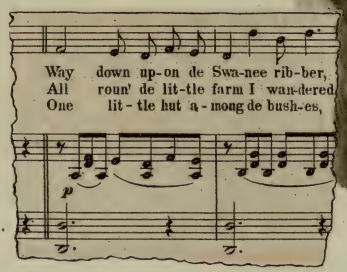
I SING it at all my concerts. And, invariably, the moment my accompanist strikes the opening chords, I feel the surge of satisfaction that sweeps the house. It is as though the audience recognized an old friend and eagerly reached forth to clasp hands. For who is there in this broad land that does not know Old Folks at Home?

Then, as I sing, I glance into the faces of those sitting nearest me and frequently see eyes gleaming with tears. What a supreme moment for the singer—to know that her song has touched the heart!

The real test of a song is like the test of a friend—its wearing qualities. Although I have sung this one at nearly every concert I ever gave, I never tire of it. It is ever fresh.

If art is an attempt to express itself in terms of real life with utmost simplicity and sincerity, then this song must be considered as one of the greatest achievements in the entire realm of art.

Although America gave it birth, it has been sung around the world. Its text has been translated into nearly every language extant, including remote Asiatic and African tongues. I found that the staid Englishman warmed to it when I sang it during my tour of England, and it pleased me to know that the far-off Australian welcomed it with genuine enthusiasm on my recent trip to that country. Everywhere it is the same.



Opening measures of Stephen Foster's famous melody.

But what is it about this song, feelingly sung, that gives such a tug to the heartstrings? Is it not the simple yearning for loved ones far away? You have, everybody has, experienced a longing for home and dear ones. This feeling becomes all the more poignant as we grow older and break away from home ties.

The song that touches people is the one that awakens memories of a bygone happy day; memories strangely sad and sweet. Old Folks at Home voices such a sentiment, a sentiment old as the race itself, and that is one of the reasons why I feel it will go on forever.

We have all sung it from childhood, but we rarely think of it as the great song it is. The wonder of it is that out of such a simple skein Foster has woven such a beautiful cloth. It is made up almost entirely of words of one syllable—plain, homely words, but how expressive they are! Then, the music is almost childlike in construction. The entire song is written in one key without modulation or little side trips into other keys. If one of our present-day composers, and particularly a so-called "modern," sat down to write a song without recourse to modulation, he would no doubt end by tearing his hair in anguish and giving up in despair.

In addition to its wonderful simplicity the song is sincere because it strikes to people's hearts and voices their own yearning for the home ties. Upon many occasions Foster himself experienced the universal longing he ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, the artiste who writes of her favorite song.

"I Wanted to Smile Right Back . . ."

"I knew he meant it when he told me I danced beautifully. I just wanted to smile right back and say something nice to him, too. But . . ."

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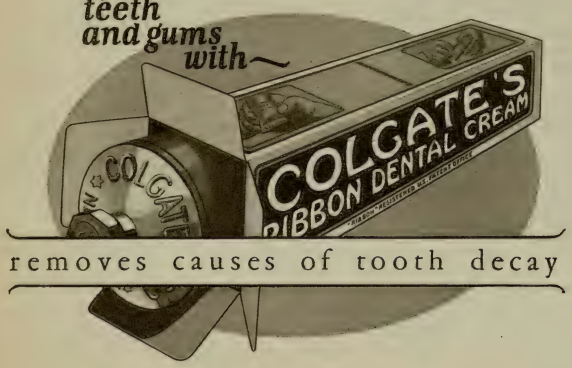

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SEVEN]

presses. One of his most reliable biographers, Harold Vincent Milligan, tells us of one incident in particular:

Foster was very fond of his mother and of the old homestead—which still stands at Penn Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, Pittsburgh, having been made into a Foster memorial—and he would return again and again to visit the "old folks at home."

WHEN his songs first began to sell he moved to New York so that he might be closer to his publishers. As a natural consequence he became homesick in the new and strange metropolis and every now and then he felt an irrepressible longing for home. One evening he became so obsessed with this desire that he packed immediately and caught the next train, arriving home at midnight. The house was dark and everyone asleep.

Strangely enough, his mother had a premonition that her son was returning, even before she knew it was he who was knocking frantically. When she opened the door, she found him sitting on the steps weeping bitterly. So, truly, the song was simply a page from Foster's own life.

The manner in which the song came into existence is an interesting incident and gives an insight into the method by which Foster created his simple melodies. One summer afternoon Morrison Foster, brother of Stephen, was sitting in his office overlooking the Monongahela River in Pittsburgh. He was engaged at his desk and scarcely noticed that someone had entered the office. Glancing up, he perceived Stephen.

"Well, Stephy," his brother greeted him—Stephy being the family nickname—"what is puzzling you today?"

"Do you know the name of a Southern river in two syllables?" asked Stephen.

"How about Yazoo?" suggested Morrison, after some deliberation.

"Been used before," was the laconic rejoinder. Whereupon Morrison took down an atlas and turned to a large map of the Southern States. After a brief search Stephen gave an exclamation of delight and, pointing to a small river emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, said: "That's it! That's it exactly!" Grabbing his hat he hurried out of the room without saying another word.

That very day an inconspicuous little river in Florida was immortalized in song.

While Foster created his songs spontaneously, writing both words and music himself, he polished and refined his work with meticulous care. As ideas came to him he jotted them down in a manuscript book, which he no doubt carried with him. Here we find the first version of Old Folks at Home.

The first line appears as follows: "'Way down upon the old plantation."

This line apparently did not please him. Like all true artists he strove to be definite. Accordingly the line appears as revised: "'Way down upon the Pedee River." The name "Pedee" was underlined heavily, however, apparently to indicate that it was not satisfactory. Finally Pedee was crossed out and "Suwanee" substituted.

And now as to the singing of the song, which most of us do in a desultory sort of way. Anyone should be able to sing it expressively. You do not have to possess a wonderful voice.

Dr. Franz Wullner was a famous singer in his time and was known as the singer without a voice. While possessed of only a mediocre voice, he put such warmth and feeling into his songs that people were moved to the greatest enthusiasm. That, it seems to me, is one of the high lights of singing—truly sounding the sentiment of a song.

If you can put real emotion into your voice you will be able to sing expressively. And that is merely a matter of calling upon your experience and bringing your imagination into play.

I am frequently asked why, if I feel the pathos of a song, I am not moved to tears. That would be courting disaster, for if you choked upon a song your voice quality would be sadly impaired. You cannot afford to let yourself go completely. But that does not mean that you cannot be entirely in harmony, so to speak, with the sentiment.

SO, first of all, let the words evoke the mood. Say them over slowly without singing. The melody is already so familiar that it will give you no concern. Dwell upon the consonants, as the W in *way* and the F in *far*, as they make your articulation clearer. Enunciate the words slowly, clearly, and unmistakably. After you have thus gone over the words of the verse and chorus—and this, by the way, should be the method of learning any song—then sound their meaning. Visualize every sentence.

Here you are in company with some of your friends, all dejected and homesick. Your simple soul yearns with untold sadness for home.

In the far distance you see a quiet little stream flowing peacefully by an old plantation, the log cabin of your youth. You see the home folks. How you long to be there! Your heart overflows with yearning.

Never for an instant dispelling the illusion, you sing—sing with all your soul in your voice.

There is so much desultory singing of this song; meaningless parroting of the words.

Just try infusing a little feeling into it and see what a difference it makes. You will then be able to sing it expressively and artistically.

The song is surely worth anyone's best effort. It is such a gem.

THE END

The PUPPY as Big as a CAMEL

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"His legs did drag a little," she confessed.

IT was the day after that awful party. Greg, in spite of the weather, had walked to meet Emmy and Nicky as they came from school. There seemed nothing better to do, so I lay down.

After a little while Carlotta, who has small respect for naps, came to my door with some clothes she had just ironed, and stopped to chat a while.

"That party," groaned poor Carlotta, who had worked so hard over the cake, "was the worst party I ever did see. An' that Allan is the worst child I ever saw."

"Allan was bad," I admitted. "But it was more Greg's fault than Allan's. And if Greg doesn't stop having these cranky spells, nobody will be willing to play with him."

But Carlotta was always eager to shade things in Greg's favor.

"He'd 'a' been all right if that Allan had let him alone," she insisted. "An' that Jones, too! There's always trouble when she comes."

"But Joan didn't do a thing," I protested.

"I know she didn't *do* anything. But there's always trouble when that Jones is around," she insisted darkly. If Carlotta had her way, no child outside the family would ever be allowed inside the house.

She went back downstairs and I settled down again to try to sleep. But I had not quite drowsed off when I heard:

"Where's Mother?"

"Where's Muzzer?"

"Where's Mumsy?"

They came quietly into my room: Emmy, Nicky, and Greg; so quietly that I knew something was up.

They filed in cautiously. Emmy's bright golden head, now beginning to turn into a light, shiny brown, and Nicky's pale tan head showed above the footboard of the bed. I could not see Greg, but I knew he was with them simply because he always was.

Emmy rounded the foot of the bed and stood slim and straight in her blue dress against a background of gray rainy windows. Her bright blue eyes were dancing, though her face was grave. They were all trying very hard to be discreet.

"Mumsy, out in the rain we met a poor little, lost, cold, starving, shivering puppy. He looked so sad. He was the saddest puppy I ever saw. So I carried him home. Do you mind?"

Oh, goodness! I knew what she meant. I raised myself on one elbow to face another infant animal. But her arms were empty.

"Well, where is he?" I asked resignedly.

As if in answer to my words, from behind the foot of the bed came the most absurd face I have ever seen. Then it was followed by a body almost as ridiculous. A puppy! That? It was as large as a camel! At least, in proportion to what I was expecting it was as large as a camel. And it was the color of a camel, too. Actually, it was about the size of a full-grown collie. And it looked as if it had meant to be a collie. But by some mischance its ears had turned down like a hound's and its slightly plumy tail was plumy only at the end and drooped sadly between its legs.

But the funniest thing about this dog—if you could call it a dog—was its expression. I have never seen such a look on anything's face. There was something pleading and hopeful about it, but underneath that it looked as if it had been beaten since it was born and never expected anything better. And it gazed at you so earnestly and meaningly that it was embarrassing.

"How did you ever *carry* that creature?" I demanded of Emmy. "His legs would have dragged a block behind."

"Well, Nicky helped me. An' his legs *did* drag a little," she confessed.

"What shall we name him, Muzzer?" asked Greg, coming from behind the footboard. And they all looked with affectionate pride at the poor dog who stood there shivering and looking earnestly and pleadingly into my face. I knew I could never turn him out.

"Name him Taffy, I suppose," I said, snatching at his color for a name. "You'll have to see what Carlotta says, though. She may not want to feed another animal. She has Pompey and Fido and Domar to feed already."

"Oh, she's seen him!" cried Nicky at once. "She likes him. At least, she said 'Poor soul!' to him."

"Suppose you take him down and give him something to eat, then," I suggested, thinking of his prominent ribs.

"Come, Daffy!" called Greg. And I thought that Greg's name for him was much better than the one I had called him. So "Daffy" he remained.

Did you ever own a dog that seemed not to know the very first thing about how to be a dog, or how to do a real dog's work in the world? That's the kind of a funny puppy Daffy turns out to be. You'll be surprised when you read what happens to him, in next week's LIBERTY.

FROM behind the foot of the bed came the most absurd face I have ever seen. A puppy! That?

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12-11-26

Mastering the Art of Candy Making

By Ethel Somers

KNOWLEDGE and skill in sugar cookery is the basis of successful candy making. The behavior of the single sugar crystals throughout the cooking, cooling, and beating process determines the qualities of the finished product. This behavior is regulated by the cook. She starts the cooking process with a granular type of sugar (brown, white, maple, etc.). To this she adds a solvent in which she attempts with stirring and heating to dissolve every single sugar crystal—preferably before the boiling point is reached. If she is wise in sugar cookery methods, she also adds an ingredient to aid the solution, as an acid (vinegar, lemon juice, or cream of tartar) or a glucose syrup (an uncrystalline form of sugar commonly known as corn syrup). She then boils the mixture vigorously to make the finished candy crisp and brilliant.

During the unstirred boiling process the granular sugar is changed to several simple sugars. Continued rapid boiling quickly evaporates the moisture, and the solution becomes concentrated. Remove the mixture, according to your needs, at the following temperatures: for icing, 237° F.; for fudge, 238° F.; for caramels, 251° F.; for divinity fudge, 260° F.; for taffy, 270° F.; for brittles, 290° F.

The candy is now a so-called supersaturated sugar solution ready to precipitate sugar granules. The least jarring, stirring, or scraping before it is properly cooled may cause the resulting candy to be grainy.

Witness the pictured experiment of two supersaturated sugar solutions (candy-to-be). A fine piece of woolen yarn, naturally rough and fuzzy in texture, inserted in one solution while it was hot, caused sufficient jarring to start an immediate crystal precipitate. More and more crystals fell out of solution with each degree of cooling and built up these original crystals to very large granules coarse enough to show in the picture, and much like rock candy in texture. In a few minutes the once-syrup was a hardened, crystalline mass with the yarn firmly cemented in the center.

The other solution cooled unmolested and remained uncrystallized. This could easily be finished off into a creamy candy. After cooling, the beating or finishing action tends to precipitate all of the crystals at once, since the candy has been carefully cooled to the greatest point of supersaturation, resulting in a smooth, creamy candy. The moral is, let the candy cool undisturbed without shaking, jarring, or stirring. And then beat the solution at just the exact degree when the candy is cooled sufficiently to enforce the desired behavior in crystal precipitation. Results are certain even for the beginner if his manipulations are guided precisely by definite, detailed directions and the timing is regulated accurately by thermometer.

Frostings, fudges, fondants, divinities, taffies, brittles, etc., all react as the crystals are made to behave. Your Christmas candies this year can readily do the day justice if you will study and practice the lesson in action. Yours for a Merry Christmas and better sugar cookery throughout the year!

In Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, Chapter XVIII, you will find excellent recipes for Christmas candies, including Panocha, Caramels, Fudges, Boiled Frosting, etc.

MANY a batch of candy has spoiled because of inaccurate thermometer reading.

A PIECE of woolen yarn put in candy before cooling starts crystallization.

BEAT the partly cooled syrup into the stiffly beaten egg whites slowly and intermittently.

When the mixture is very stiff, drop in rough lumps on heavily waxed paper to harden.

THE Divinity Fudge recipe on this page may be varied by the addition of 2½ ounces of chocolate, 1/3 cup of cocoa, or 3 tablespoons of peanut butter to the sugar-water-syrup mixture; or by omitting the nuts and adding one cup of coconut, ¾ cup of seedless raisins, ¾ cup of chopped dates, ¾ cup of candied cherries, ¾ cup of chopped figs, or any combination of these; or by omitting the flavoring and adding 1 tablespoon of grated orange rind or 4 drops of essence of peppermint or wintergreen. Mix the sugar, boiling water, and syrup. The vinegar and corn syrup are added to help inversion of the granulated sugar into a simple, fine-grained sugar. Place over a low flame and stir until the sugar is completely dissolved. Dissolve every crystal of sugar before the mixture starts to boil, as a single undissolved crystal in the end will cause the whole mixture to grain and crystallize more or less, as in the illustrated experiment.

Boil rapidly (260° F.) to the crack stage (when the syrup, dropped into cold water, forms a hard ball which may be wrapped against the cup without sticking and will make a cracking noise). Wait until the boiling has stopped, then pour in a *slow*, intermittent stream on to the stiffly beaten egg whites, beating at the same time (a cake mixer or an electric beater helps materially).

This syrup should be added so slowly that the candy never thins out at any time during the process. After all the syrup has been added, one may rest from the beating at will.

This candy will not suffer even if left overnight; in fact, this method is often preferred to the more strenuous beating as a means of stiffening it. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the flavoring, candied fruit, nuts, etc. Pour in a greased pan and cut in squares when stiffened; or continue beating or stirring until very stiff and drop by spoonfuls on heavily waxed paper.

Packed in airtight tin boxes, this candy will keep indefinitely.

Divinity Fudge

(c. = cup; t. = teaspoon; tb. = tablespoon)

Sugar	Boiling Water	Syrup	Acid	Egg Whites	Salt	Flavorings	Variations
2 c. granulated	½ cup	½ c. corn syrup (light or dark)	1 tb. vinegar	2	1/16 t.	1 t. vanilla	1 to 2 c. nuts
2 c. brown	½ cup	½ c. dark corn syrup	1 tb. vinegar	2	1/16 t.	1 t. vanilla	1 to 2 c. nuts
2 c. maple	½ cup	½ c. dark corn syrup	1 tb. vinegar	2	1/16 t.	1/3 t. vanilla or mapleine	1 to 2 c. nuts
1 c. brown	⅓ cup	1 c. maple syrup ½ c. dark corn syrup	1 tb. vinegar	2	1/16 t.	1/3 t. vanilla or mapleine	1 to 2 c. nuts

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The Small BACHELOR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy

GEORGE FINCH, Greenwich Village artist and prospective bridegroom of Molly Waddington, of the East Seventy-ninth Street and Hempstead, Long Island, Waddingtons, ordered an innocent highball at the Purple Chicken, inviting his table companion, a stranger, to join him.

What was his horror, just then, to discover that the affable stranger was none other than Garroway, the poetic policeman!

The situation would have been enough to unnerve George at any time; but at this particular juncture, when George had just been tricked by untoward circumstance out of marrying Molly, and really needed the bracer, the shock was too terrific.

George had come to the point of marrying Molly after traveling a very rough road. Mrs. Waddington, Molly's stepmother, was dead set against the romance. The fact that Molly's father, Sigsbee H. Waddington, favored it made things even worse, for this poor sap was less than a cipher in his own home.

George enlisted the co-operation of J. Hamilton Beamish, the great intellectual and incomparable fixer. Beamish messed things up more by falling in love with Madame Eulalie, the society palmist, who really was May Stubbs, one of George's boyhood sweethearts in East Gilead, Idaho.

Molly thought George was poor, and planned to sell her $50,000 pearl necklace. That put Sigsbee H. up a tree, for he had swiped the necklace to raise money for the purchase of worthless stock in a motion-picture company. He peddled the stock to Officer Garroway for $300 and used the money to bribe Fanny Welch, the pickpocket bride of Mullett, George's valet.

Fanny was to steal the necklace from the Waddington home on the day of the marriage of Molly and George. The confusion created on this occasion prevented the marriage from coming off, and Mrs. Waddington determined to use the respite thus gained to get the real goods on George and expose him as a moral leper.

Mr. Waddington learns that his motion-picture company has struck oil and he is eager to get his stock back. Ferris, the Waddington butler, wants to sell the story of the wedding that failed to come off to the editor of a scandal sheet. Molly wishes to comfort George.

So now all the elements in this drama are converged upon the Sheridan Apartments, where George, Beamish, and the scandal editor reside, adjacent to the notorious Purple Chicken.

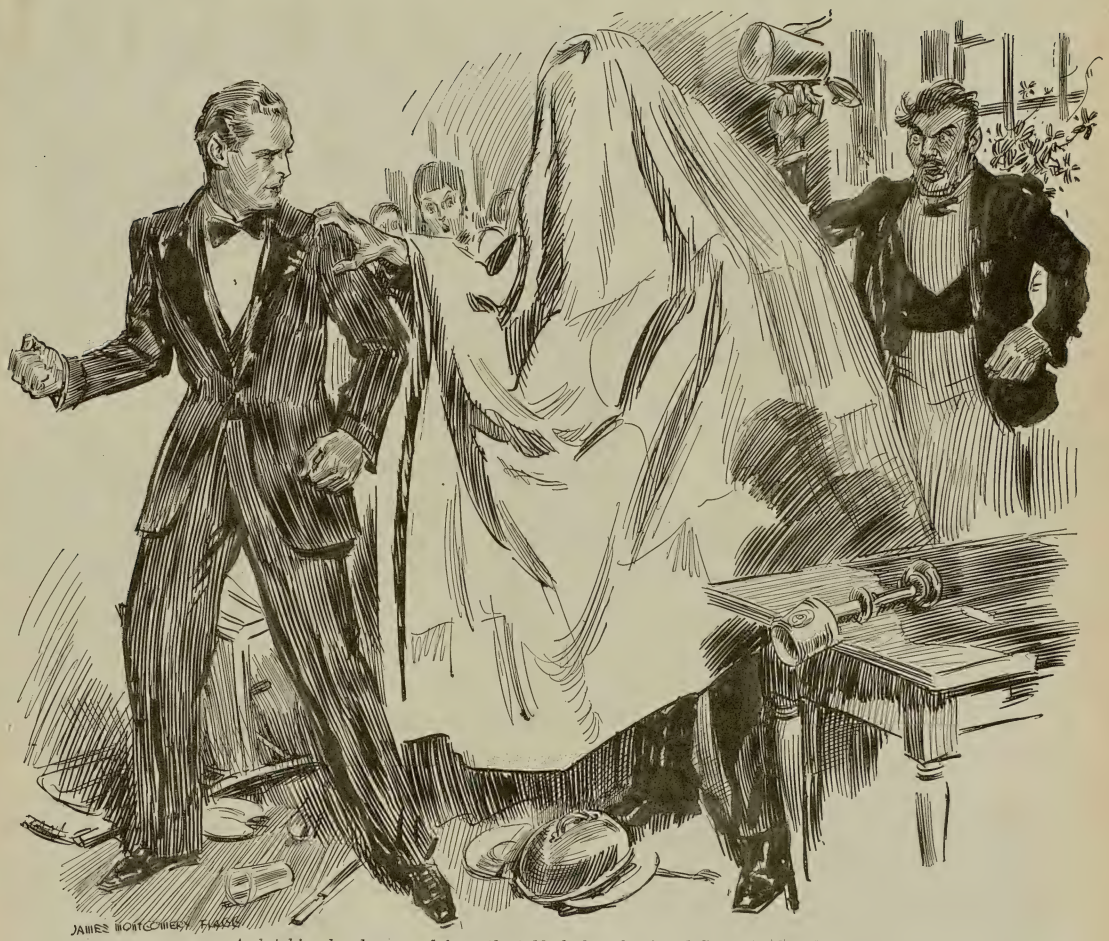
PART THIRTEEN

"INDEED?" said Delancy Cabot.

"And my name isn't Finch," babbled George. "It—it is—er—Briskett. And I don't live in that apartment up there; I live in——"

He was aware of Giuseppe at his side. And Giuseppe was being unspeakably furtive and conspiratorial with a long glass and a coffeepot.

A Serial by P. G. WODEHOUSE



A clutching hand emerged from the tablecloth and gripped George's shoulder.

"Is that my ginger ale?" twittered George. "My ginger ale—is that what you've got there?"

"Yes, sare. Your ginger ale. Your ginger ale, Mr. Feench. Ha, ha, ha! You are vairy fonny gentleman," said Giuseppe approvingly.

George could have kicked the man.

"Take it away," he said, quivering. "I don't want it in a coffeepot."

"We always sairve the whisky in the coffeepot, Mr. Feench. You know that."

Across the table, George was appalled by a sinister sight. The man opposite was rising. Yards and yards of him were beginning to uncoil, and on his face was a strange look of determination and menace.

"You're——"

George knew what the next word would have been. It would have been the verb "pinched." But it was never uttered. With a sudden frenzy, George Finch acted. He was not normally a man of violence, but there are occasions when violence and nothing but violence will meet the case.

There flashed through his mind a vision of what would be, did he not act with promptitude and dispatch. He would be arrested, hauled to jail, immured in a dungeon cell. And Molly would come back and find no one there to welcome her and—what was even worse—no one to marry her on the morrow.

George did not hesitate. Seizing the tablecloth, he swept it off in a hideous whirl of apple pie, ice water, bread, potatoes, salad, and *poulet roti*. He raised it on high like a *retarius* in the arena, and brought it down in an enveloping mass on the policeman's head.

INTERESTED cries arose on all sides. The Purple Chicken was one of those jolly, informal restaurants in which a spirit of clean Bohemian fun is the prevailing note; but even in the Purple Chicken occurrences like this were unusual and calculated to excite remark. Four diners laughed happily, a fifth exclaimed, "Hot pazazas!" and a sixth said, "Well, would you look at that!"

The New York police are not quitters. They may be down, but they are never out. A clutching hand emerged from the tablecloth and gripped George's shoulder. Another clutching hand was groping about not far from his collar.

George was not in a frame of mind to be tolerant of this sort of thing. He hit out and smote something solid.

"*Casta dimura salve e pura!* 'At-a-boy! Soak him again," said Giuseppe, the waiter, convinced now that the man in the tablecloth was one who had at heart not the best interests of the Purple Chicken.

George did so. The tablecloth became still more agitated. The hand fell from his shoulder.

At this moment there was a confused noise of shouting from the inner room, and all the lights went out.

George would not have had it otherwise. Darkness just suited him. He leaped for the fire escape and climbed up it with as great a celerity as Mrs. Waddington, some little time before, had used in climbing down.

He reached the roof, and paused for an instant, listening to the tumult below. Then, hearing through the din the sound of somebody climbing, he ran to the sleeping-porch and dived beneath the bed. To seek refuge inside his apartment was, he realized, useless. That would be the first place the pursuer would draw.

He lay there, breathless. Footsteps came to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Ninety-three]

the door. The door opened and the light was switched on.

In supposing that the person or persons whom he had heard climbing up the fire escape were in pursuit of himself, George Finch had made a pardonable error. Various circumstances had combined to render his departure from the Purple Chicken unobserved.

In the first place, just as Officer Garroway was on the point of releasing his head from the folds of the tablecloth, Giuseppe, with a loyalty to his employers that it would be difficult to overpraise, hit him in the eye with the coffeepot. This had once more confused the policeman's outlook, and by the time he was able to think clearly again the lights went out.

Simultaneously the moon, naturally on George's side and anxious to do all it could to help, went behind a thick cloud and stayed there.

No human eye, therefore, had witnessed the young man's climb for life.

The persons whom he had heard on the fire escape were a couple who, like himself, had no object in mind other than a swift removal of themselves from the danger zone. And so far were they from being hostile to George that each, had they seen him, would have urged him on and wished him luck. For one of them was Madame Eulalie and the other no less a man than J. Hamilton Beamish in person.

HAMILTON BEAMISH, escorting his bride-to-be, had arrived at the Purple Chicken a few minutes after George, and, like George, had found the place crowded to its last table. But, unlike George, he had not meekly accepted this situation as unalterable. Exerting the full force of his majestic personality, he had caused an extra table to appear, to be set, and to be placed in the fairway at the spot where the indoor restaurant joined the outdoor annex.

It was a position that at first had seemed to have drawbacks. The waiters who passed at frequent intervals were compelled to bump into Mr. Beamish's chair, which is always unpleasant when one is trying to talk to the girl one loves.

At the moment when the raid may be said to have formally opened, Hamilton Beamish was helping the girl of his heart to what the management had assured him was champagne.

He was interrupted in this kindly action by a large hand placed heavily on his shoulder and a gruff voice informing him that he was under arrest.

Whether Hamilton Beamish would have pursued George Finch's spirited policy of enveloping the man in the tablecloth and thereafter plugging him in the eye, will never be known; for the necessity of such a procedure was removed by the sudden extinction of the lights, and it was at this point that the advantage of being in that particular spot became apparent.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-FOUR]

From the table to the fire escape was only a few steps; and Hamilton Beamish, seizing his fiancee by the hand, dragged her thither and, placing her foot on the lowest step, gave her an upward boost that left no room for misapprehension. A moment later Madame Eulalie was hurrying roofward, with Hamilton Beamish in close attendance.

They stood together, at the end of their journey, looking down. The lights of the Purple Chicken were still out, and from the darkness there rose a confused noise indicative of certain persons unknown being rather rough with certain other persons unknown.

IT seemed to Madame Eulalie that she and her mate were well out of it, and she said so.

"I never realized before what a splendid man you were to have by one in an emergency, Jimmy dear," she said. "Anything slicker than the way you scooped us out of that place, I never saw."

Hamilton Beamish was passing a handkerchief over his domelike forehead. The night was warm and the going had been fast.

"I shall never forgive myself," he said, "for exposing you to such an experience."

"Oh, but I enjoyed it."

"Well, all has ended well, thank goodness——"

"But has it?" interrupted Madame Eulalie.

"What do you mean?"

She pointed downward.

"There's somebody coming up!"

"You're right."

"What shall we do? Go out by the stairs?"

Hamilton Beamish shook his head.

"In all probability they will be guarding the entrance."

"Then what?"

It is at moments like these that the big brain really tells. Hamilton Beamish, with one flash of his giant mind, had the problem neatly solved in a brace of seconds.

He took his bride-to-be by the arm and turned her around.

"Look."

"Where?"

"There."

"Which?"

"That."

"What?" Bewilderment was limned upon the girl's fair face. "I don't understand. What do you want me to specially look at?"

"At what do you want me specially to look?" corrected Hamilton Beamish mechanically. He drew her across the roof. "You see that summerhouse thing? It is George Finch's open-air sleeping-porch. Go in, shut the door, switch on the light."

"But——"

"——and remove a portion of your clothes."

"What!"

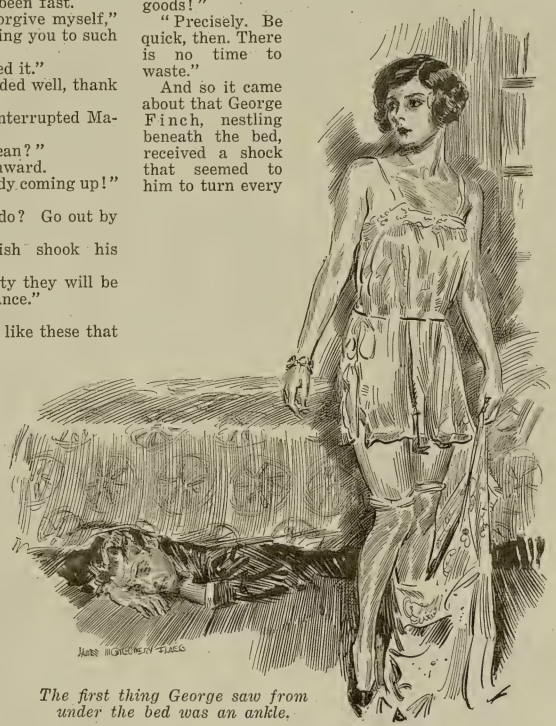
"And if anybody comes, tell him that George Finch rented you the apartment and that you are dressing to go out to dinner. I, meanwhile, will go down to my apartment and will come up in a few minutes to see if you are ready to be taken out to dine." Pardonable pride so overcame Hamilton Beamish that he discarded the English Pure and relapsed into the argot of the proletariat: "Is that a crackajack?" he demanded with gleaming eyes. "Is that a wam? Am I the bozo with the big bean or am I not?"

The girl eyed him worshipingly. One of the consolations that we men of intellect have is that, when things come to a crisis, what captures the female heart is brains. Women may permit themselves in time of peace to stray after sheiks and look languishingly at lizards whose only claim to admiration is that they can do the first three steps of the Charleston; but let matters go wrong, let some sudden peril threaten, and who then is the king pippin, who the main squeeze? The man with the eight and a quarter hat!

"Jimmy," she cried, "it's the goods!"

"Precisely. Be quick, then. There is no time to waste."

And so it came about that George Finch, nestling beneath the bed, received a shock that seemed to him to turn every



The first thing George saw from under the bed was an ankle.

hair on his head instantaneously gray.

* * *

THE first thing that impressed itself on George Finch's consciousness, after his eyes had grown accustomed to the light, was an ankle. It was clad in a stocking of diaphanous silk, and was joined almost immediately by another ankle, the two, though slender, bulking so large in George's world that they may be said to have filled his whole horizon. Then they disappeared.

A moment before this happened, George, shrinking modestly against the wall, would have said that nothing could have pleased him better than to have these ankles disappear. Nevertheless, when they did so, it was all he could do to keep himself from uttering a stricken cry. For the reason they disappeared was that at this moment a dress of some filmy material fell over them, hiding them from view.

It was a dress that had the appearance of having been cut by fairy scissors out of moonbeams and star dust, and in a shop window down George would have admired it. But seeing it in a shop window and seeing it bunched like prismatic foam on the floor of this bedroom were two separate and distinct things, and so warmly did George Finch blush that he felt as if his face must be singeing the carpet.

WAS this, he asked himself, the end or but a beginning?

"Yes?" said a voice suddenly. And George's head, jerking convulsively, seemed for an instant to have parted company with a loosely attached neck.

The voice had spoken, he divined as soon as the power of thought returned to him, in response to a sharp and authoritative knock on the door, delivered by some hard instrument that sounded like a policeman's nightstick, and there followed immediately upon this knock sharp and authoritative words:

"Open up, there!"

The possessor of the ankles was plainly a girl of spirit.

"I won't," she said. "I'm dressing."

"Who are you?"

"Who are *you?*"

"Never mind who I am."

"Well, never mind who *I* am, then!"

There was a pause. It seemed to George, judging the matter dispassionately, that the ankles had had slightly the better of the exchanges to date.

"What are you doing in there?" asked the male duettist.

"I'm dressing, I keep telling you."

There was another pause. And then into this tense debate there entered a third party.

"What's all this?" said the newcomer sharply.

George recognized the voice of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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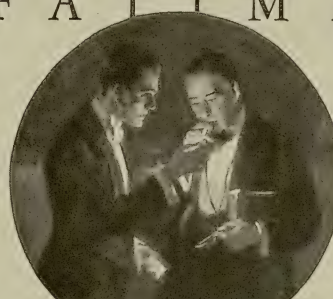

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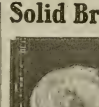

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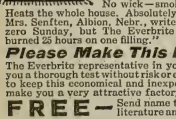

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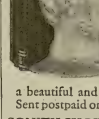

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Ninety-five]

his old friend Hamilton Beamish.

"Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish, with annoyed severity, "what the devil are you doing, hanging about outside this lady's door? Upon my soul," proceeded Mr. Beamish warmly, "I'm beginning to wonder what the duties of the New York constabulary are. Their life seems to consist of endless leisure, which they employ in roaming about and annoying women. Are you aware that the lady inside there is my fiancee and that she is dressing in order to dine with me at a restaurant?"

Officer Garroway, as always, cringed before the superior intelligence.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Beamish."

"So you ought to be. What are you doing here, anyway?"

"There has been some little trouble down below on the premises of the Purple Chicken, and I was violently assaulted by Mr. Finch. I followed him up here on the fire escape."

"Mr. Finch? You are driveling, Garroway. Mr. Finch is on his wedding trip. He very kindly lent this lady his apartment during his absence."

"But, Mr. Beamish, I was talking to him only just now. We sat at the same table."

"Absurd!"

The dress had disappeared from George's range of vision now, and he heard the door open.

"What does this man want, Jimmy?"

"A doctor, apparently," said Hamilton Beamish. "He says he met George Finch just now."

"But George is miles away."

"Precisely. Are you ready, darling? Then we will go off and have some dinner. What you need, Garroway, is something to wake you up. Come down to my apartment and I will mix you one. Who blacked your eye?"

"I wish I knew," said Officer Garroway wistfully. "I received the injury during the fracas at the Purple Chicken. There was a tablecloth over my head at the moment, and I was unable to ascertain the identity of my assailant.

"A tablecloth?"

"Yes, Mr. Beamish. And while I was endeavoring to extricate myself from its folds, somebody hit me in the eye with a coffeepot."

"How do you know it was a coffeepot?"

"I found it lying beside me when I emerged."

"Ah! Well," said Hamilton Beamish, summing up, "I hope that this will be a lesson to you not to go into places like the Purple Chicken. You are lucky to have escaped so lightly. You might have had to eat their cheese. Well, come along, Garroway, and we will see what we can do for you."

* * *

GEORGE stayed where he was. If he had known of a better 'ole he would have gone to it, but he did not. He would have been the last person to pretend that it was comfortable lying underneath this bed with fluff tickling his nose,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE NINETY-SIX]

but in the circumstances there seemed nothing else to do.

To a man unable to fly there were only two modes of exit from this roof: he could climb down the fire escape, probably into the very arms of the police; or he could try to sneak down the stairs, and most likely run straight into the vengeful Garroway. Possibly he was even now patrolling the staircase. And George, recalling the man's physique, decided that the risk was too great to be taken. Numerous as were the defects of his little niche beneath the bed considered as a spot to spend a happy evening, it was a good place to be for a man in his delicate position. So he dug himself in and tried to while away the time by thinking.

He thought of many things. He thought of his youth in East Gilead, of his manhood in New York. He thought of Molly and of how much he loved her; of Mrs. Waddington and what a blot she was on the great scheme of things; of Hamilton Beamish and his off-hand way of dealing with policemen. He thought of Officer Garroway and his night stick; of Giuseppe and his coffeepot; of the Rev. Gideon Voules and his white socks. He even thought of Sigsbee H. Waddington.

Musing idly on Sigsbee H. and wondering how he got that way, George became suddenly aware of approaching footsteps.

He curled himself up into a ball, and his ears stood straight up like a greyhound's. Yes, footsteps. And, what was more, they seemed to be making straight for the sleeping-porch.

A wave of self-pity flooded over George Finch. Why should he be so ill used? He asked so little of life—merely to be allowed to lie quietly under a bed and inhale fluff—and what happened? Nothing but interruptions. Nothing but boots, boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again, as Kipling has so well put it. Ever since he had found his present hiding place, the world had seemed to become one gray inferno of footsteps. It was wrong and unjust.

THE only thing that could possibly be said in extenuation of the present footsteps was that they sounded too light to be those of any New York policeman. They had approached now to the very door. Indeed, they seemed to him to have stopped actually inside the room.

He was right in his conjecture. The switch clicked. Light jumped at him like a living thing. And when he opened his eyes he found himself once more looking at a pair of ankles clad in stockings of diaphanous silk.

The door closed. And Mrs. Waddington, who had just reached the top of the fire escape, charged across the roof and, putting her ear to the keyhole, stood listening intently. Things, felt Mrs. Waddington, were beginning to move.

* * *

FOR a moment all that George Finch felt, as he glared out at this latest visitation, was a weak resentment at the oafishness of Fate in using the same method for his tormenting that it had used so short a while before. Fate, he considered, was behaving childishly and ought to change its act. This ankle business might have been funny enough once, but overdone it became tedious.

Then to indignation there succeeded relief. The remarks of Hamilton Beamish in his conversation with the policeman had made it clear that the possessor of the ankles had been his old friend May Stubbs of East Gilead, Idaho; and, seeing ankles once again, George naturally assumed that they were attached, as before, to Miss Stubbs, and that the reason for her return was that she had come back to fetch something—some powder puff, for example, or a lipstick — which in the excitement of the recent altercation she had forgotten to take along with her.

This, of course, altered the whole position of affairs. What it amounted to was that instead of a new enemy he had found an ally. A broad-minded girl like May would understand at once the motives that had led him to hide under the bed and would sympathize with them. He could employ her, it occurred to him, as a scout, to see whether the staircase were now clear. In short, this latest interruption of his reverie, far from being a disaster, was the very best thing that could have happened.

Sneezing heartily, for he had got a piece of fluff up his nose, George rolled out from under the bed, and, scrambling to his feet with a laugh, found himself gazing into the bulging eyes of a complete stranger.

That, at least, was how the girl impressed him in the first instant of their meeting. But gradually, as he stared at her, there crept into his mind the belief that somewhere and at some time he had seen her before. But where? And when?

The girl continued to gape at him. She was small and pretty, with vivid black eyes and a mouth which, if it had not been hanging open at the moment, like that of a fish, would have been remarkably attractive.

Silence reigned in the sleeping-porch; and Mrs. Waddington, straining her ears outside, was beginning to think that George could not be in this lair, and that a further vigil was before her, when suddenly voices began to speak. What they were saying she was unable to hear, but beyond a doubt one of them was George's.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WATERBURY
Jeweled watch accuracy at an economy price. Stylish 12-size. Silvered metal dial. $4.50
Waterbury Radiolite $5.50

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Ninety-seven]

Mrs. Waddington crept away, well content. Her suspicions had been confirmed, and now it remained only to decide what was best to do about it. She moved into the shadow of the water tank and there remained for a space in deep thought.

Inside the sleeping-porch, the girl, her eyes fixed on George, had begun to shrink back. At about the third shrink she bumped into the wall, and the shock seemed to restore her power of speech.

"What are you doing in my bedroom?" she cried.

The question had the effect of substituting for the embarrassment that had been gripping George a sudden bubbling fury. This, he felt, was too much. Circumstances had conspired that night to turn this sleeping-porch into a sort of meeting place of the nations, but he was darned if he was going to have his visitors looking on the room as their own.

"What do you mean, your bedroom?" he demanded hotly. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Mullett!"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Frederick Mullett."

MRS. WADDINGTON had formed her plan of action. What she needed, she perceived, was a witness to come with her to this den of evil and add his testimony in support of hers. If only Lord Hunstanton had been present, as he should have been, she would have needed to look no further. But Lord Hunstanton was somewhere out in the great city, filling his ignoble tummy with food. Whom, then, could she enroll as a deputy? The question answered itself. Ferris was the man. He was ready to hand and could be fetched without delay.

Mrs. Waddington made for the stairs.

"Don't turn me over to the bulls, mister! I only did it for ma's sake. If you was out of work and starvin', and you had to sit and watch your poor old ma bendin' over the washtub——"

"I haven't got a poor old ma," said George curtly. "And what on earth do you think you're talking about?"

He stopped suddenly, speech wiped from his lips by a stunning discovery. The girl had unclasped her hands, and now she flung them out before her; and the gesture was all that George's memory needed to spur it to the highest efficiency. For unconsciously Fanny Mullett had assumed the exact attitude that had lent such dramatic force to her entrance into the dining-room of Mrs. Waddington's house at Hempstead earlier in the day.

The moment he saw those outstretched arms, George remembered where he had met this girl before; and, forgetting everything else, forgetting that he was trapped on a roof with a justly exasperated policeman guarding the only convenient exit, he uttered a short, sharp bark of exultation.

INSIDE the sleeping-porch, the girl, her eyes fixed on George, had begun to shrink back.

"MRS. MULLETT?" said George. "What do you mean? Mullett's not married."

"Yes, he is. We were married this morning."

"Where is he?"

"I left him down below, finishing a cigar. He said we'd be all alone up here, nesting like two little birds in a tree top."

George laughed a brassy, sardonic laugh.

"If Mullett thought anyone could ever be alone for five minutes up here, he's an optimist. And what right has Mullett to go nesting like a little bird in my apartment?"

"Is this your apartment?"

"Yes, it is."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Stop it! Don't make that noise. There are policemen about."

"Policemen!"

"Yes."

Tears suddenly filled the eyes that looked into his. Two small hands clasped themselves in a passionate gesture of appeal.

"You!" he cried. "Give me that necklace."

"What necklace?"

"The one you stole at Hempstead this afternoon."

The girl drew herself up haughtily.

"Do you dare to say I stole a necklace?"

"Yes, I do."

"Oh? And do you know what I'll do if you bring a charge like that against me? I'll——"

She broke off. A discreet tap had sounded on the door.

"Honey!"

FANNY looked at George. George looked at Fanny.

"My husband!" whispered Fanny.

George was in no mood to be intimidated by a mere Mullett. He strode to the door.

"Honey!"

George flung the door open.

"Honey!"

"Well, Mullett!"

The valet fell back a pace, his eyes widening. He passed the tip of his tongue over his lips.

"A wasp in the beehive!" cried Mullett.

"Don't be an idiot," said George.

Mullett was gazing at him in the manner of one stricken to the core.

"Isn't your own bridal trip enough for you, Mr. Finch," he said reproachfully, "that you've got to come butting in on mine?"

"Don't be a fool. My wedding was temporarily postponed."

"I see. And misery loves company, so you start in breaking up my home."

"Nothing of the kind."

"If I had known that you were on the premises, Mr. Finch," said Mullett, with dignity, "I should not have taken the liberty of making use of your domicile. Come, Fanny, we will go to a hotel."

"Will you?" said George unpleasantly. "Let me tell you, there's a little matter to be settled before you start going to any hotel. Perhaps you are not aware that your wife is in possession of a valuable necklace belonging to the lady who, if it hadn't been for her, would now be Mrs. George Finch?"

Mullett clapped a hand to his forehead.

"A necklace!"

"It's a lie!" cried his bride.

Mullett shook his head sadly. He was putting two and two together.

"When did this occur, Mr. Finch?"

"This afternoon, down at Hempstead."

"Don't you listen to him, Freddy. He's dippy."

"What, precisely, happened, Mr. Finch?"

"THIS woman suddenly burst into the room where everybody was, and pretended that I had made love to her and deserted her. Then she fell on the table where the wedding presents were and pretended to faint. And then she dashed out, and some time afterward it was discovered that the necklace had gone. And don't," he added, turning to the accused, "say that you only did it for your poor old ma's sake, because I've had a lot to put up with today and that will be just too much."

Mr. Mullett clicked his tongue with a sort of sorrowful pride. Girls will be girls, Frederick Mullett seemed to say, but how few girls could be as clever as his little wife!

"Give Mr. Finch his necklace, pettie," he said mildly.

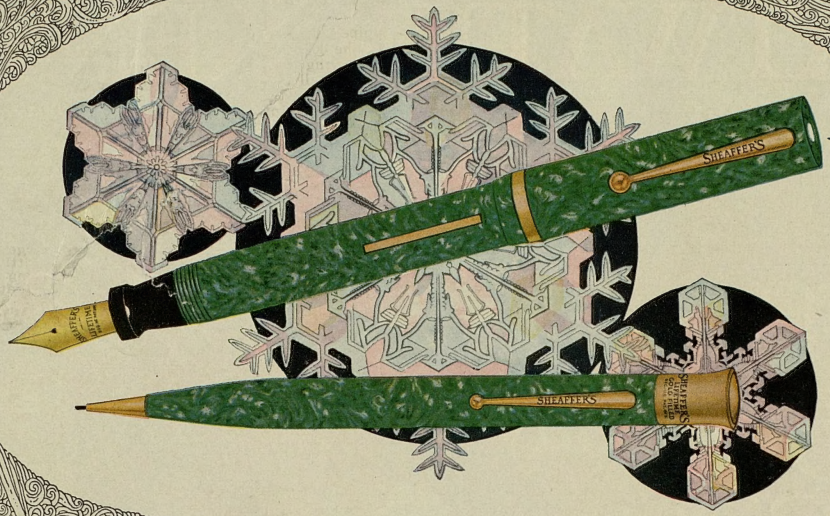
"I haven't got any necklace."

"Give it to him, dearie, just like Freddie says, or there'll only be unpleasantness."

"Unpleasantness," said George, breathing hard, "is right!"

"It was a beautiful bit of work, honey, and there isn't another girl in New York that could have thought it out, let alone gone and got away with it. Even Mr. Finch will admit it was a beautiful bit of work."

Many amazing climaxes are coming in the year's funniest serial. Things keep happening to George Finch's romance which he is fartherest from expecting. Watch for next week's issue.



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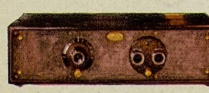

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